THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ekly
nj. Franklin

Volume 196, Number 2

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JULY 14, 1923

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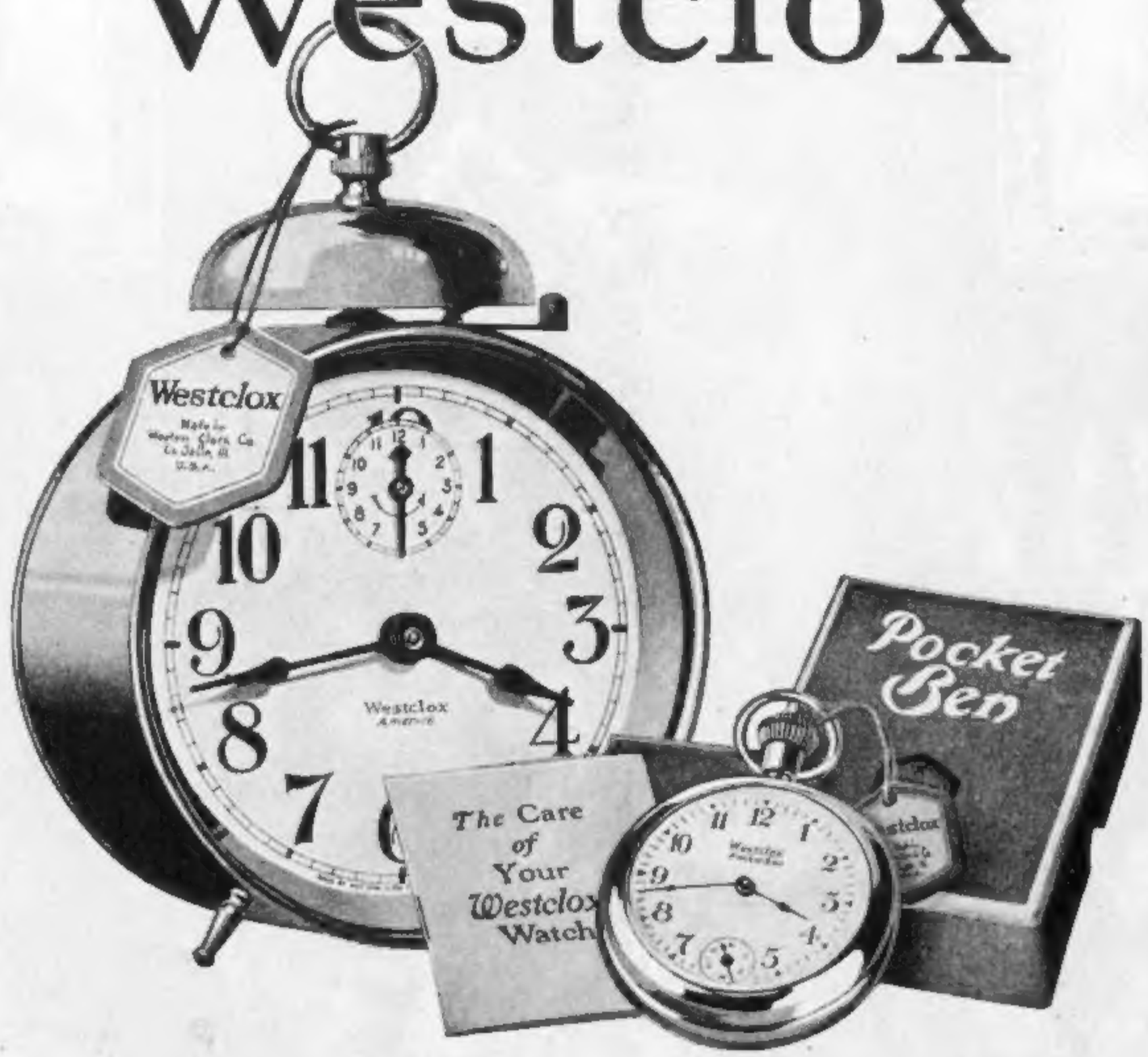

When business calls

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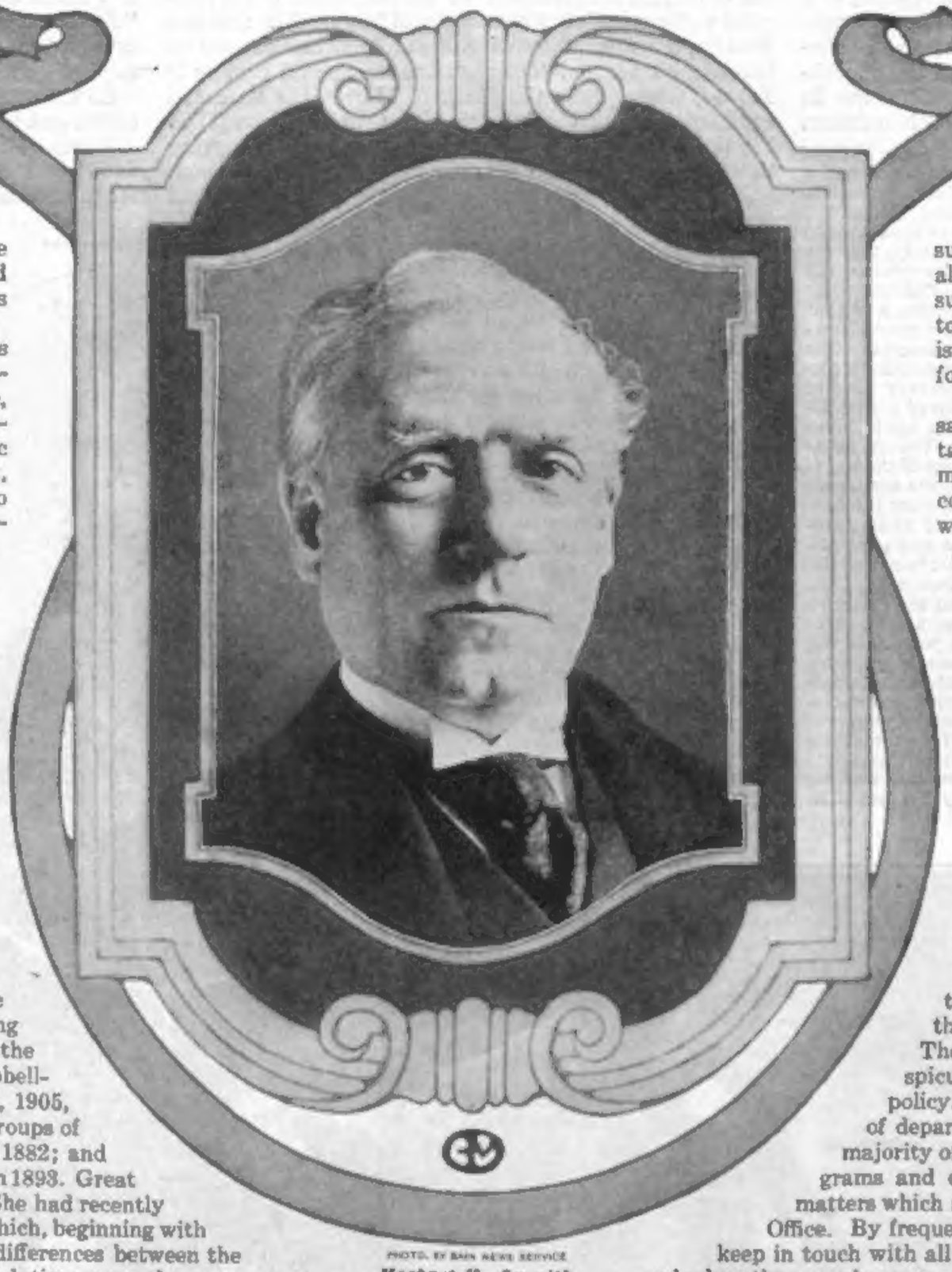
THE GENESIS OF THE WAR

By Herbert H. Asquith, Former Prime Minister of Great Britain



PHOTO, BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE
Herbert H. Asquith

INTRODUCTION

THE object of these articles is to trace the Great War to its real origins and to set out in due perspective causes and their consequences.

The materials for such a survey are by this time abundant and adequate. The contemporary documents, which are the best evidence, have now become public property. M. Poincaré, President of the French Republic throughout the war, has published his book, Les Origines de la Guerre. The statesmen who were directly or ostensibly responsible for German policy, the two chancellors, Prince von Bülow and Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, have given their confessions and vindications to the world. And we have lastly—November, 1922—in My Memoirs, 1878–1918, by the Ex-Kaiser, William II, the personal apologia of the principal actor.

Shortly before his death, in 1898, Bismarck is reported to have said to Ballin, who was showing him over the Hamburg-American liner which was to bear his name: "I shall not see the World War, but you will; and it will start in the Near East." The great chancellor saw that the forces which make for war were already at work, and—whether by prescience or good luck—he predicted the quarter of the horizon which would let them loose.

I am particularly concerned to set out the purposes and methods of British policy during the ten years which preceded the war. When the Liberal Government of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman came into power, in December, 1905, there were on the continent of Europe two groups of allies—the Triple Alliance, which dated from 1882; and the Franco-Russian Alliance, which dated from 1893. Great Britain had no part in either combination. She had recently established an understanding with France, which, beginning with the friendly settlement of long outstanding differences between the two countries, developed in cordiality and intimacy as the years went on. But it was not and never became an alliance. I myself was a responsible minister of the British Crown first under King Edward VII and then under King George V, for eleven consecutive years, from December, 1905, to December, 1916; for the first two of those years as chancellor of the exchequer, and for the remaining nine as prime minister and head of the government. Throughout I had as my colleague at the Foreign Office, Sir Edward Grey.

Between him and myself there was daily intimacy and unbroken confidence. I can hardly recall any occasion on which we had a difference of opinion which lasted for more than half an hour. This was not because we were specially bound together by the common profession of an esoteric creed—sometimes called Liberal Imperialism—which was not shared by all or even the majority of our colleagues. Important questions of foreign policy were always laid before the cabinet, where they were open to the fullest investigation and discussion before final and binding decisions were taken.

In particular, the various written agreements and formulæ which, as will appear from my narrative, were from time to time exchanged between ourselves and other powers were the subject of close debate and of almost meticulous scrutiny. The formula contained in the correspondence between Sir E. Grey and M. Cambon in November, 1912, which defines the mutual obligations imposed upon France and ourselves by the Entente, was canvassed and sifted by the cabinet, word by word. I do not, of course, suggest that during all these years there was always complete unanimity among us. It is sufficient to say that until our final decision to go to war in August, 1914, no cabinet minister resigned his office upon any question of foreign policy.

I will add that after a long experience I am satisfied that cabinet government, in the established sense of the term, is the best instrument that has yet been devised for the daily conduct of national affairs. The cabinet might well be somewhat reduced in numbers, though in practice I have rarely experienced any inconvenience from its size. During the war, on one of our periodical visits to Paris, I had the honor with three or four of my colleagues of being invited to attend a meeting of the French cabinet at the Élysée. My recollection is that the number of members—who at that time included four, if not five ex-Prime Ministers—was much the same as our own, and, except that the chair was occupied, not by the prime minister, but by the president of the republic, the character and method of the proceedings reminded me very much of what goes on in Downing Street.

It is, or was, an exceptional thing in the British cabinet to take a division. It is left to the prime minister to collect and interpret the general sense of his colleagues.*

The value of the cabinet system is often conspicuously illustrated in the sphere of foreign policy. The heavy and always increasing pressure of departmental duties makes it impossible for the majority of ministers to follow from the study of telegrams and dispatches the vast variety of complicated matters which are being handled day by day at the Foreign Office. By frequent meetings of the cabinet they are able to keep in touch with all the developments of our external relations, and when they number men of acute political insight and wide experience their questions and criticisms are often of incredible service.

A question has been raised, with which I ought to deal briefly on the threshold of my task, as to the extent of the obligations of secrecy which law or usage imposes upon those who have been in the service of the Crown, and particularly in its inner councils. Eminent foreign writers who have held the highest positions in their respective countries, have, in books published since the war, made free use of communications, both documentary and oral, which originally passed under the seal of confidence. Instances can be found in the works to which I have already referred of the two German chancellors, of M. Poincaré, and of the Kaiser himself. Such communications are often the best, and sometimes the sole authentic materials for history. The only satisfactory test that I can suggest as to whether or not it is right to publish them in after years, is to ask whether it can be done without any possible injury to any now existing public interest. Besides the question of strict right, there is also that of propriety and good taste. And here it is obvious that lapse of time, change of circumstances, the vindication of the dead, the right

*I remember in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet of 1892–94, which contained a number of excellent scholars, a division being suggested—I think by Lord Rosebery—on the correctness of a quotation from Juvenal, which was keenly disputed between the prime minister and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The matter was happily settled by the production of the text. Sir Henry proved to be right.

and often the duty of repelling false charges and disposing of misrepresentation, are material considerations.

These articles, apart from incidental allusions, are concerned almost entirely with events the latest of which happened nearly nine years ago. So far as it discloses documents or discussions which were at one time confidential, I am satisfied that such disclosures are confined to matters the publication of which can now be of no detriment to the state. I have especially in mind the references which I have made to the proceedings of the Committee of Imperial Defence between 1905 and 1914. It would, in my judgment, be a good thing and could do no possible harm if the minutes of the committee between these dates were published to the world without abridgment or omission. They are vital to a proper understanding of our prewar preparations. I may add that I have been scrupulously niggardly in imparting information as to proceedings in the cabinet.

Before I proceed with the narrative which is developed in the following chapters, I will by way of introduction cite some passages from the speech which I made at the Guildhall Banquet on November 9, 1908—a few months after I had become Prime Minister. They had been eventful months in the east of Europe. In July the revolution at Constantinople had put an end to the rule of the Kaiser's friend Abdul-Hamid; the Young Turks were installing themselves in his place; and hopes were widely entertained in Liberal Europe that we had come to the opening of a new and better chapter in the annals of Ottoman rule. There followed in October the declaration by Prince Ferdinand of the independence of Bulgaria, and the annexation by Austria of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was in these circumstances that I spoke on the ninth of November.

I do not wish it to be supposed that we desire to see Europe divided into two separate groups in connection with the new situation in the Near East. We have found ourselves in complete sympathy with France, who is the ally of Russia; but at the same time we, and I believe other powers also, have been equally frank in our communications with Germany and Italy, who are the allies of Austria; because we recognize that the common object of Europe ought to be to overcome the difficulties which have already arisen without creating new difficulties, and that this can only be done by a policy which springs from general consent. Diplomatic victories may be too dearly bought. One power's success may be so achieved as to involve another's disappointment and discomfiture; and thereby the very kind of friction is engendered which it should be the aim of a wise diplomacy to avoid. We, at any rate, have taken up in Near Eastern affairs an entirely disinterested attitude. We ask nothing for ourselves; we do not seek to take advantage of the situation for any purposes of our own. Our sole objects are these: To maintain the public law of Europe; to secure for the new régime in Turkey just treatment and a fair chance; and to promote such an adjustment of the varied interests and susceptibilities which are involved as will prevent a disturbance of the peace and open the road to freedom and good government. . . .

A variety of circumstances has recently caused the relations between Great Britain and Germany to become a subject of active public discussion. It is almost exactly a year since the German Emperor was the guest of your predecessor, in this very hall. Some of us, and I was one, who were present on that occasion, cannot forget His Majesty's emphatic and impressive declaration that the governing purpose of his policy was the preservation of the peace of Europe and the maintenance of good relations between our two countries. It is in the spirit of that declaration, the spirit which aims not only at peace but at good will, that we desire to deal with other nations, with Germany not less than others. It is that spirit which has guided and which will guide us in all negotiations, actual and prospective, regarding the present difficulties in European politics. And if, as I trust and believe is the case, the other powers cherish the same desire and intention, then the clouds, which for the moment darken the sky, whether they have originated in the Balkans or elsewhere, will disperse without a storm; peace will be assured; existing friendships will be maintained unimpaired, and it is not too much to hope that the atmosphere all round will be cleared of the vapors of suspicion and mistrust. May I submit to you and to others outside and beyond these walls, that there should be no talk at such a time of isolation, of hostile groupings, of rival combinations among the powers; those powers who are the joint trustees of civilization, and of its greatest and paramount safeguard—the peace of the world! Nothing will induce us in this country to falter and fall short in any one of the special engagements which we have undertaken, to be disloyal or unfaithful even for a moment to the spirit of any existing friendship. In that I feel sure I speak the determined and unalterable mind of the whole country; but it is equally true of the temper of the government and of the nation to say that we have neither animosities to gratify nor selfish interests to advance, and that we shall not be reluctant to grasp any hand that is extended to us in good will and in good faith.

I have quoted this speech at length, made as it was in the early days of my own government, because I believe it lays down with clearness and accuracy the lines consistently followed by British statesmen from 1904 to 1914.

II—The Early Years. 1888–1900

THE era of *Weltpolitik* did not effectively begin until the chancellorship of Prince Bülow, in 1900. But it is necessary, to a full comprehension of its origin and meaning, to pass in brief review some episodes in the administration of his predecessors which bear on the relations between Great Britain and Germany.

Ab Jove principium. It was Bismarck who created the German Empire, and left it intact and to all appearance impregnable. The last of the Hohenzollern sovereigns now surveys in exile the ruins of the handiwork of the greatest servant of his dynasty. Of the strategy of the political chessboard Bismarck was probably the most consummate master in history. The triumphant success of his objective idealism had a lasting effect on German thought and character, which, though he would never have tolerated the insane policy which led to the war, nevertheless entitles him to a place in the pedigree of its authors.

It must, indeed, be admitted that he was fortunate in the opportunities given him by the ineptitude of his principal victims, both in diplomacy and in war. The first was Austria, in whose statesmanship stupidity had become an inveterate tradition. The next was the Second Empire in France, where, after the death of Morny, the head and brains of the group of adventurers who put Napoleon III on his throne, the reins of policy were constantly slipping through the limp and listless hands of a decrepit dreamer.

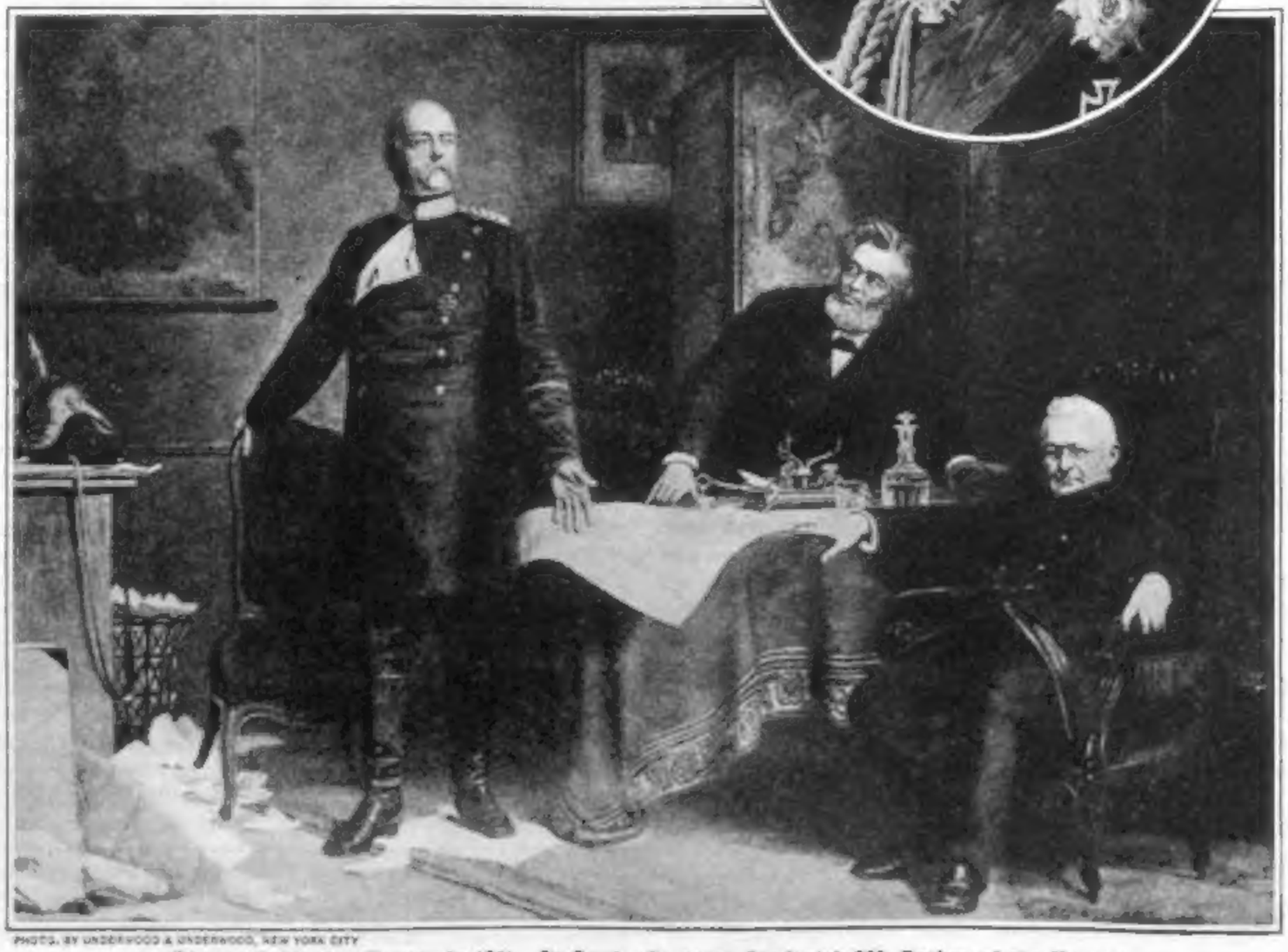
Bismarck was content to leave England in her splendid isolation, with an occasional deal over some outlying portion of the globe. The real pivot of his postwar policy was a friendly Russia, with whom, behind the back of his Austrian ally, he concluded, in 1884, the secret Reinsurance Treaty; and here in the end he failed. He was never really forgiven for allowing the fruits of Russia's victorious campaign against Turkey in 1877 to be snatched from her grasp; or for the "honest brokerage" which gave precedence to Austrian and British over Russian interests at the Congress of Berlin. It was the first step on the road which led to the Franco-Russian Entente. But from time to time he continued to make friendly overtures to St. Petersburg. The Kaiser tells us that in 1886, while still Prince William, he himself was sent to Russia by his grandfather and Prince Bismarck on a conciliatory mission, with "direct instructions to offer Constantinople and the Dardanelles." The Czar—Alexander III—tartly replied, "If I wish to have Constantinople I shall take it whenever I feel like it, without need of the permission or approval of P. Bismarck."

Bismarck had no pro-Turkish leanings. Nor did he look with any favor on the early stages—the only ones which he lived to see—of the big-navy propaganda. He realized that Germany had quite a heavy enough weight to carry without the additional burden of a policy of naval aggrandizement. What Lamprecht happily calls telluric Germanization was a post-Bismarckian product.

On the death, in 1888, of Frederick III, after a reign of only ninety-nine days, it became merely a question of time when a breach would occur between Prince Bismarck, who monopolized the whole machinery of government and dragooned all the so-called ministers, and the young Kaiser—restless and self-confident, sentimental and adventurous, and penetrated to the core of his being with an overpowering consciousness of the heaven-sent mission of the Hohenzollern family. There could be no real coöperation between two such incompatible personalities; and as the one was old and technically a servant, and the other was young and technically the master, the retirement or dismissal of the prince was inevitable. As the Czar said to the Kaiser, at the Narva maneuvers in 1890, in the crude dialect which autocrats apparently use in familiar converse: "*Je comprends parfaitement la ligne d'action: le Prince, avec toute sa grandeur, n'était, après tout, d'autre que ton employé ou fonctionnaire.*"

So the employe, to whom the Kaiser owed his imperial crown and Germany her political unity, had to go.

It was quite certain that whoever was chosen to succeed to Prince Bismarck's office would have an unhappy time, for the prince was in his most rancorous mood, and commanded the servile obedience of a horde of satellites both in the press and in the public service. The man actually selected by the Kaiser for the unenviable post was Caprivi, a war-worn Prussian general, whom he had displaced from the headship of the Admiralty, and who was, so far as politics was concerned, a novice and a nonentity.



PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Bismarck Signing Treaty in 1871. In Oval—Emperor Frederick III, Father of the Kaiser

He was a cipher chancellor; the most important European event which happened during his time was the defensive alliance concluded between France and Russia in 1893.

From the seclusion of Friedrichsruh the formidable and menacing figure of Bismarck still dominated German opinion, and paralyzed the Kaiser. It was largely, as he confesses, in the hope of appeasing this all-powerful and relentless critic that he intrusted the post of chancellor to Prince Hohenlohe, the governor of Alsace-Lorraine. The prince was already seventy-five years of age, and he was not a Prussian. But the sacred ichor of German royalty flowed in his veins; and Bismarck was deeply in his debt for his successful efforts to bring in Bavaria on the side of Prussia in the War of 1870. He held the office for six years, and his personality left little or no permanent impression on German policy.

It was during Prince Hohenlohe's term of office that the once-famous Kruger telegram was dispatched after the Jameson Raid in January, 1896. The Kaiser asserts that this ill-conceived and ill-timed document, which was everywhere, and naturally, regarded as the expression of his personal views, was extorted from him by the secretary of state, Von Marschall, with the backing of the imperial chancellor, and was ultimately

(Continued on Page 106)

Clarissa and the Post Road

"I'd Like to Do Something That Isn't Piffling and Utterly Useless and Silly and Monotonous. Dad, Don't You Ever Get Sick of Going About From One House Party to Another?"

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ON A CERTAIN famed highway known as the Boston Post Road—where, as it were, the trucks come up like thunder and the flying lizzies play—there are two well-known points of interest which have much to do with this adventure of Clarissa's. One is what is known as a quick lunch, and is called the Red Hen, and the other is the beautiful Janeway estate.

Janeway House was one of those places that architects who specialize in the best Colonial come miles to see. It stood well back from the road, on rising ground, and above its graystone walls, above the long sweep of its lawns, and between its two aristocratic elms, it has looked down for more than a hundred years upon the changing pageant of the Post Road. It has seen the Concord coach dash by, making all of twelve miles an hour. And now it looks down upon the motorist who breakfasts late in New York, steps on the gas and dines in Boston. The Post Road is not what it used to be, as Clarissa's great-grandmother frequently observed.

But within Janeway House time appeared to have stood still, resting softly upon the chairs and sideboards of Adam and Hepplewhite, the Aubusson rugs, and the great chandeliers with pendent crystals. That is probably one of the reasons why Clarissa always looked so startling when she came down the wide stairway. In the formal dignity of that house Clarissa should have crept down the stairs in tilting hoop skirts and with a rosebud in the flat loops of her hair.

But a hoop skirt would have enraged Clarissa, and for rosebuds she had small preference. In the morning she ran down the stairs in her country riding breeches, which had a smudge or two from the last time she had made a fire and broiled bacon in the woods, and in the afternoon she thumped down them in English golfing shoes and a knitted frock. In the evening, if Great-grandmother Eliza Janeway was dining downstairs, she was obliged to change; and then she wore one of the startling gowns she had designed herself during that period when she had gone in for the applied arts; and in her hair a rosebud would have been ill at ease. For Clarissa's hair was cut short in the fashion of a medieval gamin. It was black and shining with vitality and much vigorous brushing. No rosebud could have nestled in Clarissa's hair.

However, it is possible she would have looked out of place in that house no matter what sort of clothes she wore. For the house was finished, no matter how exquisitely, and its eyes looked ever backward. The spirit of another age had crystallized in it, and a fine, frozen poise had descended upon it. And Clarissa was something fluid, something in the making. Crude energy and shrewd rebellions, unreason and the most biting common sense went hand in hand in Clarissa; romance and skepticism tormented her, and her family said that Clarissa needed to be spanked and put under lock and key.

Fortunately for her, there were only two in her immediate family to suffer from the responsibility of Clarissa, and they sat, on an evening in early spring, waiting in the square, high-ceilinged library for dinner to be announced. In the meantime they discussed Clarissa, this being the reason for their reunion.

"What's all this about Clare starting somebody in business?" asked her father, fidgeting with the fire tongs and wondering whether he couldn't settle Clarissa's affairs and catch the Saturday boat back to Nice, where he had been interrupted in the midst of the most brilliant house party he had ever given. Clarissa's father spent two-thirds of his time abroad, where, being still very personable, he had developed a fine technic in the art of remaining a widower. "Who is it and what's the business?"

A bundle of black lace shawls moved in a winged chair—Clarissa's great-grandmother.

"It's the second gardener's son," she piped. "Didn't you see the abomination as you drove in?"

"What on earth —— Oh, you don't mean the booth, the coffee stand, or whatever they call 'em, down by the lower corner, across the lane?"

"Precisely!"

The bundle gave its head a perk, it shook the shawls back from its ancient rings of jet and diamonds, and a piece of white lace slipped somewhat rakishly askew on the head of Clarissa's great-grandmother, disclosing remarkably lively dark eyes. She was, to Clarissa, unbelievably tottering; but to the servants she was a terror. With a cane and two maids, one to hold her elbow and the other to jot down notes of repairs to be made and orders to be given, she could be counted upon to appear even in remote corners of the grounds or cellars with embarrassing unexpectedness.

"But I don't quite see—it's well beyond the wall ——"

"It's on Janeway land! A—a quick lunch, I believe they call it. On Janeway land. And Clarissa financed it without even consulting me. But that isn't the worst. She goes down there and"—here the ancient lady paused with a sense of drama. The little black coals of her eyes glittered upon Clarissa's father—"talks with chauffeurs!"

The half amusement in her grandson's face changed to uneasiness.

"Oh, come, grandmother! I know Clare does ridiculous things, and her manners are sometimes abominable—I know an archduchess whose manners are worse, though—but I'm sure her sense of class ——"

"This—This Job? Oh, Yes, It's All Right. It's a Beautiful Job. Why?" "Oh, I Was Just Wondering"

"Hello, darling!" The voice of Clarissa interrupted from the doorway. She looked as casual as if her father hadn't come all the way from Europe to settle her affairs. "What Victorian words you use! 'Sense of class!' I thought it went out long ago."

And stooping over, she rubbed her cheek against his lightly. Then, as if this contact did something unexpected to her emotions, suddenly she encircled his handsome gray head with both her arms and for an instant held it tightly pressed against her, and a bewildered softening came into her face.

"I wish—I wish ——" she thought.

She groped after something she had missed in life. If her father had loved her the way fathers sometimes loved their daughters—— She released his head and looked down at him as he sat somewhat embarrassed on the edge of his chair. Her shrewdness told her she was a nuisance to him. With an effort she could appreciate the fact that he was still, if not young, at least not completely through with life. Shrewdly she could understand this, but this understanding vaguely affronted her. She had to look hard at her great-grandmother to recover her nonchalance.

Walking across the room with her long slouch, which was languid after the manner of an exceedingly fit young tiger, she put her shoulders against the mantelpiece.

"What's all the row about, old dears?" she inquired coolly.

"Now, now, Clare, I haven't come all the way at this time of the year to be patronized." Her father moved his shoulders irritably. "We were just speaking of this coffee stand I'm told you financed. What's the idea? It seems to me the Post Road is horrible enough already without creating a gathering place for truck drivers and Sunday flivvers almost at our gates."

"It isn't at our gates, dad. It's across the lane. You can't see it from a single window in this house. Denny and I took care of that. And Denny doesn't keep a gathering place for ——"

"Who is Denny?"

For an instant Clarissa looked at her father with a hard scorn in her eyes.

"If you don't know who he is you ought to. He's O'Malley's youngest son. He ran away and enlisted on his eighteenth birthday and he came back on a hospital ship. He had five operations in the first year after he got back, and he was in bed for fourteen months. When he got up he was almost crazy because he thought he could never make a living, and that's why I helped him with the coffee stand. I dare say you recall"—her voice was polite—"that O'Malley is a gardener who has been with the family thirty years?"

"Of course, of course! O'Malley—remember him perfectly. But it does seem to me, my dear, you might have set this chap up in business somewhere a mile or two up the road."

"I wanted him near O'Malley's cottage so his mother could do the cooking and relieve Denny sometimes."

Great-grandmother piped up, "He'll have to be moved from there. We can't have a thing like that on Janeway land!"

"It isn't Janeway land; at least not family land, granny. It's my land now."

They looked up at her with a start. To her great-grandmother she was still a headstrong little girl of about twelve; but her father recalled with some dismay that at her last birthday she had reached twenty-one and an independent inheritance, which, though infinitesimal in his eyes, was plainly to be an added source of trouble.

"Your agent has been trying to sell off that little sliver of land on the other side of the lane for some time—as you would know if you knew anything about the estate, father," she went on. "And I had my agent buy it. I drove a good bargain for it too."

She suddenly grinned delightfully, and all the sullen hardness went out of her face.

"Father, why can't I go into business? My agent says I have a business brain. I know I could make a success of—of ——"

"Of what?"

Her father's voice was cold. She made a restless, baffled gesture.

"Oh, I don't know. I'd like to do something that isn't piffling and utterly useless and silly and monotonous. Dad, don't you ever get sick of going about from one house party to another, from one resort to another, buying new clothes and wearing 'em, and saying the same things and meeting the same people? Oh, heavens, but I'm sick of it! I can't stand it any longer. If something doesn't happen—something different ——"

She threw out her arms along the mantel, gripping it hard; and then, ashamed, she suddenly turned her back on the two faces, uncomprehending and alarmed.

Clarissa's father saw with immense relief that dinner was about to be announced. He stood up, making a vague sound in his throat, and offered a hand to grandmother. But the ancient lady was not to be put off. She made a sharp pecking motion of her head toward Clarissa's father, mouthing soundlessly as she did so, "Chauffeurs!"

Clarissa turned around from the mirror over the mantel.

"You may as well say it out loud, granny. What is it father's forgot to scold me about?"

"It's the way you go down to that place of Denny's and talk to Tom, Dick and Harry!" her great-grandmother came back stoutly. "It's disgraceful, Clarissa. It's not fitting to your position, and you know it."

Clarissa's father gazed at his daughter, expecting an outbreak; but what he saw was much more disquieting. Over Clarissa's face there flamed a color so beautiful and so arresting that he could only stare in wonder. He had always considered his daughter too dark-browed and scornful for beauty, but in this instant he realized that what had been lacking was the lighting of some inner candle. He was immensely astonished and perturbed.

And Clarissa's hand went up to her hot cheeks as if she, too, were surprised beyond words at this sudden flaming. She gazed a helpless instant at the two faces in front of her, and then she turned away toward the door. But at the door she recovered her armor.

"I assure you I haven't hurt the precious family dignity yet, and I probably won't—unless I'm goaded too far." She cast a dark look back at them, and she was never younger than when looking darkly. Then she took a step back into the room. "And, anyway, my dear"—she looked shrewdly at her father—"I don't believe for a minute you've come all the way from Nice to row with me about a dinky coffee stand. Suppose you come out with it and get it over. You've heard from Phil Van Bremar."

"Yes, I've heard from him, but I'm going to eat my dinner first. Come along, grandmother. For heaven's sake, let's be peaceful until we've finished dinner! My digestion won't stand wrangling while I dine."

The meal was a formal and joyless function, over which great-grandmother presided relentlessly, her little spine erect, a lovely Hepplewhite sideboard for a background and a bleakly watchful butler at her elbow.

Clarissa ate abstractedly, and with good reason. For she was trying to make up her mind what reason she could give her father for not accepting Phil Van Bremar—if she decided not to accept him. On the other hand, suppose she did? She played with the thought drearily. If she married Van Bremar she would have power almost unlimited, and she would be safe. It was curious, but lately she had grown a bit afraid of herself. She hated the thought of becoming a spinster with a reputation for eccentricity, and she shrewdly suspected that sooner or later this would happen to her. She did reckless and foolish things out of sheer boredom, and because of the great store of unexpressed energy in her mind and body. While she was very young these escapades were considered amusing, but in a few years they would be merely queer.

The long and elaborate meal dragged itself on, and Clarissa felt an intolerable restlessness. She heard the tall clock in the hall chiming a quarter to nine. Stevens was bringing the dessert plates. She pushed back her chair abruptly.

"Will you excuse me, granny? There's something I—something I must look after. I'll be back for coffee, dears."

Her retreat from the room was like a flight. She ran up to her room and flung a dark wrap over her light frock. When she had let herself out the front door the cold and moist breath of spring was upon her cheeks, and almost at once the feverish uncertainties of her thoughts dropped away from her. Leaning against one of the fluted columns of the portico, she gazed down across the terraces, where the crocuses were dim white stars in the grass, toward the Post Road.

Now and then the orange eyes of a motor car rounded the bend of the road, appeared to make straight for the gate in the high stone wall, and then veered away along the road past Denny's stand. She could see them slip in and then out of the white bar of light that fell across the road from Denny's window.

She held her wrist up to look at her watch in the gleam from the fanlight over the door. She took a step forward, hesitated, stood looking wistfully down upon the road; and at that instant there came from somewhere around the bend the high twittering shriek of an approaching truck. Clarissa started uncontrollably; she became all at once electrically alive. Tiptoeing down the steps, she ran fleetly across the dark lawn toward the lane. A high green gate in the stone wall let her out; a short dash down the lane brought her to the back door of Denny's place. Here she paused an instant to recover an air of leisure, then she pushed the door open and sauntered in. Denny was behind the counter slicing a ham of his mother's cooking, quilled with cloves.

"Hello, Denny, how is business?"

Clarissa strolled past the counter. Casually she glanced out through the glass of the door. Out of the darkness an enormous, smartly painted yellow truck was trundling. Clarissa's heart made a strange movement, as if it suddenly grew wings and tried to fly, and quicksilver seemed to flash through her veins. Gayety, irresponsible and heady, seized her, and all the world became suddenly young and slightly fantastic.

Darting back behind the counter, she threw off her dark wrap and slipped her arms into an apron of the bungalow variety. It was scarlet-and-white gingham, and gave her a gypsy air.

Her laughing eyes met Denny's.

"Just for a minute," she whispered.

"Gee, I'll catch it if your grandmother—"

"Aren't I your partner? Listen—they're tooting for gas. You wouldn't have me man the gas pump, would you, Denny?"

Denny made a helpless gesture, grinned and limped out of the front door; and as he went out, there came in a young fellow who seemed to fill Denny's place with both brawn and light. It would be difficult to say which was the more alive—his hair that was more red than brown or his very blue eyes. He wore no hat and he was slightly grimy from the road, but this did not detract from a certain air of godlike ease which sat upon him as naturally as the weather-beaten aviator's coat he wore. But this air as he came in through the door was tinged by expectancy

and a hopefulness which gave way to instant pleasure as he saw Clarissa behind the counter.

"Hello, sister!"

"Oh, hello!"

Clarissa, skilled at conveying any impression she chose, turned about from piling sandwiches on a plate. It was plain that they were on a footing of previous encounters. Under the counter Clarissa quickly removed a slender diamond-and-sapphire bracelet, remembered just in time.

"What will you have tonight?"

Her bare arms were white against the red-checked apron. The young man looked at them and his expression grew abstracted. She turned her laughter-bright eyes upon the sandwiches.

"The Swiss cheese ones are very nice—and coffee?"

He sat upon a high stool and she drew an amber stream from the coffee urn. Its fragrance filled the air between them. Clarissa leaned against the shelves behind her and looked at her customer. She felt amazingly happy. Her father and her great-grandmother would not have recognized her expression, for they had never seen its like in Clarissa's eyes. They would have been astonished to see that when Clarissa was content she looked sweet. When the restlessness left her face it became softer; her eyes became deep and shining. But strangest of all was a touch of something almost humble in the way Clarissa stood there, regarding this godlike young man who had descended from a mere truck as from a cloud.

The tiny place was quiet. The light was reflected in dancing points from the shining coffee urn, from a copper utensil, from the gleaming white oilcloth—and from two pairs of eyes. They looked at each other across the counter. They did not have much to say to each other, probably because there was so much to say, and perhaps because they were too full of a sense of the terrible fleeting of this brief moment. They talked, in half sentences and detached words, about the state of the roads and the trucking business, which was brisk, and a race the Yellow Jacket had had with a produce truck from Newark from three to five in the morning when the road was fine for speeding. Their words were immensely careless and casual, but underneath was the beating of wings, a breathless sense of lightness, of flight.

And Clarissa knew that this troubling thing was there for him as well as for her. The first time he had seen her there, the day Denny moved in and she was helping him in his mother's red-checked apron, she had known that he was caught; and she knew also that he did not like it and that he struggled against being caught. For a whole week he drove the yellow truck relentlessly past Denny's place. She knew he would have driven it past without a glance if he could have made himself. But always his head would jerk around for a fraction of an instant, and standing in the door of Denny's shop she caught the flash of his blue eyes before he put on even more speed and went roaring down the road. It became a game with her to see if she could make him stop.

But then, finally, when for some reason he began stopping again in front of Denny's place, it suddenly ceased to be a game for Clarissa. She found that too much of her heart had gone into it. She tried to forget there was such a thing as the Post Road. She would sit reading in the house, aloof above the world in that fine, dignified house where the high stone walls shut out the noises and smells of gasoline traffic, and all at once through the dark would come the twittering shriek of a truck. And Clarissa's eyes would become fixed on the page, while it seemed as if every atom of her being were flying down across the terraced lawn toward the Post Road. Another rending shriek from the horn, a thunder and roar, a glare of white light eating up the road, and Clarissa's great-grandmother would thump the floor with her cane.

"Mercy me! Those abominable trucks! Getting worse and worse. They'll ruin us all. No one will be able to live on the Post Road presently. And I can remember when the Lovelaces and the Pintards and the Pells used to drive back and forth in their carriages. One of them drove a coach and four. I can remember ——"

Clarissa held her book up in front of her face and closed her eyes. She, too, could remember. A towering truck swinging around the bend in the road, behind the wheel a broad-shouldered fellow, the wind in his hair blowing it straight back above his glinting eyes, an air of godlike, casual ease about him, thundering over the road with skill and strength and a superb confidence—and joyousness too. Rather as if he drove a chariot in a race, as if he had his foot on the neck of the world. Clarissa knew it would be a long time before she could make herself cease to remember.

"I'm falling in love," thought Clarissa, "and it's terrible. I've never felt like this before. To think that when it happened to me it had to be a truck driver. It must be that I'm getting eccentric before my time. Perhaps father is right; perhaps I'm all wrong, somehow ——"

To know only that a person was called Jeff, that he drove the speediest truck between Boston and New York, that Denny admired him boundlessly, and that his table manners were good—were these facts enough to save the self-respect of a Janeway? She knew exactly how she ought to feel about this thing that was happening to her heart, but somehow she couldn't make the way she ought to feel seem natural to herself.

"Why am I so happy now and so unhappy other times?" she asked herself, watching the young man called Jeff eating the piece of mince pie she had cut for him. "Why do I like everything about him, when mostly I dislike so many things about other men? Is it just a silly attraction I ought to be ashamed of, or is it—is it the real thing?"

Her face grew moody, and at once the young man Jeff saw her change of expression. He had risen and was counting out some silver upon the counter. He half turned toward the door, hesitated, and then turned back toward her.

"Anything wrong, sister?"

She shook her head, managing to smile. He appeared to turn something over in his mind before he said, "Look here, do you like this job?"

It took some effort for her to remember that she was supposed to be Denny's sister, so far from their outward situation had her thoughts carried her.

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She Ran Toward the Truck, and as She Did So Two Dark Forms Intertwined in a Desperate Embrace Rolled Off the Driver's Seat and Thumped Down Into the Road

HIGH BRIDGE

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Hello," He Says, Jovial. "How's the Old Low-Down Buzzard Bird?"

THIS here game of bridge is, you might say, the greatest of American indoor spats. They is lots of rows us married lads can work up over such domestical matters as slapping a monicker on the bambino or where-was-you-last-night-huh and the such, but them kinda lukeworn skirmishes ain't to be compared to the hell and hot water you can get into with the frau just by forgetting that the six of clubs ain't been played yet.

Before I was talked into falling for this auction stuff home life maybe wasn't just one swift song; but anyways me and the misses could easy be mistaken for a coupla friends. Things ain't no more now like they used to was. A cuckoo dropping into our hut around breakfast time any morning after a session with the pestboards would get the idea that we was a pair of deaf and dummies marooned on a iceberg and not able to say nothing on the account of our fingers being frostbitten.

I've told you fellers before how I learned to play bridge from a gambolier named High-Spade Kennedy, and also from outta the book by McGullible, just to show up some friends of the frau, who was always bragging how much brains it took to get jerry to the game. After proving to them, by a trip to the cleaners, that such was not the case, I figured on retiring on my low rails; me, up to that time, not having no high opinions of any kinda pastime that the frills could get by with, without interfering with the piece-work they was doing in the scandal shop. But this darn game is like whiskers. It just grows on you nilly-billy, and before I knows it I've given stud and pinochle the grand razzazz and taken my chips to the auction house.

We plays two or three times a week, mostly with the Magruders, them perfect busts that started me off on the sport of kings and aces, and in a coupla months I could be third-degreed into admitting that they wasn't hardly nobody that I couldn't spot about two legs per rubber and knock for a trip to the check book. The wife, however, is got different ideas, which is, of course.

"How do you like my stuff?" I asks her one night when we is still talking at the end of the game.

"Well," says she, "considering that you had all the cards and me for a partner, and the folks we was playing with don't know nothing about bridge, you could maybe have done worser. You only trumped your own tricks about eight times and blocked yourself twice and finessed against me every ten minutes or so; but outside of that I can't think of no more than a dozen things that you done wrong."

"From them praises you is singing to me," I remarks, "you must want something."

"I does," comes back Kate.

"Give it a name," I tells her.

"I want," says the misses, "that you should give a imitation of a gentleman of refineries and tastes when we goes up to the Sintons' next week."

"What for?" I desires to know. "Pete Sinton and me used to eat pie with the same knife, and even if he is got enough jack now to slip a ten-case note to every brunette in Africa, that boy ain't the kind to put on no dogs with."

"Maybe not," admits the misses, "but seeing that he ain't been around near you for a long time, they is a barely chance that his manners is got better than when he was barrooming with you. I hears that they has a wonderful place out in the country, with butlers scattered all over the house, and that they is a lotta swells coming to this party."

"How," I asks, "do we happen to bust in with the nifties?"

"That's easy," answers Kate. "Belle Sinton knows me and don't know you. You horns in by the mere accidents of marriage."

"I does, eh?" I yelps. "Suppose I ups and refuses to go."

"I ain't got no time to waste on no joke supposes like that," comes back the wife. "What I wants to say is this: If you don't act at the Sintons' like a gentleman should, you will maybe find out some more about them accidents of marriage I was telling you about. They is sure to be some bridge playing there, and I don't wish that you should let the idea get around that the suspicion you got of the game was learned from a coupla yeggmen in the back room of a boiler factory."

"What," I inquires, "is wrong with the way I play?"

"It would take me, at the leastest, a week to even scratch the service," answers the frau; "but they is a few things I could mention right quick."

"Them being?" I asks.

"One of 'em being," says she, "the barrel-house habit you has of slamming the cards down on the table like you was mad at 'em for having bit you. Another is the mean way you got of looking at me when I don't happen to lead the suit you thinks you wants but probably don't."

"Well," I remarks, "even a king may look at a cat."

"Yeh," returns the misses; "but not no deuce spot."

"What else is they," I asks, "that I does ——"

"It ain't so much what you does in a bridge game," cuts in the squaw, "as what you does to it. Auction, you may have heard by accident some place, is supposed to be a nice, quiet pastimes for people with cultures; but the way you plays it could easy be mistaken for a cross between a dog fight and a raid on a gambling den. You don't play auction; you broadcasts it."

"Got any more trumps?" I asks, sarcastic.

"You is a gloating winner and a rotten loser," goes on Kate. "When you is ahead you is as full of conversation as a barker at a ballyhoo; when you is behind you ain't got no more to say than a deaf mutt; and, besides, you looks about as happy as a kid that's just been washed behind the ears, spanked and put to bed without nothing to eat except a dose of castor oil."

She Cuts In With "Sir" on Ice

"What is you out for?" I asks. "The nonstop razz record?"

"I'll be making a record," says the wife, "if I can get you to act at the Sintons' like you was used to playing bridge as if it was a decent parlor game instead of a excuse for dragging out samples of your temper line."

"I'll show you some right now," I yelps, real riled by the grand slams the frau's been scoring offa me with five honors in one hand. "If you was to know ten times as much as you knows about bridge now, if any, you wouldn't hardly know nothing. You ——"

"Maybe not," interrupted Kate, "but I could teach you that much, anyways"

"No, you couldn't," I shouts back, not noticing until too late that I has left the switch wide open and backed my train of thoughts into a blind alley. "You couldn't learn me nothing."

"You're right," says the millstone; "and now that you is holding both ends of the argument, they ain't nothing for me to do and I'm on my way to bed."

"You can call off that party date," I yells. "I ain't going"

"Write down any other jokes you knows," comes back the misses, "and we'll have 'em for breakfast."

II

I HAS my way as per usual, and Friday afternoon we leaves for the Sintons', our invite calling for us to stick around till Monday morning.

Pete's place out in the country is the real spiff in Class A shanties and could easy be palmed off by a good pest agent as the home of one of them infant prodigals out in Hollywood; besides the which, the grounds around the shack is big enough to hold the kinda crowds that turns out for them English sucker football games. Every tree and bush and blade of grass on the lot looks like it was planted personal with a ruler instead of a shovel.

I has to grin inwards at the idea of Baldy Pete Sinton, who used to think that a two-bit flop in a bed-house and a flock of hog and hen fruit was the least words in luxuries, living like a Roman umpire in a Spanish air castle, all littered up with butlers and scullery maidens and stable bridegrooms. Ten years before, me and him was panhandling around in the Oklahoma oil fields, and they wasn't enough real jack between us any time to buy a swimming suit for a tadpole; but he stuck longer 'an me and pretty soon a gusher up and hit him in the face. The rest is in the histories.

I ain't seen Pete since it begun raining barrels on him; but something tells me that all the flash and fussy feathers I pipes before me ain't his doings, but musta been brung on by the wife. I just can't imagine that lad using more'n one fork, if any, at a meal and the old imagine ain't so far wrong at that.

Pete's at the door when we breezes up, the same old Baldy, a little fatter than he used to was, and looking about as comfortable in his joy rags as a guy in a parade that's bust his last suspender button and got a garter dragging.

"Hello," he says, jovial. "How's the old low-down buzzard bird?"

"Do you mean it?" I asks.

"Sure, I does, you thieving scoundrel," he comes back.

"Good boy!" I answers, grabbing his mitts. "I thought maybe you was trying to be polite and make me feel at home, you lying horse robber."

"Gosh," says Pete, "it sounds great to be called that! How much dryer is you than usual?"

"Just as," I answers.

The wife in the meantimes has been towed off by the misses of the roost and Sinton gives me the shoulder to follow him. We drifts upstairs and finally lands in a room at the back of the shack that looks like it got into the place by mistake. They ain't hardly nothing there excepting a coupla run-down chairs, a worn-out rug, smeared up with cigar ashes, and a rickety cabinet.

"My study," grins Sinton.

"What do you study here?" I asks. "Labels?"

"Yeh," comes back Pete, "and I is also taking lessons in Scotch," with the which he drags out a bottle and pours a set of stiff hookers.

"Over the river," says he.

"And through the woods," I replies. "Like old times, ain't it?"

"This room you is in," answers he, kinda mournful, "is all that is left of them. It's the only thing in the whole joint that belongs to me exclusive, and I had a grand battle with the burden to save that. The rest of this pile of stuck-up stucco is the wife's idea of what she calls a quiet nook out in the country."

"Well," says I, "that's what you draws for getting in the way of that damn gusher. If you'd 'a' done like me and beaten it outta Oklahoma in time you could yet be enjoying the pleasures of poverties."

"Maybe you think they ain't got none," returns Baldy. "Wait till you see the bunch of dry holes that is up here for the week-end. They don't none of them know nothing excepting cards. I was gonna have you out with some regular folks, but the misses was keen on bringing your frau here this time on the accounts of hearing that she was good at this bridge hop. Is she?"

"You want my opinion," I asks, "or hern?"

"How long you been hitched?" comes back Pete.

"Fifteen years," I answers. "Why?"

"Then you ain't got no opinions," says he. "What does she think about her game?"

"Well," I tells him, "Kate's got the idea that if she was to hook up with the guy that wrote the book ——"

"She's gonna have that chance right here."

"What do you mean?" I inquires.

"Ever hear of a lad named Angus McGullible?" asks Baldy right back.

"Sure!" I replies. "That's the bobo that learned me the game with his book—him and High-Spade Kennedy."

"Oh," says Pete, "then you plays too?"

"In our set," I yawns, "one must. Is Angus one of your week-enders?"

"He'll be here tomorrow," answers Baldy. "That bimbo comes every Saturday and Sunday regular for his wages. If I should shut down this dump that baby'd have to go to work. He lives a coupla miles or so down the road, and Belle uses him as a kinda side show to pull the come-ons in to her blow-outs. They ain't hardly a session of bridge outta the which that boy don't tote away at the leastest a hundred fish. He's been coming here, on and off, for six months now, and I ain't seen him dig yet."

"From the way you talks," I remarks, "I gathers Angus ain't your favorite color."

"If he was choking on a bone," says Pete, "I wouldn't even pat him on the back. I almost quit drinking Scotch because McGullible is. You being here, though, gives me an idea. Will you do me a favor?"

"I didn't bring my gat," I answers quick, "and I ain't so good at strangling like I used to was. Besides ——"

"But you is still on friendly terms with a deck of cards, ain't you?" cuts in Baldy. "Seems to me like you was able in the old days to make the papers jump through hoops and say papa. Now ——"

"Nothing doing," I interrupts, short. "I don't pull them things no more. The only aces that I plays with nowadays is them which is dealt to me honest."

"I know," says Sinton; "but in a pinch you could talk pretty to the pictures, couldn't you?"

"I suppose," I admits, modest; "but wouldn't you and me get in sweet if I was caught icing a deck? Lead me to this boy McGullible on the up and up if all you want is to slip him a trimming. I ain't so worse at the game; and, besides, they is some snappy tricks I learned from High-Spade Kennedy that maybe Angus don't know nothing about."

Pete shakes his head, dubious.

"Playing on the square," says he, "you wouldn't have no more chances of beating him than a jack rabbit, and I'd give my right arm to see that cuckoo knocked off the Christmas tree. One good walloping and maybe Belle and the other hens that lay around this place wouldn't think Angus was the curly bearcat like they does now. They ain't no question but that the boy's good. I've played around with the game enough to know that."

"Well," I remarks, "he's gotta to have the prominent cards like anyone else to win."

"Not this bozo," comes back Baldy. "He don't have to have nothing. All you got to do is bid once or sneeze or something like that and this baby knows what you got in your hand, and if it's anything good he'll make you discard it before you knows what all the shooting's for."

"Leave him to me," says I, "and I'll make you a present of his hide without working no skin game, neither."

"I got a case of Scotch," announces Pete, "that goes to the guy that can slap the red ink on Angus."

"Ship it now," I comes back, "so it'll be home when I get there."

III

AFTER I takes a pipe at the bunch of fluffs that Pete's wife has brung for the party I'm kinda glad that the gusher hit him instead of me. They is six couples outside of us, and they ain't one of 'em that's worth one hurrah in Hades. I gets it from Baldy that they is all in the first hundred of the four, and they ain't none of the she-men in the layout that's done any work in three or four generations. It just gets me mean to be near 'em, and it takes hardly no times at all for me to get into their black looks.

Right after dinner that night one of the starched frails whose name is De Smythe, the original copy of which come

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Right Away Baldy Raises His Hand and Does His Song and Dance

MAD FROM OIL—By Albert W. Atwood

AS STATED in a previous article, the oil boom in Southern California in the last two years has been distinctive in that all the major discoveries were made at the gates of a great city. Never in the entire history of the oil industry has it been so easy to look upon and invest in oil wells, drilling, flowing and pumping. All that any resident of the city needed, to feast the eyes upon this magic source of wealth, has been two or three hours' time, together with a seat in an automobile or the price of a short interurban ride.

Naturally, the fields have been visited by untold thousands of tourists and newcomers with leisure time and surplus money. But in the throngs who have ridden out every day are many who can hardly be classed in either category. Wealth from oil appeals to no one age, sex, class or group. It has a universal appeal, this possibility of sudden wealth; it strikes a responsive chord in every breast.

One Corner of a Crater at Santa Fé Springs

Hypnotic Salesmanship

IN ANY case, the presence of so much oil close to the city of Los Angeles, with the resulting myriads of opportunities to invest, speculate and gamble, as the case may be, has caused a complete and radical change in what might be called the sales policy, or program, of selling oil-promotional securities. For it goes without saying that when credulous people see millions made in legitimate oil production at their very feet, the slick promoter does not fail to seize such an opportunity.

Nor is this change in the sales policy of oil-promotional securities to be considered of merely local or casual interest. It is closely related, as suggested in a previous article, to important developments in the oil industry; and, besides, it is one of the most peculiar, bizarre and picturesque pieces of sheer business practice that has developed in many a year.

Speaking briefly, this method of salesmanship and financing may be summed up as consisting of free bus rides, free lunches and free lectures. With even greater brevity, it may be described as the chicken-dinner school of finance. In any case, it makes the oil well as an object of curiosity and investment even closer to the city than has been suggested. One does not need the price of a short interurban ride or of a noontime sandwich. These, too, are supplied. There is no obstacle, no inhibition whatever to making an investment in oil.

Strictly speaking, the free bus ride to the oil field, and, of course, to the particular well in which stock or units are being sold, together with a free lunch and a free lecture, did not originate with the oil operators or promoters. It had previously been adopted by real-estate subdividers, and is still used by many of them.

But in the hands of the oil promoter it is of more than local interest, and as a means of developing an oil field, of furnishing the promoter with the wherewithal to drill, it is the most complete method of extracting money from the public that has yet been devised.

I do not hesitate to say that it is the last word in salesmanship, the ultimate perfection of sheer mesmerism or hypnotism.

There is no way of conveying by mere words any idea of the extent to which the free bus and free chicken-dinner school of financing is, or has been, employed in the oil fields of Southern California. Or if there is any possibility of painting such a picture, it does not lie within the abilities of the present writer.

A Crater as Seen From an Aeroplane

One may take free rides and eat free lunches for weeks, months and, perhaps, even years. There are promoters who on Sunday, at any rate, have run as many as fourteen or fifteen huge sight-seeing busses, each holding scores of people, to tents or tabernacles close beside the oil wells, where lunch is served and the lecturers hold forth.

One salesman estimated that as many as 5000 or 6000 people go out to the oil fields on free rides on a single day. I have seen 300 or 400, and in one case 500, people in a single tabernacle, all brought out free, fed free and lectured to free. Women go from house to house day after day, offering the occupants free rides either to the oil fields, to new real-estate subdivisions or to other enterprises selling stock or lots or units. There are houses whose doorbells are rung every day by canvassers offering free rides. One can ride as far and as often as one chooses, and in practically any direction.

The Free-Ride Barkers

BUT, in the main, passengers for the free bus rides are secured by passing out tickets from doorways. This is done on an extensive scale for many blocks along several of the streets which radiate from Pershing Square, in many ways the center of Los Angeles; also for several blocks along the ocean front in Long Beach and in other neighboring cities. It is done with great insistence, but with wholesome respect for police regulations. Unfortunately for the complete free play of salesmanship, the police have had a habit in many parts of the country for a long time past of placing certain restrictions upon street solicitation. The pedestrian is thus saved from being torn limb from limb by rival barkers, pullers-in, and the like, but that is about all.

Late in April the free-bus people utilized the front yards of two or three blocks along Ocean Avenue in Long Beach. These blocks, instead of containing fifteen-story hotels and apartment houses, like most of their neighbors, are still occupied by the old-fashioned two-story frame dwellings of twenty-five or thirty years ago, which invariably had front yards. In each front yard, close to the sidewalk, yet back of the property line, sat a woman under a parasol and at a small table, her ammunition being piles of free bus tickets.

Even if one walked straight ahead, without turning an eye, each woman held out a bunch of free tickets with an air of almost pituful supplication. Each one leaned as far out as she could and fairly shook the tickets under the nose of the passer-by, with an enthusiastic, eager invitation to accept. Regulations concerning the use of sidewalks prevented this solicitation from being an actual physical assault.

A Forest of Derricks at Signal Hill

but certainly it was a mental assault of a not wholly pleasant nature

Several hours later I was walking in one of the most respectable residential districts of the city, far from the madding crowd, and had occasion to ask directions of a staid, white-haired lady who was watering her lawn. Hardly had the sound of her matter-of-fact reply died away before I heard a shrill voice from another lawn, and there sat a siren under a parasol, with a handful of tickets thrust out

Like all the others, she promised a wonderful sight-seeing trip and a good reserved seat in the bus

Thus, though most of the tickets are handed out from the more central parts of the city, the invitation to a free bus ride may greet you anywhere and in the most unexpected places. It is thoroughgoing salesmanship.

In the business sections of Los Angeles itself the ticket women are not only very careful not to step out on the sidewalk but in many cases would not even talk to a prospective passenger unless he stepped inside the doorway at least, and in some cases inside the building itself

"You know, the police are getting very fussy," the women would say to me when, in the best imitation I had of the manner of a rubberneck tourist, I hesitated in front of them and timidly looked in their direction. "If you will come inside we will be glad to talk to you."

But we must hasten on to the busses themselves. Every morning, rain or shine, week days and Sundays, they were parked in long, solid rows on all sides of Pershing Square and for many blocks up the side streets, in one case as far as the eye could reach, not to mention those which start from Long Beach, Pasadena and other places. Each enormous bus seemed to me the largest I had ever seen, a perfect monster of the highway, all with banners flying.

The Promoter's Smooth Showmen

EVEN an oil promoter is not above parking regulations, and thus the would-be passenger had to be on hand by 10:45 in the morning. The beginner at any sport is inclined to be nervous and timid. To accept an entire day's hospitality, including a ride which ordinarily would cost several dollars, a lunch that would cost something at least and a free lecture from the mouth of an expert who is paid $100 a day—to accept all this with no intention of buying seems like quite a nerve

"Oh, you're just timid the way I was when I first came out," said a salesman who lounged beside his bus and looked at me with amusement when I said I was not in the habit of accepting free rides and lunches from concerns that had something to sell which I had no intention of buying. "You're under no obligations to buy. This is merely our method of showing off our goods. The more that go along the better it looks. Of course, we will try to sell you when we get there, but we don't expect to sell more than a certain per cent, anyway. I'll guarantee that you have a good time. We'll take you to Pasadena and to the Mission."

"But why do you go there?" I asked "That isn't on the direct road to Santa Fé Springs, is it?"

"No," replied the salesman; "but this isn't all business; it is partly pleasure. We want to give you a good time."

The next conversation was with a somewhat stout and elderly female who insisted loudly, as soon as we stopped in front of her bus, that we promise to go with her

"I'm an old woman and I've got to earn a living," she wheezed. "There's no one left but me and the bird."

"But we might not want to buy," I repeated almost mechanically

"Oh, that's all right," was her cheerful reply. "I'm paid for those I get to go, not for those who buy."

But we wandered on to a younger woman who in reply to our mild advances said that she could give us a choice either of oil or of a real-estate subdivision; that she handled both with equal willingness, and if we didn't like to ride in a sight-seeing bus, she would call for us at our hotel in a private car.

"We have a trip that is different," said a young man before whose bus we stopped next "It is neither oil nor real estate, but a new kind of rubber." Then with an air of finality, with an assurance that such a statement would surely crush and demolish any lingering doubt as to his being the best possible investment on the markets of the world, he added, "Besides, this is the only concern that gives you music with your lunch."

But despite these allurements, we wandered on to a bus which was half filled with people, because we were anxious to go with a large crowd. At once the salesman took our names, pinned tags upon us and gave us choice seats

"But," said I timidly, "I might want to buy some oil units and I have only a few dollars with me. What shall I do?"

"That's all right," he replied with great heartiness. "We take as low as two dollars We sell to a great many nurses and schoolteachers, you know."

Alas, we had fallen victims to the very sucker psychology we were trying to study, for the rear seats, which had appeared filled as we walked up to the bus, were occupied by stage properties. A moment before the bus left these people quietly stepped out and disappeared. They had served their purpose and had attracted the real suckers like my friend and myself

But the bus was full enough, not only with passengers whom the salesmen hoped to convert into investors, but with a large and cheerful contingent of sales people, male and female. All the way they cracked stale jokes and radiated the best of good cheer, both through the megaphone and in personal conversation

"This is the richest street in the world," said the barker as we rumbled along Orange Grove Avenue in Pasadena; "the grass has green backs, the flowers a scent, the clouds have a silver lining, and when they open the windows in the morning a draft blows in.

"There is the eucalyptus tree, which sheds bark instead of leaves. The Y. M. C. A. wants it cut down because it exposes its limbs

"We are now passing the only house in Southern California which has seven kitchens, Mr. and Mrs. Kitchen and five kitchenettes"

The Siren With a Megaphone

WE HAD certainly chosen the Four-B route to wealth from oil—busses, barkers, ballyhoo and boobs. At any rate, the trip was planned to thrill people with the idea of wealth, to hammer in the desire for money, to make us as avaricious as possible. First we passed the old wells in the city itself, brought in by E. L. Doheny—"the multi-millionaire," as the barker bawled it out, with emphasis on the "multi." Then we were landed plump on the Pasadena street of wealth, with loud references to the homes of chewing-gum magnates and movie stars. From there we were driven through one of the old oil fields, from which the Baldwin estate has derived such great wealth.

But here we were at last in Santa Fé Springs itself, having gone only twice as far as necessary to reach the place. Now we were passing the famous Bell property, and here we could see the ruins of a rig which had been blown to pieces a few days before from the terrific pressure of gas. Frantically the barker shouted a few salient facts about the great oil field. Meanwhile we were fast moving on beyond proved territory. We turned into a field through a grand entrance and stopped in front of a tent. Flags were flying and other huge busses were arriving and discharging their loads. We disentrained and were herded into the tent, or tabernacle, with great promptness.

Inside, at one end was a platform, a table and a blackboard, with maps of the oil fields. In front of the platform were rows upon rows of long, rough dining tables and benches, capable of holding perhaps 500 people. Over each table was a

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An Early Morning Photograph of Bell Crater No. 2, Santa Fé Springs

Distilled Waters Run Steep

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT IS a remarkable truth that if some other lady's husband gets tight that may be a joke, but if your own personal husband gets ginned up—why, that is no comic supplement. And no matter if your friends tell stories to the effect you ought to of seen Jim Smith last night he was a hot sketch, well a wife gets no kick out of it except the one she puts up.

I come to realize this thoroughly the morning after the dinner which led up to all that followed. It had been given in our honor by comparative strangers, and while the host was making a speech about it was a big thing to have the famous Marie La Tour and husband in their mist, and ect., Jim went and got wet and had to be dragged out by a butler whose first name we didn't even know, but Jim called him Heyou while it was being done and maybe that was right, for the feller was a Jap.

Well anyways, this party started out in our honor and ended in our as you might say dishonor, with the women all sorry for me in the hatefully friendly way they have at such times. So maybe I didn't bawl Jim out as soon as he come to sufficiently.

"See here, Gorgeous," I says without mercy on his aching head, "ever since Mgr. Volstead got cast in this present heavy part of his you have been hitting the bootleg with a enthusiasm that it's a pity you couldn't put it into clean politics instead. From now on, drinking is out, where you are concerned."

Jim give a groan and pulled his face out of his hands where he had it parked so as not to see me talking, and made a crack which had become alas a classic in our home.

"I'm off the stuff for life!" he says. "Phew! What rotten liquor that was! Worse than the poison Lew brings me."

There followed a time lapse of about sixty feet during which we said nothing. Then Jim slapped the knee of his dressing gown and stood up.

"I got to have a drink!" says he.

"Not much!" I come back at him. "The way to quit drinking is to quit."

"Huh!" says he. "You don't understand how I feel. I'm dying on my feet. Just one, Marie?"

"Well, I don't know where you are going to get it," I says. "There isn't a thing in the house."

"Oh yes there is," says he. "There has got to be. I hid a bottle last night. Where do you suppose I put it?"

"I don't know," says I, "and I don't care. Last time it was the fern bed outside the library window. Personally, I got only one bottle of that real Gordon gin and it is hid away for emergencies and you don't get any of it."

"Oh, I'm quitting forever!" says Jim as per usual. "Just a life-saver is all I'm going to take, if only I can locate that bottle."

"James Smith," I says earnestly, "my rope is almost at an end, and this time I mean it. Either you quit drinking or I quit you. Here we retire on our wealth, and buy in on one of the most Ritzy developments on the island, and all you do is inhale enough bad hooch to keep you unconscious of the fact."

"Well, if I drink too much it is your own fault," says he in a true husbandly manner. "What d'you expect me to do, stick around in the country all the time with the apple knockers?"

"They ain't apple knockers!" I says indignantly. "They are a very exclusive mob which prefers country-estate life. And if you would behave yourself we would get to know them and make a social position for Junior!"

"That's so," says Jim gloomily, "I've been a rotter. But I'm off the stuff from now on, I tell you. The trouble is I can't get used to not working."

"But you got to get used to it," I says, real firm. "We now have so much money it would be ridiculous for us not to become idle rich while we are young enough to enjoy it. That's what money is for—to retire on."

"But I don't enjoy retiring," says Jim moodily. "I'd sooner be back on the lot, or even the small time, dancing, where a duke has to keep his health in order to eat."

"What you need is occupation," I agree, "but not the kind you are paid for; the sort that costs a lot, for you. I wisht to heaven somebody would ask us to join the country club so's you could get the benefit of associating with all those swell, refined men that belong to it. But if you keep on lushing like this we are going to remain on the outside."

"How many times have I got to ring up the fact I am off liquor for life?" says Jim.

There was a melancholy pause. Then all of a sudden a look of rapture come over my husband's face like he heard the Angelus singing or something and he arose with a strong manly gesture.

"Is She Really Downstairs, or Did These Blow Out of Some Passing Ash Can?"

"By gollies I believe I put it in the parlor fireplace behind the gas logs!" he exclaimed, and dashed out of the room, leaving me to, as the poet says, wifely meditation fast and free.

The whole entire truth of the matter was that after sinking a half a million dollars into the plant, which was an A 1 estate, and all the trimmings, in the eyes of our neighbors it seemed we was still merely a couple of hams with a child and a mother-in-law, meaning ma, and nobody had even got around to calling on us for subscriptions, much less for social purposes. The ruined dinner had been give by a couple of outsiders but I hadn't minded that on account when a few outsiders get together they pretty soon become a set of their own, if you get me. But Jim's liquid behavior had let even that out, and here we stood just where we were, only more so. Junior had no refined kids to play with and had took up with the boy who come with the Clearer Springs Drinking Water Company, each day, and ma was getting far too chummy with Mis' Sample, the leading boarding-house keeper, to do us any good socially. In other words my whole entire family seemed out to resist my efforts to become the goods socially.

Well, after Jim's exit at right, I sat down in the lonely splendor of my luxurious boudoir set, and I will admit I had a pang or two of wanting to go back to work, myself, for once you have been an addict, work is an awful hard habit to break. But I quickly suppressed this weakness and determined to renew the good fight, and ect., and then just when I had got myself in hand the door to my sanctimonium was thrown open wide and in come ma with a pamphlet in one hand and a package in the other, which got me suspicious right off from the way she handled it.

"There!" says she. "For heaven's sake let me put it down. Careful now, don't break it!"

"For the love of tripe, ma!" says I. "Don't tell me that package is alcohol!"

Ma give me a kind of funny look but without any humor in it, and nodded her big new hat at me.

"In a manner of speaking, yes," says she.

"But you know I don't allow any in the house!" I exclaimed. "And I should think you'd respect the idea. Jim is not to drink a drop of it!"

"He shan't!" said ma, sinking into a chair which nearly sank at the same time on account it was one of these undernourished gilt affairs and ma is built more for the Union League Club style of upholstery. "He shan't," says she; "nor he won't want to, neither!"

"Huh!" says I. "You don't know that duke! If it's alcohol, you throw it out this minute, before he knows it's around."

Ma shook her head till the patent-leather flowers rattled.

"I can't do that," she says, "on account of my promise to Madame Luella, the snake charmer."

"What promise?" I says, sitting up anxiously. For whenever ma runs into one of her old friends which used to be in the circus the same time she was, why, there is trouble ahead. "What do you mean, Madame Luella?" I went on. "Where have you been all day, ma, and doing what?"

"Well, you see, dearie," says ma, settling down to one of them long pre-rambles to her constitution which is growing on her as she gets older but I leave her do it on account I realize Oh well she is my mother after all and the old lady don't get much fun only out of talking which is about all she can do now. "Well, dearie," says she, "you see I didn't feel so good this morning on account of that new Maggie not making up my bed right and so I didn't sleep real well although probably I sleep more'n I think I do, although I'm pretty sure I heard the clock strike four and five or maybe it was two and three—well anyways I didn't feel so good this morning, so I thought well, it's because I don't get enough exercise, so I just got one of them idle young canvas men you got hanging around the garage to drive me into the city, and I thought I would just stop and get a few free books about going around the world in case we was ever to do so. I stopped at a tour office and got this—it's a real interesting book with pictures of elephants and staterooms and ——"

"That's out, ma!" I says. "We aren't going on any world tour any more than we went on the Special Excursion to Philadelphia and Return you brought the free literature home about last week!"

"Well," says ma, very dignified, "we might want to go to Philadelphia—how do you know? Anyways I saved all them pamphlets. You never can tell when they will come in handy."

"Handy to light the furnace!" I says. "Come on, ma, snap into it about Madame Luella and the alcohol!"

"I'm coming to that!" says ma, deliberately slowing up. "As I was telling you, I talked to this young man—real polite he was, especially when I mentioned your name ——"

"Ma!" I yelled, exasperated. "Did you tell him I was thinking of going around the world?"

"Well, I only kind of mentioned it!" says ma guiltily. "It would be nice to get away from this place where nobody wants us, daughter."

"Now, ma, don't commence that again!" says I, real severe. "What about Madame Luella?"

"Well," says ma reluctantly, "after I got this handsome free book and the rates, why, I got to thinking how nice it would be to just run over to Brooklyn and see Lu and chat about old times and see how surprised she would be if I was to mention we was thinking of taking a trip around the ——"

"Ma!"

"Oh, very well," says she. "So I went to see her anyways, and a lucky thing I did, too, on account she was just getting ready to join up again, and the circus will be forty weeks on the road, and she couldn't very well carry it around with her."

"Carry which?" says I.

"Not which—them!" says ma, waving her Tiffany mountings towards the package.

"Ma Gilligan, what on earth are you talking about?" says I. "First you bring in a bottle of booze and then you commence to call it them. Have you been nipping out of it, that you see it double, or what?"

"Mary Gilligan!" says ma very severe. "You *know* I never touch a drop—except for medical reasons!"

"Well, you said it was liquor!"

"No!" says ma. "I remarked it was alcohol; but that ain't all there is to it!"

With a dignified gesture she reached acrost and undid the bottle, which was an alleged Gordon one. But the label was off it, and inside was two very dead snakes—bright yellow and green, they was, and floating pretty in their as you might call it, native element. I let out a yell.

"What on earth are you doing with them?" I says.

"Keeping 'em until Luella can get off from the circus to give 'em decent burial," says ma in a hushed voice. "Poor Romeo and Juliet! They worked with Luella faithful for over ten years, and last week Romeo died, and Luella claims Julie didn't survive him by many hours, she felt so bad. And yet they say snakes is cold-blooded!"

"Be that as it is," I says firmly, "I am cold-blooded about snakes! Take them things and throw them out at once, or I will!"

"Never!" says ma, clutching at them. "Ain't you got no respect for a person's sentimentality? I promised Luella I would take charge of the remains until she got a few days off to run up to Vermont to the family plot. She loved them little creatures, Marie, and I loved the circus, so I'm bound to do what I can!"

"If I find them worms around the house any place," says I, "I will have the fourth footman do as I see fit. And as for our going around the world, if we go any place this winter it will be to Florida, where I expect you have forgotten I have just bought a place on the water with full reptilian rights. You will see snakes enough there to suit you, and you can ask Luella down and show her the time of her life. Meanwhile, don't let me find those bottled goods around here again!"

Well, ma took her snakes and booklets and departure, and I thought, well, I certainly got a troublesome family, and one member is worse than the other. And while I was that way, the second footman, which it is the truth he was a pie-faced mutt and I never did like him and only for being afraid of the butler I would of fired him long ago; well anyways he come in and says moddom is wanted on the telephone. Moddom says who wants her, and he says Mr. Goldringer, and I flew to said phone on the wings of lonesomeness, only too happy to have somebody I could speak to insultingly if I wanted.

"Hello, Mary. This is me," says Goldringer. "Say, is it you?"

"Sure it's me, Al," says I. "Whatcha want, you big useless?" I says, see, real friendly and cordial. "How are you, you old lowlife?"

"Fine like a mice!" says he. "Say, Mary, I got a swell offer for you!"

"Nix!" says I. "I ain't working and you know it, Al. I'm living down here among the high-class apple knockers, doing a landed-gentry act. I haven't landed yet, but I'm here till I do, and no contract on earth would drag me back into the pictures before I accomplish my social ambitions."

"It ain't the pictures, girlie," says Al, quite excited. "It's vaudeville. Lookit here! I got a cable from Brummer, the English feller controls the Oriental circuit. It's a big thing, including Jim to do your old act, see—dancing only. And the money he offers—oy gevalt! You should better run into town and see me, kid."

"Not on your certification!" I says. "That stuff is out! I'm going to be a lady from now on, Al, if I die of it."

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I Will Admit I Had a Pang or Two of Wanting to Go Back to Work, Myself

THE WIDOW'S MIGHT

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

Fifth: To my executors hereinafter named, or to such of them as shall qualify, and the survivors of them, I give and bequeath the sum of one million dollars ($1,000,000) in trust to hold, invest and reinvest the same and to collect the income, issues and profits thereof and pay over the whole of said income, issues and profits, accruing from the date of my death, in semiannual payments, less proper charges and expenses, to my wife, Doris Helen Southgate, as long as she shall remain my widow; and upon the death or remarriage of my said wife, I direct that the principal of said trust shall be paid over to my sister, Antonia Southgate, or in the event of her death——

IT WAS this fifth clause that Vincent Williams, the dead man's lawyer, found himself considering as he drove uptown with a copy of the will in his pocket. Was or was not a man justified in cutting his wife off in case of her remarriage? After all, why should a fellow work hard all his life to support his successor and perhaps his successor's children? The absolute possession of a large fortune may be a definite danger to a young woman of twenty-five. Yes, there was much to be said in favor of such a provision; and yet, when he had said it all, Williams found himself feeling as he had felt when he drew the will—that it was an unwarranted insult, an ungracious gesture of possession from the grave. He himself couldn't imagine making such a will; but then he had not married a girl thirty-five years his junior. Southgate may have had a vision of some pale, sleek-headed professional dancer, or dark-skinned South European with a criminal record——

Their Manner Was Not That of People Who Have Parted Forever

Williams was shocked to find he was thinking that the widow would have a right even to such companions as these, if these were what she wanted. He had no clew as to what she did want, for he had never seen her, although he had been Southgate's lawyer for many years. Southgate, since his marriage five years before, had spent most of his time at Pasadena, although he always kept the house on Riverside open

It was toward this house that Williams was now driving. There was a touch of the mausoleum about it—just the kind of house that a man who had made his fortune in coffins ought to have owned. It was built of cold, smooth graystone, and the door was wider at the bottom than at the top, in the manner of an Egyptian tomb. You went down a few steps into the hall, and Williams always half expected to hear a trapdoor clang behind him, and find that, like Rhadames in the last act of Aida, he was walled up for good.

Nichols, Southgate's old manservant, opened the door for him and conducted him to the drawing-room, which ran across the front of the house on the second story, with three windows, somewhat contracted by stone decorations, which looked on the river.

It was an ugly, pretentious room, done in the period of modern satinwood, striped silks and small oil paintings in immense gold frames. Over the mantelpiece hung a portrait of Southgate by Bonnat—a fine, blatant picture, against a red background, of a man in a frock coat with a square beard.

The house was well constructed and the carpets were deep, so that complete silence reigned. Williams walked to the middle window and looked out. It was the end of February and a wild wind was blowing across the Hudson, but even a ruffled dark gray river was more agreeable to look at than the drawing-room. He stood staring out at an empty freighter making her way slowly upstream to her anchorage, until a rustling of new crape garments made him turn, as Miss Southgate entered.

She was tall—her brother had been tall too; nearly six feet; her face was white as alabaster, and her hair, though she was nearly sixty, was still jet black. Her mourning made her seem more majestic than ever, though Williams would have said she could not possibly have been more majestic than she had been the last time he saw her.

His first impression was that she was alone, but a second later he saw that she was followed by a tiny creature, who looked as much out of scale beside Antonia as if the Creator had been experimenting in different sizes of human beings and had somehow got the two sets mixed up—a little blond-headed doll with eyes the color of Delft china. Miss Southgate held out a solid hand, white as a camellia. "I don't think you know my sister-in-law," she said in her deep voice. "A very old friend of Alexander's, my dear—Mr. Williams."

Williams smiled encouragingly in answer, assuming that anything so small must be timid; but little Mrs. Southgate betrayed no symptom of alarm. She bent her slender throat and sat down on the sofa beside Antonia, with her hands, palms up, in her lap. She did it with a certain crispness, like a good child doing what it has been taught is exactly the right thing to do. She sat perfectly still; whereas Antonia kept up a slow, magnificent undulation of shoulders and hips, as Williams took the will out of his pocket.

"You are familiar with the terms of the will?" he asked, scrupulously including both ladies in the question.

"Yes," said Antonia, "my brother discussed the will with me in great detail before he made it, and I told Doris what you had said to me yesterday after the funeral. I think she understands. You do understand, my dear, don't you, that my brother left you the income of his estate during your life?"

Mrs. Southgate nodded, without the least change of expression.

"During her life or until her remarriage," said Williams, giving the word full weight.

"I shall not remarry," said Mrs. Southgate in a quick, sweet, whispering voice—the sort of voice which made everyone lean forward, although it was perfectly audible.

Antonia looked down at her sister-in-law and smiled, and Williams recognized with surprise that she was obviously attached to the little creature. He was surprised, because he knew that Miss Southgate had disapproved of the marriage; and even if the marriage had been less open to hostile criticism than it was, no one would expect a sister, who had for many years been at the head of her brother's house and a partner in his business, to welcome the intrusion of a young blond-headed wife. It really spoke well for both women, he thought, that they had managed to get on.

He began to go over the will, paragraph by paragraph. In the sixteenth clause it was stated that the jewels now in possession of Mrs. Southgate, in especial a string of pearls and pigeon's-blood rubies, were not to be regarded as gifts, but as part of the estate. He glanced at the widow.

"I suppose that was your understanding," he said.

"I never thought about it," she answered. "If Alexander says so, of course he knew what he meant."

At this moment the door softly opened and Nichols appeared with a visiting card on a salver, which he presented to Antonia. Miss Southgate began feeling for her lorgnette.

"We can see no one," she said reprovingly to Nichols; then as she found her glasses and read the card, she added, "I never heard of such a person. Is it for me?"

"No, madam," said Nichols; "the gentleman asked for Mrs. Southgate."

"Explain to him that we can see no one," said Antonia; and then, as Nichols left the room, she decided as an afterthought to give the card to her sister-in-law—merely for information, however, for the door had already shut behind Nichols

As the little widow read the card she looked up with large, startled eyes, which from having been light blue suddenly turned without any warning at all to a deep, shiny black, and she colored until not only her face and neck but even her tiny wrists were pink. It was really, Williams thought, very interesting to watch; all the more because Antonia, who was talking about a legacy to an old servant, was utterly unaware of what was going on at her elbow. Mrs. Southgate had made no muscular movement at all, except to turn her palms over, so that her two hands were now domed above the visiting card. She sat quite still, gazing into vacancy and obviously not hearing a single word that was said.

But half an hour later, when Williams stood up to go, she came back to life, and said to him without the least preamble, "You did not tell me what would happen if I did remarry."

Antonia turned the full front of her majesty upon her sister-in-law, and said, "You would lose the name of Southgate."

"I am glad you asked that question," said Williams. "You ought to understand exactly what your situation is. In the event of your remarriage, you would have an income from another small fund—amounting to about forty-five hundred dollars a year, I should think."

She nodded thoughtfully; and Antonia, laying her hand on her shoulder, said gently: "Now I have still a few family

matters to discuss with Mr. Williams; but you need not wait, if you want to finish your letters, although we shall be very glad to have you with us if you wish to stay "

It was clear to Williams that she did not wish to stay. She held out her hand to him thin and narrow, but as strong as steel—gave him a smile and left the room. She always had a little difficulty, like a child, with the handle of a door.

Williams and Miss Southgate smiled at each other, and he expressed a common thought as he said, "If I met Mrs. Southgate unexpectedly in the woods, I shouldn't need any photographs to make me believe in fairies."

"She's a dear little thing," said Antonia as she seated herself again, rather heavily. "Very intelligent in some ways, but in business matters—almost a case of arrested development. My brother never even gave her the trouble of signing a check."

"He just paid her bills?"

"She had very few. She has never been extravagant. She seems to have no wishes at all. I often hope that she will learn to assert herself more as she grows older."

Williams doubted if Miss Southgate would enjoy the realization of this hope, but he only said, "An income of fifty thousand is apt to increase human assertiveness."

"I sincerely hope so," said Miss Southgate. "It's a great care, Mr. Williams, and no special pleasure to find yourself obliged to direct every action, almost every thought, of another person's life. What I wanted to say to you was that I think you had better consult me about all the business details. You see how little grasp she has of them. My brother never discussed anything of the kind with her. He was more like a father than a husband—thirty-five years' difference in age ——"

Miss Southgate shook her head.

"And yet," said Williams, "the marriage turned out well, wouldn't you say?"

Antonia's fine arched black brows went up in doubt.

"It hadn't the disadvantages you ordinarily expect from such marriages," she answered. "She did not run about flirting with young men or spending my brother's money foolishly On the other hand, she did not introduce any of that gayety and youth into his daily life, any of that humor and high spirits —— She is a curious little person, good as gold, but not vital, not alive."

Williams went away wondering. Corpses don't blush like that, he thought. The wind had died down as the sun set; and now, with a red sky over the Palisades, the Riverside was not a bad place for a walk. He strolled southward, trying to remember, now that he had seen Doris Helen Southgate in the flesh, all that he had heard about her in the days when she was only a name—the folly of an otherwise shrewd client

He thought he remembered that she was some relation to the clergyman of the Southgates' church an orphan trying to support herself by one of those extremely ill-paid occupations which are considered ladylike. He thought she had come to the Southgate house to read to Antonia during a temporary affliction of the eyes. Before he had seen her he had thought of her as a serpent, insinuating herself into the household and then coiling herself so firmly that she could never be driven out; but now it seemed to him more as if a kitten had strayed into that great mausoleum and had been shut up there for life.

He remembered a frequent phrase of Southgate's, which he had never noticed much at the time: "Yes, I read it with great interest at least my wife read it to me." He had been fond of being read aloud to, especially at night, when he couldn't sleep. Williams wondered whether Doris Helen had spent six years reading aloud—above the rustling of the avenue of palms at Pasadena, above the rattle of the private car as they went back and forth across the continent. Mercy, it was no wonder she wasn't much alive! And Southgate had never given her the trouble of signing a check, hadn't he? Well, that was one way to put it. No, of course, he said to himself, he did not want to see the little widow break loose—to hear that she was gambling at Monte Carlo or being robbed of her jewels at some café on the Left Bank; but he would have been glad to see her acting on the emotion that had turned her eyes so black that afternoon.

Although he went to the house several times again in the course of the next few days, he did not see Mrs. Southgate. She was always engaged with the correspondence which had resulted from her husband's death

"She writes a very nice letter, if I give her a general idea of what ought to be said," Antonia had explained to Williams.

One afternoon about a month after Southgate's death, as Williams was leaving his office in Nassau Street, a card was brought to him. He did not know the name, and he sent word that he was just going home. If the gentleman could give him some idea ——

Word came back that the gentleman was an old friend of Mrs. Southgate. Then Williams knew that he was holding in his hand the mate of the card that Doris Helen had pressed down upon her lap so tenderly that afternoon. The name was Dominic Hale

Even Antonia could not have complained of lack of vitality in the young man who presently walked into Williams' private office. There was something vigorous about the way he was built, the way he moved, the way his thick brown hair grew, like a close dark cap on his head. He spoke at once.

"I wanted to see you, Mr. Williams, as a friend of Mrs. Southgate's. You are a friend, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Williams, speaking as a man; and then added as a lawyer, "Though I must confess I have seen her only once in my life."

"My goodness!" said Hale, with a shake of his head, "I never knew such a thing! I can't find that anyone has seen her more than once or twice in the course of the last five years. Wasn't she allowed friends?"

"Perhaps she did not want any."

Hale gave what in a tiger would have been a growl, but which in a man was merely a sound expressing complete disagreement

"A girl of twenty-five ——" he said; and added without pause, "Mr. Williams, I want to marry Mrs. Southgate."

The exclamation "Good!" which rose to Williams' lips was suppressed in favor of "I see." Then he went on, "And does she want to marry you?"

"She says not."

"But does not convince you of her sincerity?"

"Well, she said not in just the same tone seven years ago, when we became engaged."

"Oh, you and she were engaged before her marriage?"

"Yes, we called it that. We had no possible prospect of ever getting married. Then just before I went abroad to study ——"

"And may I ask what it was you went abroad to study, Mr. Hale?"

The young man looked at him a moment in surprise before he answered, "Painting. I'm Dominic Hale."

Williams shook his head.

"Ought I to know?"

Hale laughed.

"You perfectly well might," he said. "Doris broke our engagement before I went. We did not part in a very friendly spirit "

"I see. She had already decided ——"

"Oh, no! This was months before she went to the Southgates. She thought it was wrong for us to be tangled up with each other so hopelessly. It made me furious. She was so firm and clear about —— She has a will of iron, that girl."

This last statement interested Williams almost more than anything Hale had said, for he suddenly appreciated the fact that he himself had had the same impression of the widow.

"Miss Southgate finds her almost too pliable and docile," he said.

"Then," answered Hale, "Miss Southgate has never tried to make her do something she did not want to. Oh, she's not petty—Doris! She'll drift quietly along with the stream, until something which makes a difference to her comes along, and then ——"

He wagged his head, compressing his lips in thought.

"I don't see exactly how I can help you in the matter—if she thinks she does not want to marry you, and she has an iron will."

"I don't want help; I want advice," said Hale. "I think she cares about me, but how much? If she really loves me, losing the fortune makes no difference. But if she doesn't—if she's just fond of me as an old friend can I urge her to give up a million for the fun of being poor with me?"

"Does it occur to you," asked Williams—"I don't want to say anything painful, but we must face facts—that she might love you a great deal and yet hesitate to give up the income from a million?"

"Of course it has occurred to me," answered Hale, "and if I thought it was true I'd kidnap her."

"Well, of course, you can't do that," said the lawyer; but his tone seemed to admit it wouldn't be a bad thing to do.

(Continued on Page 117)

"To Spain? But I Don't Want to Go to Spain, Doris, and You Can Hardly Go Alone"

FRIED EGGS

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

She Gazed at Him in Pretty Sternness and Shook a Warning Finger at Him

THERE might almost have been the flutter of black wings and a strident caw as Zibeon Zeismann wafted himself into the west coast administration building of the Magnificent Pictures Corporation, except that Zibeon wasn't exactly that kind of bird, it not being in his nature to caw or otherwise to attract any attention to himself. He wore rubber heels and rubber soles instead. A little man, with a profusion of whiskers all over his face, and grimy fingers, with stubby black nails at the ends. A cringing fellow who stood humped by preference in his creased and shiny clothes. When he stood in front of Strathers, the then general manager of the M. P. C., no greater contrast could be imagined; for Strathers was a tall, slender, pink Englishman, and so well groomed of habit that the slightest fleck of soot on his glaringly white collar would make him lock his office door until he changed it. Distinctly he was the one at a loss when he surveyed his visitor; and, standing stiff and straight behind his desk as a sign that he expected the interview to be short, he inquired what he could do for Mr. Zeismann. The gangling boy at a corner table looked up from a cost sheet, grinning. That cheerful grin was the chief characteristic of Izzy Iskovitch.

"Vell, I'm Zeismann, a zecondhand fillum dealer," explained that person and, laying his frowzy hat on the corner of Strathers' immaculately clean desk, he crossed the room with a queer bobbing motion, brought over a chair, placed it softly in front of the desk, seated himself carefully, spreading the tails of his long coat to do it, clasped his hands together and with a birdlike motion looked far up at the stiff general manager. "If you got zum old gozdume fillums, maypy, I puy 'em vor gash."

Strathers stared down at the man with fully as much confusion as distaste. This thing couldn't be possible! He sat eying with aversion the hideous hat on his desk.

"Allow me to understand you plainly. You wish to buy, for cash, some of our old costume plays, for—er—secondhand purposes?"

"Zhure. For tistripution in my boor leedle exchanche zyzdem. I am a fery boor man, Mizder Zdrathers, and I maig vad leedle brofit I gan on vad nopody vantz any more."

A snicker from the corner table, an impertinence which the general manager stiffly ignored. "I'm sorry, sir, but—er—I am too recent here to know offhand just what we might have, though I am rather of the opinion that we have nothing of the sort of which to dispose"; and, brightening as he groped his way to this happy conclusion, Strathers made as if to rise, his eyes straying significantly to that infernal hat.

"Zhure, you got blenty," returned Zeismann with a smile which betrayed that he had a mouth hidden among those whiskers; and now he clawed into his inside coat pocket and produced a packet of memorandums black with grime and grimy handling. "I know efferything thad Misder Zhuzzhel released zinze he vend indo thiz bizinez. Here is zum den-year-old vons I mighd puy if they vaz zheeb enuv."

He began to read his list, with so many mispronunciations and with such a hard and harsh dialect that Strathers found himself listening in fascination to his voice rather than his words; but suddenly the boy at the corner table wheeled.

"Romeo and Juliet!" he said indignantly; and in answer to the glare of sharp reproof from the general manager he came straight over to the desk, a flat-stomached, long-necked young fellow of about twenty, with curly hair and the pink of youth still in his smooth olive cheeks, but now with a crease of concentration between his dark-brown eyes and intensity in him everywhere. "Excuse me for buttin' in, Mr. Strathers, but I know about this Zeismann. It's his game to buy up cheap old films that's the same titles as new releases, an' take advantage of the exploitation the other man's payin' for. Y'know, the Earthwide's just spendin' a coupla hundred thousand dollars on a new Romeo and Juliet, starrin' Sam Black's blonde, Purity Snow."

"Upon my soul!" observed the G. M., glancing from the boy to the man; but they were regarding each other, not him.

Zeismann was looking up at Izzy Iskovitch out of his beady eyes, plucking thoughtfully at the whiskers on his chin, while the boy looked down with that sternness of virtue which only youth can enjoy.

"Hot dog!" Suddenly Izzy's eyes popped wide. "I got you! Rodolf Armand—that's the biggest headliner in the business today—carried a spear in our little old Romeo an' Juliet! An' you'd reissue it an' get out new paper, starrin' 'im in it! An' if you couldn't sell to Sam Black for a big price, you'd put it in dirty little ten-cent houses right across from the first-run theaters where the Earthwide's big Romeo and Juliet was runnin', an' kill a hundred an' fifty thousand dollars' worth o' business for 'em!"

Zibeon, still plucking his beard, grinned up at Izzy; but the stiff general manager was cold with wrath.

"I must say, Mr. Zeismann, that I like your cheek in coming with a proposition so withering to the concern which I have the honor to represent! Mr. Schusshel fights his competitors in front, not in the back!"

"Zhure. David Zhuzzhel's a fine chendleman," agreed Zeismann soothingly; "but Zam Plack ain'd tozzing gash avay. He gleaned house. He zold me twendy off his old fillums, three an' vour reelers, and in 'em vaz Fauzt and Gamille."

Nothing could exceed the sly triumph with which Zibeon leered up at Izzy, rather than at Strathers, his beady eyes glistening, while the boy stared back at him. Faust and Camille! Faust was being issued as a big production by the Climax, and Jacob Wolff, of the Eagle Photoplays, was spending a fortune on Camille. Presently Izzy's brows contracted, and the long bony fingers which he rested on the corner of the desk gripped themselves convulsively into the palm of his hand.

"Say, listen! Sam Black had a three-reel Evangeline in that bunch. He didn't sell that?"

"Zhure!" Again that leering triumph and the glistening eyes. "Zhure! Now maypy we dalk biznez, yez? I puy fillums, and I zell 'em, alzo."

Silence; seething silence; then: "We're stung!" said Izzy to his G. M. "Whatever this dirty bum can blackjack outta Mr. Schusshel for that old Evangeline film'll be charged against the cost of our new Evangeline!"

The particular poignancy of this arose from the fact that in three years of brilliant work Izzy Iskovitch had earned the difficult job of keeping pictures within their cost estimates, and Evangeline was already cramped to finish inside its appropriation.

His gloom was interrupted by Strathers with "Upon my soul! Evangeline! Upon my soul!"

His particular poignancy arose from the fact that Evangeline had been passed to him as his first big production after he'd been brought in from the Cinematograph Classics Association, Limited, of London, because he was an expert in the production of Shaksperean subjects. For, since the unexpected success of Hamlet last season, the craze for the classics had hit the motion-picture world with its recurrent devastating thump, and every concern in the industry was preparing to lose money on a lavish scale.

"We gotta wire Mr. Schusshel right away!" decided Izzy.

Strathers stolidly reached over to his filing hook and lifted from it a night letter which he handed to the cost hound:

Leaving New York in the morning. Arrive Wednesday. Sales force has decided we better make a new star. Round up candidates. O. K. to put in plenty comedy business with Evangeline's heifer.

DAVID SCHUSSHEL.

Strathers rose.

"This is a matter which only Mr. Schusshel can handle, and he will arrive on Wednesday. In the meantime I would prefer not to discuss it any further," and with the tip of his lead pencil he pushed that hateful hat toward Zeismann.

"Zhure!"

Jumping up, Zibeon took his hat and bowed to the man and the boy impartially; then, with his grin aggravatingly visible among his whiskers, he bobbed his way cat-footedly to the door and out, while Strathers stared after him in stupefaction.

"The bilker! You know, my boy, I don't think I can hold out in this blasted business. I thought the cinema was fairly polluted in England, but ——"

"They got just as rotten ones over there as we have here!" snapped Izzy. "You was in a classy company, maybe, an' didn't get it, that's all. Say, I better tell that bum he better not come Wednesday. Mr. Schusshel never sees anybody the first day," and out of the door he darted

It was just at the noon hour, and the corridors and the broad entrance space were crowded with Acadians and Indians and the like, for Evangeline was in the heyday of its production. Like an eel, Izzy made his way through the throng after the bobbing figure of Zeismann, just as he was swooping into a taxicab where sat a fat, youngish woman fully as grimy as Zibeon, but dressed in the gayest of colors and glittering with diamonds and reeking with perfume.

Zeismann readily enough agreed that Thursday was better than Wednesday to call on David Schusshel; then he stepped behind a vacant limousine and stealthily beckoned Izzy to follow him.

"Zay, you're a zmart poy!" he began with that open-mouthed grin. "I guezz you lige to bick ub a leedle gash, yez?"

"No!" The dark-brown eyes fairly blazed with righteous indignation. "Now looky here, you! You got me all wrong. I ain't no cheap piker. You're gonna tell me, if I let you, that you'll slip me a few dirty dollars' commission if I help you put through a deal; an' I guess if I helped you sting Mr. Schusshel for three or four thousand extra maybe you'd give me a hundred. But listen! All the private business there's gonna be between you an' me is this: That if you're still in the business when I get to be the big producer I'm gonna be I'm gonna run you outta it!"

"Zhure!" A cackling laugh came out of the middle of the beard. "Ven you ged to be a virst-glazz broduzer, I gwit"; and cackling again, Zeismann, who had clung like a leech to his business for seven years, in spite of the combined efforts of all the reputable producers to oust him, went back to his taxi; while Izzy, still tingling with the highly moral principles which he needed for future success, strode back toward the office, and met at the door the one person more soothing to him than anybody on the vast M. P. C. lot—Evangeline herself, a slender girl with deep-blue eyes and hair like spun gold, a quaint blue-gray dress and a white apron.

"Say, Prue"—nothing but boyish eagerness now in Izzy Iskovitch—"you know what Mr. Schusshel's gonna do? He's gonna make a new star!"

Prudence Joy instantly lost the gentle poesy of Evangeline. Her eyes sparkled with excitement, and there was a catch in her breath as she said: "Oh, Izzy, do you suppose there is a chance for me to get it? You know, after all, I am the logical candidate. I've been working on this lot off and on for over three years, and I've had some splendid notices. Do you suppose there is a chance?"

"Well, I don't know," and the boy surveyed her with keen anxiety. "Maybe we can pull it across—if you ain't too old."

Both stopped, sobered by that reflection. Prue was almost twenty-two!

II

AMID the clang and clatter and scurrying crowds in the big railroad station in Chicago, Doramay Bernhardt stood out like a snowflake in a coal scuttle, for she had chosen, as an appropriate traveling costume, dainty and most perishable white from head to foot, which gave added color and enchantment to her dancing brown eyes and her hues and tints of cheek and lip. A young, young thing was Doramay, and what portion of the world was not yet hers was the part she had not yet seen. All alone, she was taking her childlike innocence into the Far West to brave the pitfalls and perils of Hollywood; but she seemed entirely unafraid as she clung affectionately to the arm of a grizzle-haired man who was seeing her off.

Suddenly the grizzle-haired man called Doramay's attention to an elderly gentleman who was boarding the train a car length ahead; a benevolent-looking little old man with a kindly eye and a most friendly smile for the eager porters, who received him like a long-lost tip.

"That's David Schusshel, the man who made the Magnificent Pictures Corporation, and what's much more, kept it. Dog-gone it, if I'd only known he was going to be on this train I'd —— I wonder if there is anybody on board I know who could —— Say, if there were only time ——"

"All aboard!" urged the Pullman conductor, touching his cap to them, for the last belated passengers had registered in and the porters were taking up their steps and the fat man who always has a last-minute letter to mail was sprinting down the platform.

"Good-by!" and Doramay ran for the steps of the car. The train began to move as she boarded it. She hurried back through four cars to the observation platform. Alas, the train had already made a curve that cut off the view of the dear ones left behind. The observation platform was deserted except for a nice little elderly gentleman with white hair and a kindly face, who sat comfortably in his slouchy old clothes, rubbing his rheumatic knee and biting the end from a cigar. He looked up at the pure-white Doramay Bernhardt as she stood there in her fresh young beauty, and in his mild yellow eyes there came a sparkle of appreciation, on his face a benevolent smile. Immediately there came a responsive sparkle in the naive and childlike eyes of Doramay.

"Hello!"

In answer to the great warm human friendliness that radiated from her, David Schusshel chuckled.

"Hello," he said; and rising, he offered her the chair in the sheltered corner. She settled into it with a swish and a rustle and crossed her daintily shod feet in front of her. She was the very apotheosis of cold cream, and David sat beside her contentedly, hemming her in. "I hope you're going all the way."

"All the way to Hollywood," she dimpled. "Light your cigar, please. I'm going out to be a movie star, just like that, if they'll let me," and artlessly she prattled on, telling him all her hopes and her ambitions and her qualifications, and the family history she was using this season, and how often she'd had full-page portraits in the Sunday papers and everything; while David, the sly old dog, listened wisely, concealing the fact that he was the M. P. C. itself, and had in him the power to bestow the gift she craved; for he found it delightful to be cultivated for himself alone!

Good-looking young fellows strolled out to the observation platform and stroked their mustaches and made unminely jovial remarks to each other and strove to catch the beauty's eye, but all in vain; and as they came and went, came hopefully and went disappointedly, little old David began to enjoy that expansion of the chest to which the male human is so susceptible.

He felt like the proprietor of a big-hit show when by and by they wended their way forward through the train, for the snappy girl in white was certainly all the scenery; and in the diner every ebony waiter quivered with hope that she would grace his table, for no generous tipper is made less liberal by a pretty girl.

"Fried eggs, in butter, with a little olive oil," observed old David benevolently to the captain; "and fix up something extra special nice for the little lady."

"Leave it to me, Mr. Schusshel," smiled the captain, writing on his pad and giving crisp directions to a pair of waiters.

"Mr. Schusshel!" exclaimed Doramay, when the captain and the waiters had departed. "You're not the Mr. Schusshel? Not David Schusshel of the Magnificent Picture Corporation?"

"Yes, I guess I am," the old man admitted, highly pleased with himself, and watching with interest the removal of Doramay's gloves, the revealment of her glittering rings, her lily-white hands, which had never soiled themselves with any menial toiling. "Yes, I've been David Schusshel for a long time and it's too late to change."

"Why"—Doramay's childlike eyes were rounded to their roundest—"I never would have believed it! Why, I supposed Mr. Schusshel to be a much older man!"

Ah, David, David! The fresh green sprouts which shoot forth on an old tree wither at the lightest frost—but they must be refreshing to the tree while they last!

For a Moment There Was That Awkward Silence When Two Highly Friendly Persons Have Each Established an Ultimatum and Neither Wishes to be Nasty About It

III

WEDNESDAY, and with it came David, and the cheerful grin with

which Izzy Iskovitch had meant to ease the rough news awaiting the boss disappeared as he swung open the door of the limousine; for instead of the kindly little old man with the benevolent smile and the slouch of homely comfort there sat a snappy old boy with a carnation in his buttonhole.

"Hello, Izzy," greeted David, beaming affectionately at the boy who had been opening the door on his arrival for over three years, and he chuckled as the boy continued to stare. "What's the matter, Izzy? Has the cat got your tongue?"

"Say, what's the matter with you, Mr. Schusshel? I thought you had the rheumatism."

"I forgot all about it. I never felt better in my life. I'm ten years younger—more!" And to prove it he jumped spryly from the car, concealing the wince that his right knee gave him. "Say, Izzy, have Ernest Sapp prepare to make a test of a little lady in about an hour."

The sparkle of amusement that had begun to take the place of the wonder in Izzy's dark-brown eye died swiftly. Now he understood the rakish air. The star was picked! She hadn't been picked when the Old Man sent that telegram or he wouldn't have given orders to round up the candidates; so he must have gathered this one on the way. An old man like him!

"Say"—Izzy's usually so' voice was suddenly harsh—"you know if you don't do something quick we got fifty thousand dollars cost added to Evangeline! Zeismann's bought that old three-reel Evangeline from Sam Black!" It was David's turn to stare, and as he did so the purple came up his neck and over his cheeks and seemed to set an incarnadine tint in his yellow eyes.

"I'll get even with Sam Black if it takes me the rest of my life! Not a year ago we made a gentleman's agreement about this very thing, not to do any dirty undercutting."

"Well, you couldn't expect Sam Black to stay a gentleman for a whole year, could you? He musta forgot that we once made a cheap little Romeo an' Juliet that Rodolf Armand carried a spear in, an' ——"

"By golly, that's what we did! Where is this Zeismann? I want to see him right away. Get him!"

He strode toward his office, paying but scant attention to the many cordial greetings that hailed him from right and left, nor seeing the stares of wonder that followed him.

"But say, Mr. Schusshel!" called Izzy, trotting after him. "You ain't just gonna sell out to this bum Zeismann an' stand for his hold-up?"

"I'm going to do it as quick as I see Zeismann." And the boss was so agitated that he could scarcely find the keyhole of his private office.

"No!" Izzy pushed him aside and unlocked the door himself, threw it open and followed him in. "You gotta fight this Zeismann! I ain't gonna have maybe fifty thousand dollars tacked onto Evangeline. You made me responsible for stayin' inside the costs o' your pictures, an' I gotta make my showing. I ain't let 'em break over the costs yet, an' I ain't gonna!"

"That'll be all right, Izzy. I'll always know how that extra cost came there as long as Sam Black lives."

"That's got nothin' to do with me!" And Izzy pounded his bony knuckles on the desk in an open anger which the old man had seldom seen in the boy. "I know this business. Three years from now, maybe, somebody'll look over the books an' say, 'Why, Evangeline cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, an' it ain't in the film! Who was lookin' after the costs then? Izzy Iskovitch.' An' it'll give me a black eye!"

"Well, what do you want me to do?" inquired David, glancing at his watch.

"Looky, Mr. Schusshel! The first thing you think of is gettin' even with Sam Black, an' that don't get anybody anything in business. Now what I been figurin' is this: Anybody that's makin' a livin' the way Zeismann is ain't been so careful all the time but what you can get something on 'im, maybe; an' if you just hold 'im off a while, an' forget about the dirt Sam Black done you ——"

"No!" yelled David, thumping his own knuckles on his desk. "Not me! Maybe it ain't good business to follow up a private grudge, but I got to spend a little money on myself even in my business, like when I go to the races. And, believe me, I'm going to hook this Sam Black, and I don't care if it costs me as much as it does him! He's done me something every time he got a chance for all these years!"

"I guess he owes you a few more at that yet," speculated Izzy keenly; but the Old Man didn't hear him. He had pushed his buzzer for the general manager and the business manager, and began to open the drawers of his desk with a feverish hand, for he was clearly in a hurry. Strathers came at once; and, seeing the chief's carnation rather than his expression, took an unfortunately gay and festive tone.

"Well, Mr. Schusshel, I have your star candidates all lined up. I've put the ax to all those who can read and write and all those who are old enough to have any character and all those who displayed any dramatic ability. When will you look at the little beasts?"

"Mr. Strathers, I am beginning to believe what they told me—that you don't belong in this business, on this side," rasped old David, glaring at him out of the tops of his yellow eyes. "Any man that looks down on the business he's in belongs some place where he can look up at the salary he once had. Who picked the last story for Dixie Day? Who O. K.'d the titles on Hartley Danforth's last picture? Who let out the report that we're going to let Clifford Strong go when his contract's up? . . . Izzy, I thought I told you to tell Ernest Sapp to get ready for that test. It's pretty near time." And as he looked at his watch again, a grim set came into the youthful curve of Izzy's lips. There was nothing really on the Old Man's mind but the little lady!

"Now Looky Here, You! You Got Me All Wrong. I Ain't No Cheap Piker"

Back through the vast acreage of the M. P. C. plant went the gangling boy gloomily, past the great, formless housed stages, down through the streets and avenues of carpenter and electrical and furniture making and costuming and iron working and painting shops which made of this a huge industrial city within itself. The dust rose in thick yellow foam around his ankles as he trudged into the back lot between the ever-shifting panorama of frame and stucco mockeries of architectural grandeur, and beyond lay the blue mountains with tufts of fleecy cloud dipping down into the hollows in wonderfully soft blendings of color; but none of these things had any significance to the potential magnate, for he had four worries on his mind—Prudence Joy and a little lady, Zibeon Zeismann and a giddy old man.

Izzy hadn't seen the new candidate for stardom; but the young student of the business was firmly convinced that no girl could be picked because the boss liked her cute little voice, put into circulation with a quarter of a million dollars of advertising and exploited at a rich profit. Then—Zeismann. To pay money to him was to encourage cheap pikin' in the industry. Why, Zeismann's strongest hold was the spite that existed among the heads of the different companies, and their desire for retaliation was his strongest weapon. There ought to be a way to get rid of Zeismann, and

Shrieks of laughter apprised him that he was near the Evangeline location. It was at the edge of the forest primeval, where, in the dry river bed, four big elms and six pine trees had been transplanted at enormous expense; and here, surrounded by half a hundred joyous Acadians and pesky redskins, Ernest Sapp was directing Evangeline's gentle heifer, together with a drunken Indian and a British officer, in the plenty of comedy that was to relieve the otherwise tame and pepless American classic. Not a laugh in it for Izzy as he joined modest Evangeline beneath the shade of the gnarliest elm.

"Say, Prue, you gotta polish up the goo-goo eyes an' dig out all the cute little baby talk that old fluffs falls for. You gotta vamp the boss."

Prue stared and then she shrieked.

"I can't imagine anything funnier than vamping dear old David! It simply wouldn't work, Izzy. The innocent darling has patted my hand too often. I'm one of the family."

"What's hystericking my leading lady?" inquired the director. A lean and lanky fellow, Ernest Sapp, with a tiny mustache, a high forehead and a clear eye; and he grinned down at Izzy with permanently jovial friendliness, for the boy had once invested all the money of the Iskovitch tribe to save Sapp's commercial and professional existence, on a picture in which Izzy had secured Prue her start; so any who struck one of these, struck three.

"Say, Sapp, you're to come right up an' make a test of a chicken Mr. Schusshel's picked up, to give 'er that star contract, maybe."

The giggling stopped instantly.

"What's she like?" asked Sapp.

"I don't know. I ain't seen 'er yet. But you bet you my life on one thing—her tests is gonna turn out rotten!"

Both Sapp and Prue laughed.

"The boy doesn't know what he is asking," said the director with mock solemnity. "He is suggesting that I debase my art and betray my employer's confidence. . . . Say, Benny, dark doings in the offing!" The camera man, as lean and lanky as Sapp, and with the same light of reckless readiness in him, came stalking over; and Sapp, putting his arm about Benny's shoulder, walked away with him, up toward the front lot, talking quite confidentially; and they were most hilarious. Izzy followed with Prue. Already a trace of relief began to show on the boy's countenance. It was not for nothing he had cultivated friends on this lot for three years. If there was in the depths of his mind a reflection concerning the fact that he was trying to "job" a person whom he had never seen, the reflection cast no shade on his conscience, for it was fixed in his mind that the best candidate for stellar honors was Prudence Joy. She'd make more money for the M. P. C. than anybody.

In Stage Three they found a set that had the lights in place, a gay boudoir with a tricky background, and never was more care exercised by artists in their business to make a star beautiful than by this experienced director and his experienced camera man to treat Prue's rival with such consideration as any rival to Prudence Joy deserved. A great magician is the camera man, who can soften age into youthful charm or harshen youth into ugly age. He is why stars look beautiful.

"It won't do!" Startled, the four turned from the pleasant consideration of the deadly implement of their art, and they beheld, under the searching glow of a Kliegel light at the opening of the set, their David Schusshel, simpering at a young, young thing; and his voice was as the voice of a cooing dove—a dove, say, with an elderly larynx. "It won't do. That make-up would be fine, maybe, for the Follies; but these lights would make it look like a mud pie."

"Oh, baby!" murmured Benny, and the once-over that the sabotage quartet gave the naïve Doramay should have shattered her works by concussion. Just wait until they slanted the fickle lights on her!

"She's a pretty thing," judged Prue, and her heart sank; and, indeed, they all—except Izzy—had to admit it; for her oval face was smooth and her eyes big and dancing, and her whole pretty body moved with grace and elasticity as she came over in billows and billows of gayly bouqueted India silk to meet the enemy.

"Well, well, here's my little Prue!" said David, quite himself for the moment as he took her hand and patted it affectionately, while he beamed down at her with his benevolent smile; and even Izzy, as he looked at the two and the kindly regard between them, realized the futility of Prue's trying to vamp old David, who, putting an arm around each girl, said, "Say, Prue, take this little lady to your dressing room and fix her the way you know how so well."

"We're gypped," whispered Benny to Sapp as the two girls hurried away. "Prue hasn't the nerve to put on Doramay's face what I'd put on."

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THE BIOGRAPHY OF A VOTER

By WILL PAYNE

WILLIAM GOODYEAR was born and brought up in a Middle Western country town in the generation following the Civil War. His father was station agent for the C. & M. W. Railroad, a position which he held for thirty-two years at a salary that slowly increased from $1200 to $1800 a year. On that income, however, the Goodyears were classed among the more prosperous inhabitants of the town. Their white frame house with green blinds and an L was in whatever social swim the community afforded.

During William's last year in public high school the subject of college was debated. Theodore West really decided the matter. He was Mrs. Goodyear's cousin and William's only distinguished relative. He had gone to Lakeopolis in his youth and prospered, being at this time secretary of the Independent Gas Company. In his opinion college was a hindrance rather than a help to a boy who had his own way to make in the world. Lakeopolis was then the natural goal of country-bred ambition in all that region. The prospect of entering it under Uncle Theo's patronage was more exciting to William than the prospect of four years at the state university. After finishing high school he took a year's course at a business college, then went to work in Uncle Theo's office as a stenographer. In the following year he cast his first vote, and by that time he was forming a mental picture of the political environment in which he found himself.

Wicked Mr. Hunter and His Schemes

BY COMMON consent the worst man in Lakeopolis was Clinton P. Hunter. Uncle Theo, although naturally inclining to the conservative side in politics, emphatically agreed to that. In his younger days, it appeared, Hunter had been a broker and promoter in New York. After the failure of a large bank it developed that he had played a part in unloading some worthless securities on the concern. That the bank had been looted was clear; but a benevolent fog surrounded many of the details. Hunter's friends said that he was only the dupe of undisclosed gentlemen higher up. At any rate, he left New York and came to Lakeopolis for a new start in life, beginning as a bond dealer.

The city's street cars were then operated by horse power. The company was very respectable, all its directors being members of the Lakeopolis Club; but it was very conservative, waiting to be quite sure that it was right before going ahead in the matter of building extensions to the rapidly growing fringes of the city. Its cars and horses were, in their way, as emblematic of age as the ivy-clad manors of England; and this extended even to the drivers and conductors in faded, patched and threadbare uniforms. The stock paid 8 per cent dividends and was regarded as not only the most conservative but the most respectable of investments. It appears that Mr. Hunter attempted a negotiation with some of the leading stockholders and met with a rebuff suitable to his upstart condition.

At any rate, out of a clear sky the city council granted him a comprehensive franchise for the construction and operation of street railways in Lakeopolis, and next day he had gangs of workmen tearing up pavements, preparatory to laying rails.

Other negotiations followed, and the street railways were leased to Mr. Hunter's span-new traction company for 999 years, the new company guaranteeing 8 per cent dividends on the old stock.

Hunter next organized himself and his Eastern backers into a construction company which—rather naturally secured the contract for rebuilding and equipping the street-car lines. New tracks were laid, with cable power on the most important streets, new cars were bought, the service was extended to new territory. The city had a far better transportation system than before. The construction company received its pay in a very liberal assortment of prior lien bonds, equipment bonds, debentures, new preferred stock, new common stock. These securities were issued without any particular regard to the cost of the new tracks and cars, but only with regard to what the traffic might be presumed to bear. But the city was growing rapidly, the public responded to new facilities with increased patronage, and soon even the new common stock was paying 6 per cent dividends.

The old stockholders were getting their 8 per cent, the same as before Mr. Hunter's advent; but they felt great bitterness toward him, and it became a sort of tradition among them that they were just about to make all those profitable improvements themselves when the adventurer came along and practically chucked them out of their own house. There was no reasonable doubt that Hunter had procured his original franchise from the city council by bribery, nor that he systematically kept a working majority of that body in his pay. In the Lakeopolis Club the old directors denounced him for it, although they were chary of saying anything to the newspapers lest it stir up indiscriminate agitation; also because Hunter was obviously a man who knew how to make capital yield handsome profits; he was extending his traction enterprise; his stocks were active on the local exchange. Such a man might, at any time, have some plums to hand out in the way of underwritings, and the like.

There were then three gas companies—the Citizens', the Independent and the Republic. Among them a certain kinship existed; some men were stockholders in all three; more or less they all forgathered at the Lakeopolis Club. And that same sort of kinship subsisted between the gas interest and the old street-railroad interest. William Goodyear often heard his Uncle Theo speak of Clinton P. Hunter with strong condemnation, even before he committed his capital offense, which happened during William's second year in Lakeopolis.

There were two theories about the crime. The first and most generally held was that Hunter became irritated at the hostile attitude of the élite as represented by the old street-car directors and the gas directors. In support of this theory it was said that he informally sounded out the prospects of gaining admission to the Lakeopolis Club and found that the door was bolted against him. The second theory was that he simply wanted the money and at the same time grew tired of supporting his henchmen in the city council out of his own pocket.

The Gas Gang's Methods

THE known facts are that one night the city council authorized a mysterious Liberty Gas Company to erect a plant, lay mains and furnish illumination throughout the city. Directly afterward work was begun on a gas plant, and gangs of workmen appeared downtown, tearing up the pavements in order to lay mains. At first the old gas companies regarded this as a mere bluff on the part of some predatory local politicians who had neither money nor credit with which to carry out the undertaking. Then they discovered that the Liberty Gas Company's other name was Clinton P. Hunter—which was another matter, for Hunter could undoubtedly raise capital to build a gas plant.

Uncle Theo told William confidentially that the Citizens' Gas Company paid Hunter $800,000 for control of the new concern, which consisted mainly of franchise, and entered into something like a treaty of peace with him. But that was hardly the worst. Apparently Hunter had expected to carry his gas undertaking much further before making terms with the enemy, so he had admitted several very respectable citizens—members of the Lakeopolis Club—to the company. But in making terms with the Citizens' Company he sold only his own majority of the stock, and left his respectable associates holding an empty bag.

By general consent he was the worst man in Lakeopolis, and the most powerful. This adventure of the Liberty Gas Company had scandalous consequences. Thereafter, at least every other year, a crowd in the city council franchised some mysterious new gas company to erect a plant, lay mains and start business. Negotiations followed and one or another of the old companies bought the phantom competitor—usually, as Uncle Theo admitted, for a comparatively small sum. This became so regular a feature of municipal legislation that a part of the council was commonly called the gas gang.

Uncle Theo, in his hearty and profane way, reprobated this corrupt element in the city government—a crew of cutthroats, he said, who would disgrace a decent penitentiary. Yet his attitude toward the matter was somewhat baffling. For example, one of the aldermen from his own ward, Blake by name, sometimes dropped in at the gas office or called at Uncle Theodore's house. Blake did not belong to the gas gang. Uncle Theo always spoke of him with respect, as a valued personal friend. And every now and then he would be

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When William Suggested the Transaction Was Questionable Uncle Theo Denied It

ONE ARABIAN NIGHT

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

LABAN was out of Chinatown by this time, and he found consolation in that fact. But he had no way of knowing how closely he was being followed or how quickly someone with a shrewder knowledge of that territory might circumvent him. So when the distant bellow of sirens came to his ears, and then the sound of bells, and then a fresher and more watery breath of air in his face, he felt sure he was near the river and was willing to take the risk of running again. He crossed a wide cobbled street bisected by car tracks and fringed with broken lines of hogsheads and packing cases. He saw his crooked cañon of brick suddenly open to a wide vista of watery grayness overspanned by a gigantic cobweb spangled with lights. White lights drifted brightly along this cobweb, and colored lights floated mistily beneath it. Laban's heart grew less leaden in his breast. He knew by this time it was Brooklyn Bridge that he saw, and the East River that lay before him. And somewhere within the shadow of that bridge end and along the near-by fringes of that river lay the clean and orderly ship with the clean and orderly little cabin which awaited him. He began to nurse the sailor's belief that safety could be found only afloat. He had seen quite enough of this strange city of indecipherable intrigues. He felt like a sea turtle on land, glad to head for sheltering depths at time of danger. It seemed, in fact, like heading for home.

He slowed down to walk again as he approached the wharf between the two open slips. He could hear the consolatory lapping of water and the bells of the ferryboats nosing into their berths. But his arrival at that open river, after all, meant his arrival at the end of his rope. For here, he suddenly realized, his flight must end. And already, as he glanced back over the car tracks and the cobbled street, he could see a large-bodied figure advancing towards the wharf he had already invaded.

Laban sheered off to the stringpiece along the wharf's edge. His first intention was to drop behind the shadow of that timber, but as he stared down at the slip water running between blackened piles he caught sight of the thin and pointed nose of an open motorboat. So he wormed his way along the stringpiece until he was directly above this gently bobbing peak, which reached out of the darkness towards him like a welcoming hand.

Then he dropped quietly down between the two sheltering gunwales.

The moment he did so the boat withdrew beneath the timbered flooring of the wharf. It withdrew as the tongue of a leviathan, having possessed itself of its prey, withdraws into a Gargantuan throat.

So opportune and so efficient was that withdrawal, in fact, that Laban was more than a little puzzled as to its source until, as they drifted deeper in past dripping piles, a flashlight suddenly beamed full on his face and a slightly disgruntled voice inquired, "Where'd this robin blow in from, anyway?"

Laban found himself reinspected by that interrogative finger of light. He tried to grin conciliation up into the eyes beyond the blinding disk. But his grin was a grimace and nothing more.

"Will That be All?" Asked the Girl at His Shoulder, With a Perfectly Grave Face. "No, It Won't be All," Responded Laban, With an Equally Grave Face

"What'd yuh ever let this get aboard for?" demanded one of the apparently disembodied voice.

"Why, I t'ought it was Spider, all along," retorted the other.

That night had humbled Laban. It had brought home to him how small a factor, all things considered, he stood in the infinitely ramifying life about him. It had even incrusted him with a forlornly thin armor of guile quite foreign to his uncircuitous young soul. He was alone in this world of theirs, in this world of theirs that seemed so unitedly against him. But he nursed his human aversion to being so persistently regarded as of no possible consequence.

"That's all right, boys," he said in the friendliest voice that he could conjure up. "I didn't know I was butting in on anybody down here. I wasn't looking for trouble. I was only trying to get out of it."

He heard the skeptic snort from the remoter of the two men, and he was desperately afraid that they might take it into their heads to swing back to the wharf and put him ashore.

"Aw, t'row him overboard!" muttered the deeper of the two voices, not without disgust

Still again the interrogative flashlight played over Laban's none too happy body.

"What t'ell d'yuh want here, anyway?" demanded the other voice, barbed with perplexity and impatience.

"I want to get to Brooklyn," announced Laban, wondering why that simple proclamation should result in a silence so prolonged.

"Are yuh the guy who's hop-runnin' for that Hon Low bunch?" the man who had moved back beside the engine suddenly demanded.

"No; I'm no hop-runner," asserted Laban. "All I want, boys, is to get quietly over to Brooklyn. And there's ten dollars apiece in it if you two men will put me over there."

One of the men laughed.

"Say, Dutch, what'll we do wit' the boob, anyway?" he impersonally inquired, once his mirth had ebbed away.

The man called Dutch, who seemed to be engaged in taking a tarpaulin off the engine amidships, did not speak for a moment.

"We got to talk less if we're ever goin' to get away from this sewer end," he finally complained as he poled his way a little deeper into the pile-forested gloom. Then he spoke to Laban.

"Well, yuh'll be took to Brooklyn, son. But before yuh hit that pious suburb you're goin' a ways wit' us."

"Going where?" asked the youth.

"To a funeral," was the solemn retort.

"To a what?" demanded Laban with an uncomfortable stirring along the nape of his neck.

"I say yuh're goin' to a funeral, and if yuh don't watch your step it's goin' to be yours! So sit down there and shut your trap and keep it shut!" Then he turned to the other man. "How about that chow, when we've got the chance?"

The other man said "Sure" and moved along the boat bottom. Laban could hear the rustle of paper, the scrape of metal against metal as a tight-fitting cover was withdrawn from some sort of container, the faint squeal of a cork being withdrawn. Then plainly, in the damp air about him, he caught the smell of coffee—of hot coffee. He heard the crunching of food between heavy teeth, the smacking of heavy lips, the gurgle of the hot coffee from its metal container, the grunt of satisfaction as the cup passed from one hand to another.

It brought a burning sensation just at the base of Laban's thorax. There was something like an ice pick at the uttermost pit of his stomach, hacking against the walls of hunger. And the thought that they could sit there and eat, not ten feet away from him; that they could calmly regale themselves on coffee and thick sandwiches while he sat famishing for food, filled him with a renewed sense of his own insignificance, of his triviality in the general scheme of things. He even sighed, without knowing it, when he heard them toss what was left of their food overboard.

Then came the shuffle of feet along the boat bottom again, a swing about with the current and a whispered "Give 'er half over!" to the man at the engine.

Laban, as he listened, heard little more than the sound made by the purr and drone of an electric fan. He suspected, as they slid quietly forward from slip side to slip

side, that the craft in which he sat was electrically propelled. He could catch no sound of gases from its exhaust. It seemed to be gum-shoed for midnight work, and that work was not apt to be any too legitimate. And his hosts, obviously, were not gentry for whom a man like Laban could have any particular liking.

"But how about your boob there?" he heard out of the darkness as they forged ahead.

"It's not the boob that's worryin' me," retorted the other. "The thing I want 'o know is, what's become o' Spider? We can't get the casket out o' that warehouse without knowin' our back alley is open "

"Your boob will have to help wit' that casket," announced the second voice.

Then a silence fell over them as they arrowed onward through the darkness. They seemed to be rounding the Battery and doubling back again up the North River, keeping well out. Laban could see low shore lines on his left, spangled with lights; on his right he could see a cliff-like silhouette, standing high and huddled against the luminous sky line and freckled with innumerable flakes of fire, which he knew to be lighted windows.

He sat up, staring at them, until the blast of damp air against his body prompted him to drop down again between the tilted converging gunwales.

"She cuts—that wind!" said the man beside the engine.

"Yuh'll have six cases o' De Kuyper to get warm on!" commented the man at the stern.

"When we get it," qualified the other.

The man at the stern laughed.

"It's just pleadin' for burial, that casket!" he proclaimed.

Laban didn't know what they were driving at. He only knew that he was as uncomfortable, all things considered, as he had ever been in his life. He had been foolish enough to feel, once he was afloat, that all would be well with him. But here he was afloat, and he yearned for nothing more than to feel solid ground under his feet again. He was hungry and homeless. He was chilled through. He was so tired that his bones ached And, to add climax to that drama of misery, he had every appearance of being in the power of a couple of river pirates who would probably slit his throat and tumble him into the Hudson River as quickly as they would steal a sack of coffee beans from a freight barge. But hope, in the heart of youth, dies hard, and Laban decided on one more effort.

"Listen to me, you two," he said with a laboriously achieved solemnity. "I've had about all the trouble I can stomach for one night. And I'm through! Do you get me? I'm through! I'm a wireless operator, and all I want is to get aboard my ship before she sails at six in the morning I don't know you two men, and I don't know and I don't care what you're interested in. If I dropped aboard your boat without being asked to, I'm sorry I butted into your plans and caused you trouble. But if I can square myself, just say so, and I'll do anything in reason "

A full minute of silence followed this speech, which Laban regarded as an eminently sane and reasonable one. Then the deeper voiced of the two men spoke up.

"How much dough've yuh got on yuh?" he coldly inquired.

Laban considered.

"A little over thirty-seven dollars," he finally acknowledged.

"Then show your sanity, son, by passin' it over!" was his enemy's equally cool-noted suggestion.

But the second man promptly objected to any such extortion.

"Cut out that small stuff, Pip! We've gave this boob a nice little river trip around the island, and he's welcome to it. Only, when we bump into the slip over there and go ashore for that coffin he sits tight here, keepin' an eye on our craft until we come back. Then we puts him ashore and he ambles down to his steamer. Ain't that reasonable?"

The other man grunted, though it was not altogether a grunt of assent. A moment later he nosed in closer under the shadow of the wharf ends and shut off his power

"Take off your shoes, bub," he commanded as they swung in along the darker edge of a wharf slip overshadowed by a warehouse

"My shoes?" asked Laban. "What for?"

"For insurance," was the answer. "I'll just carry 'em wit' me to make sure yuh're here when we happen back."

Laban unlaced his shoes and none too graciously surrendered them. He felt suddenly and ridiculously helpless without his footwear

"What's that for?" he demanded as the boat owner thrust a lead whistle into his hand.

"Blow 'er, just once, if anything stirs along this end o' that pierhead. We got a coffin to carry out, son, and it's got 'o be done quiet and respectful like "

The other man chuckled

"We must sure handle old Square-Face respectful," he announced as he busied himself making the boat fast

Laban watched them as they clambered up the splintered wooden timbers. He saw them circle off in the uncertain light, moving from shadow to shadow as they drew nearer the gloomy mass of the pier shed. He was shivering by this time, and an added numbness seemed creeping up into his body by way of his thinly stockinged feet. He knew what he'd be getting out of it all—he'd get a sweet old cold, likely as not, and have to dose himself up on quinine; and the quinine would make his ears ring, and that would interfere with his receiving; and his new captain, ten to one, would regard him as a second-rate operator who ought to be aboard a coal tub.

He tried drawing his feet up and sitting on them tailor fashion. But this failed to warm them, and his resentment at being so arbitrarily robbed of his shoes grew stronger with his growing discomfort of body. The more he brooded over that deprivation, indeed, the more sullenly burned his anger against the two bullies who could take such liberties with his person. They seemed to think that they owned him, body and soul; and he didn't approve of all this uncouth talk about coffins. It was an unreasonable hour to joke about caskets and burial services

Then a sharper tremor went through the pinched tideway of his body, for the head and shoulders of a man appeared black over the stringpiece directly above him

"Throw me up that coil o' rope," was the curt command from the man leaning down over the basin side, and Laban knew it was the owner of the boat who had come back

But Laban was less interested in rope coils than in his own unmerited discomforts

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This Man Was So Heavily Lashed to an Upright Timber That it Appeared, in That Momentary Flash, Oddly Like a Capstan

AS TO HUSBANDS

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL.

"Would You be Hurt—You Know—er—Sore at Me—if I Was to Disagree With You?"

CORINTH'S several society pages contained the following bit of news; all announced it in identical wording; and nobody in the little city saw anything either humorous or unusual in it because it was the way the names of the couple in question were always printed:

Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt and Mr. Pratt have returned from a week's visit to New York.

There had been so many items of this sort during the past dozen years that this one would be unworthy of special attention were it not for a most unexpected circumstance—namely, that Mr. Pratt took umbrageous notice of it. For years he had been Mr. Pratt, and without concern or annoyance had permitted his wife to tow her maiden name after her like a barge behind a tug with a hyphen for a cable. So far as his good nature could see, it made no difference whether his wife chose to wear a string of pearls or a hyphen. He was very fond of her; and as pudgy, closely shaven, red-cheeked, stiff-mustached little men so often are, he was proud of his wife. Until recently he could not have told you just why he was proud of her, and there really seemed no firm basis for such an emotion. Nevertheless, he regarded her and her goings and comings with complaisant satisfaction.

For himself, he was accustomed to being a sort of punctuation mark set down after his wife, and he saw no reason why he should be anything else. Life satisfied him. He owned a comfortable home in which he was allowed to do as he pleased, and in which his own good nature and his wife's good nature combined to make things unexciting and satisfactory. He was wealthy, as wealth goes in Corinth, and he spent pleasant days looking after his investments and sitting about his club, where he talked largely to other satisfied gentlemen about politics and the trend of business. In short, until very recently, Mr. Pratt was the best-tailored, reddest-cheeked, most meticulously scrubbed, contented little man in Corinth. But of late a boll weevil of displeasure had been boring its way into his marrow. He was not disgruntled. He was not angry with his wife or with circumstances. But he felt a mild, vague displeasure, and harbored in his mind a hint—just a hint—that events were not wholly just to his merits.

The item of social news brought matters to a climax and set in motion the wheels of destiny. Mr. Pratt did not go home, as so many husbands would have done, in a passion. He did not fling open the door and begin to shout from the hall. He did not terrify the servants and work himself into such a rage that his digestion was ruined for a week. As a matter of fact, he never mentioned his wrongs to Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt at all, either by accusation or by subtle innuendo. No, his most reckless act was to clip the item from the paper, fold it and insert it in his bill fold. This is as near as he had ever come to a passionate outburst. But when he had the clipping safe in his pocket he went to greater lengths. He so far forgot himself as to declare privately to himself that he was going to think it over.

Perhaps his recklessness would have gone no farther if he had been left to himself; but, as is well known to all readers of uncensorable books, there are always evil companions waiting to egg one on or to drag one to lower depths. So it happened that in this, his lowest moment of weakness, he found Marshall Tree sitting in his library waiting for Geraldine McKellar to come out of a committee meeting over which Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt was presiding; and Marshall was impatient.

To those who know Marshall Tree it is unnecessary to say that he was young, intolerant, opinionated and not at all humble. This does not mean that he was not a nice person; nor that, when it came to the practice of his profession, he was not unusually able; nor that people did not like him. People did like him, and rather petted and made much of him, with the notable exception of Geraldine McKellar, who kept an observant eye ever upon his soul's good. As she said to her chum, Violet Black, "There's just one way to get along with Marsh and not have him step on your neck. Get you a good club and every time he sticks his head above the surface, lam him;" which it was her practice to do.

Marshall arose as Mr. Pratt entered, and shook hands. Marshall was a trifle sulky, for it bruised his dignity to be kept waiting, and more especially by something he considered so absurd as a political meeting of women.

"They're meeting all over the place," he said. "Jerry said I might call for her at four, and here it's nearly five. Believe me ——" He paused, looked curiously at the husband of the genius of the Woman's Party in Corinth, and asked boyishly, "Say, Mr. Pratt, do you really like it—having your wife mixed up in politics the way she is?"

"A-hum!" said Mr. Pratt.

"I have to stand for it," said Marshall. "I have to put up with Jerry's notions because we're not married. But you—well, if I were in your place I wouldn't have it."

"A-hum!" said Mr. Pratt again; and then, after an appreciable pause, "You've never been married, have you?" He pursed his lips and went through the motions of a man whistling an air, though no sound came. It was the outward sign of inward reflection. "It makes a difference," he said finally.

"What does?"

"Being married."

"A difference in what?"

"Well," said Mr. Pratt, after thinking it over a moment, "in darn near everything."

It would seem as if such an admission from an experienced husband would settle the matter, but it did not. Marshall was in an argumentative mood

"Both law and custom," he said, "make the husband the head of the house. It is his duty to provide for his family, to guide and direct them, to be responsible for them. It is his right to demand obedience. I don't mean to say he should be silly about every little thing, but in the larger matters his wife should defer to his judgment. Either a man is head of his family or he's not."

Club conversations came back to him, and the manner of various friends who had spoken to him of his wife's political triumphs.

"How does it feel," he had been asked, "to be the husband of a celebrity?"

This last statement dropped on Mr. Pratt's sorest toe. He pondered it. A man is head of his family or he's not. True! If he is, he is. If he is not, then he is not. In his own case most decidedly he was not. But he had never desired to be. It was his own fault, perhaps; but the fact remained that he was not the chief and more important member of his family. "Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt and Mr Pratt——" He remembered that. "A-hum!" he said once more.

He had rather liked that at first—pride, you know. Several times he had heard himself referred to as Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's husband. Of course he had always been Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's husband; but he hadn't minded it because it was a purely social condition. Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt managed their social life, and he didn't care much about such things, anyhow; so it was only natural she should be set ahead of him there. But this new phase was different. It was seriously and subtly different, and for a long time he had been unable to figure it out. Then he realized that it was because she had stepped out of a field in which men have always granted to women preëminence—the field of society—and had stepped over into a field in which men have long retained the preëminence for themselves. Nobody minds being beaten in a game he doesn't care to play; but when he is beaten in his own game, invented by him, and reserved for his exclusive efforts, then it hurts. In other words, nobody likes to think his wife is a better man than he is himself. It is humiliating. He regarded Marshall Tree, with pink, scrubbed cheeks puffed out and round eyes blinking.

"It's a matter of self-respect," said Marshall. "A man should retain his self-respect, even if he is married."

"A-hum!" said Mr. Pratt again. He wished he were more vocal, more coherent; but somehow he could think of nothing to say, of no way to express himself

"No man should permit himself to be humiliated by his wife," said Marshall; "and when a woman leaves her proper sphere and accomplishes something in lines for which she is not fitted—in masculine lines—then she humiliates her husband by making the world think her his superior."

Mr. Pratt was not quick, but he was tenacious, and had a certain humorless logic at times.

"Yes; but," he said, "if a woman does something in a line she isn't fitted for—er—don't that—don't ye know—make it look as if she was fitted for it?"

He dropped that question gently at Marshall's feet and let it lie there. It insisted on remaining, though Marshall

wanted to kick it away. The best he could manage was, after an awkward pause, to say that such reasoning was sophistry. Mr. Pratt was tenacious

"If," he said, "you do something you can't do, then it proves you can do it."

"But do you like it? Do you like having folks thinking and talking about Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt and never considering you?" Marshall in his interest was forgetting the best of his manners. "Do you like having Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt be a very important person in town, while you, her husband, aren't important at all? Doesn't it humiliate you? Don't men joke you about it? You know what I mean. I—er—I don't mean to be personal, sir; but ——"

"Oh—ah—perfectly all right, Marshall; no offense—a-hum. Now understand. Not criticizing my wife. First-class, A-1, gilt-edged wife. No complaints. Proud of her. Dog-gone proud. Remarkable woman—surprisin'. I wouldn't have thought it of her, though we've been married a thousand years. But there you are. She did it. Astute, that's the word. Most remarkably astute woman. But ——"

"But!" said Marshall significantly.

"I," said Mr. Pratt somewhat pitifully, "would kind of like to have folks think I was remarkable too."

Marshall was silent—and ashamed. Young as he was, he saw what was going on in Mr. Pratt's stodgy, loyal, kindly mind and heart. He was not jealous of his wife. He would not detract from her eminence. He would not undo for her what she was supposed to have accomplished, but he nourished a hurt and a yearning. It was boyish, and possibly it was absurd; but it made Marshall want to pat Mr. Pratt on the shoulder and say, "Now, that's all right, old man; don't you let it bother you a bit. Because everybody knows you're a darn good old egg."

But he didn't pat and he didn't speak. He understood. Mr. Pratt didn't really care a hoot what the world thought or said; but felt, in his own heart, his inferiority to his wife, and yearned to accomplish something that would make him worthy of her greatness

Marshall was thinking selfishly to himself, "Believe me, I'll rub this in on Jerry! I'll show her! If this doesn't wake her up and open her eyes —— Poor old goat! Wish I could set him up a bit."

The door into the drawing-room opened and Geraldine McKellar swooped into the room. The word is used with discretion. Jerry's movements reminded one of a hawk. She would circle above her object until she was sure it really was her object, and then she would swoop. But in no other way did Jerry resemble the natural enemy of the hen yard. As she stood just within the door Marshall looked at her and knew she was the most beautiful creature in the world, and even Mr. Pratt forgot his troubles for a moment.

"Hello, Uncle Jim," she said enthusiastically. Middle-aged married men who won her favor were distinguished by this title. She had half a dozen uncles about town. "I've been keeping Marsh waiting, and he's peevish. But he's got to wait another five minutes if you'll take me out and show me your flowers."

Mr. Pratt beamed. Flowers and shrubs and ornamental gardening in its various phases were his hobby.

He knew more about them than he did about underlying bonds or what preferred stocks to buy; but, being an inarticulate person, few of his friends ever discovered how interesting he could be upon his specialty.

"Come on, Marsh," Jerry commanded, "and find out how little you know about one subject." She turned to Mr. Pratt. "He really knows so much," she said solemnly. "It would surprise you. His knowledge is positively appalling. It's why I keep him waiting—and things."

This, to her mind, was an adequate explanation; and who knows but it was to anybody if he would ponder it long enough.

Mr. Pratt's grounds—yard, he called it—consisted of some five acres, and Corinth admitted it to be the loveliest spot within the corporate limits. Mr. Pratt's flowers were always earliest in spring; his roses largest, his dahlias most perfect. And he had a knack of arrangement, which, if he had been born without money, would inevitably have made him one of the country's foremost landscape gardeners. But nobody gave him any credit for it, because he was content to create beauty and never toot his trumpet to call the world's attention to himself

Jerry's five minutes lengthened to half an hour as she and Marshall strolled about with Mr. Pratt, giving him more pleasure than he had known for weeks. He talked, and Marshall was quite astonished at him.

When they drove away in Marshall's car he was silent for a while, then he said, "The old boy really is quite remarkable."

"Said Marshall Tree patronizingly," Jerry added.

"Poor old egg!" said Marshall.

"Why the sympathy?"

"His wife's making him dog-gone miserable," said Marshall, exaggerating somewhat and misstating rather more.

"As how, for instance?"

"He's hurt. He feels she's thrown him into the shade. She's made him nothing but the tail to her kite. It isn't exactly that he's jealous of all this flum-diddle political reputation she's got for herself, but—it's kind of hard to express—he feels it isn't fair. That's it. I guess he gets joshed at the club, you know. Confound it, why can't women stick to being women and not meddle with men's affairs?"

"Such as politics?" asked Jerry sweetly.

"Yes."

"I'll explain to you some day when I've time," she said; "but about Uncle Jim?"

"He said the most pitiful thing to me. We were talking about her, and he was telling how proud he was of her, and all that. Then he sort of paused, and his eyes were sort of doggy; you know—pathetic—and he said, 'I would kind of like to have folks think I was remarkable too.' Get it?"

"I get it," Jerry said shortly. "The old duck."

"You can take it from me," said Marshall, "my wife'll never make me feel that way. I won't have it"

"Then," said Jerry, "you want to pick your wife carefully."

"You Can Take It From Me, My Wife'll Never Make Me Feel That Way. I Won't Have It." "Then," Said Jerry, "You Want to Pick Your Wife Carefully"

II

CORINTH, since its incorporation as a city, had been governed, in its several departments, by commissions. There had been three police commissioners, three fire commissioners, three members of the public-works commission, and three members of the park-and-boulevard commission. Practical politics, in the person of Alderman Tomlet, found these three-man boards cumbersome and inefficient to carry out their higher purpose, which was, of course, the centering of power in the hands of safe party men. Therefore the alderman journeyed softly to the capital of the state and instituted the bill which has become locally famous under the title of the Ripper Bill.

This bit of legislation abolished the old commissions and substituted for them snug little departments, each under the hand of a single dictator. When the alderman was done with it matters were so arranged that lieutenants of his would possess autocratic power over each of the four departments, and these commissioners were to be appointed for four-year terms by a mayor whose term was but two years. Thus it will be seen that even a political upheaval would have little effect upon the alderman's machine. In the event of a defeat at the polls, Mr. Tomlet would still hold in his hand the chief and most lucrative machinery for the operation of his city. Needless to say, he was well satisfied with himself and comparatively mildly disturbed by the resultant public clamor.

Jerry McKellar, being now an expert in opportunistic politics—in which she followed the example of a certain renowned English statesman—looked over the situation to see what it offered of interest or profit. At the moment, singularly enough, her mind was not bent to the upbuilding of the power of the Woman's Party in Corinth. Of course, if incidental benefit came to the party, well and good; but she had a private fish to fry, and was looking about for an adequate frying pan. The fish was Mr. James Pratt.

"Poor old Uncle Jimmy!" she said to herself when she got home from that drive during which Marshall Tree had told her of Mr. Pratt's woes. "I can't have him going around in mourning. Um—wonder what I can whittle out of him."

She gave efficient thought to this matter, for it was her theory that you could make something out of the ordinary from any bit of human material if you could only find the exact object that material was created for. In Uncle Jimmy's case the matter was more difficult, because she wanted to make something not only valuable but spectacular. She wanted to raise Uncle Jimmy into a personage, blow him like a beam into the public eye, and lift him to realms of fame comparable to those of his wife. But Uncle Jimmy was not spectacular. All you had to do was to take one glance at him to know that Nature had not selected him to sit in the front row of the world's

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 14, 1923

The Long Haul

A DOZEN years ago Senator La Follette proposed to lay broad and firm foundations for a settlement of the railroad problem. Railroad capital, he said, oozed with water. Rates based on this inflated capitalization were unjust. In order to fix rates justly we must have an actual valuation of railroad property. Less emotional senators objected that to take an actual inventory of railroad property would be an enormous task, requiring years of time and costing millions of money. But when Senator La Follette passionately insisted that the step was necessary in order to protect the people from the hellions of privilege, a partly bored and partly frightened Congress yielded the point and finally passed the La Follette Valuation Bill.

This government valuation of railroad property has proceeded for ten years. It is said to have cost more than eighty-five million dollars. It is far from complete, but tentative figures, applying to a number of roads, have been published. They strongly suggest that this actual valuation of railroad property is not going to disclose anything like the quantity of water in railroad capitalization that the progressive leaders expected to find.

So the other day leading progressives, led by the Wisconsin senator, met at Chicago to consider the railroad situation. After having dutifully taken Doctor La Follette's guaranteed valuation medicine for ten years at a cost of eighty-five millions or so the patient is presumably to be informed by the learned physicians that it is worse off than it was to begin with. But let not the patient be downhearted; for the physicians will soon have another guaranteed prescription ready.

As we remember it, only a little while ago progressives were talking of three or four billion dollars of water in railroad capitalization. Probably some hard-boiled citizen pointed out that three or four billion dollars of railroad stocks pay no dividend now, or that six per cent on a mere three or four billion dollars would not amount to much in the way of reduced freight rates. Anyway, the latest progressive utterances that have reached us mention ten billions of water in railroad capital. It looks as though they had their own scientific formula for determining this question—to wit: The amount of water in railroad capitalization should equal that sum which will make the most impressive figure in oratory. It is a fine formula for politics, but bad for shippers who need more cars.

Another Government Cries Enough!

THERE was considerable state socialism in Germany before the war. State socialism was, indeed, a Hohenzollern pet. Bismarck found it very well adapted to certain monarchistic procedures. The German states owned mines of various kinds. During the war the monarchy became the owner of various enterprises, such as the manufacture of aluminum. Since the revolution these several mines and factories have been the property of the new republic or of the several component states. They have been operated as governmental businesses. The traditional German civil servants were good officials, faithful, well-trained and intelligent. It was therefore generally expected, in Germany, that these state enterprises would be well-managed and successful.

The Germans are a methodical people; if anything, overprone to scrutiny and analysis. In 1919 a commission was set up to study the question of the nationalization of all mining operations for coal, potash and salt. The commission, working especially on coal, was not able, despite its socialistic complexion, to make recommendation for general and immediate nationalization. The subject has been continuously under investigation, in one form or another, since that time. Opinion has now crystallized, especially in Prussia, and this has taken effect in several bills in the direction of denationalization of mines and industries.

These years have been years of scarcity of coal, metals and chemicals in Germany. That was like operating on a rising market. That is no test of any business. Nevertheless, out of the experiences of the state-controlled and private operations during these three years two large facts have emerged: Operating costs have been uniformly higher, and much higher, under state operation. With normal conditions of competition and trade these higher costs would have spelled bankruptcy. Secondly, under state operation the mobility of management has been restricted. Private management has proved itself able more quickly and accurately to adapt manufacture and marketing to the changing circumstances of trade than was the case with the state-operated concerns. It is now proposed to turn the state properties back to private operation, by sale or lease; and this in the interest of the property holders, the state.

Your Job

SUCCESS and happiness are bound to come to the man who takes a proper pride and pleasure in his work, no matter what it may be. Unfortunately this fact is too often lost sight of in this bustling, get-ahead, ambitious age. Men who are determined to get to the top of the ladder or at least somewhere within striking distance of the top are likely to regard any job as nothing but a means to an end, as a stepping-stone to something better. An honest pride in good workmanship is not for them. Skill or celerity is acquired only as a method of moving along to something better or, at least, to something more lucrative.

Snobbery of occupation will always exist in some degree, but we have in a sense intensified it by the opportunity to rise that is so universally offered in America. If a man is, say, a plumber, and has become so adept that he can wipe a joint better than anyone else in his district, this should give him a standing among his fellows. But our plumber is likely to be disappointed if he does not succeed in the fullness of time in making himself a master plumber, and after that, perhaps, a master builder and contractor. A fine degree of skill in his trade will not give him an equal standing with his fellow who has moved up a peg. This, somehow, is wrong. The thoroughly competent journeyman is a better man and more entitled to a sense of pride in his work than the master plumber who scrapes along in an incompetent, hit-or-miss manner. The man who wipes a good joint, in fact, has every reason to be as proud of his accomplishment as the man who lands a contract or pens an essay.

It is not sufficient for a man to take an interest in the task of today solely as a means of demonstrating his fitness for something else. Pride of work is an end in itself. Furniture of such rare beauty and durability was produced a few generations ago that huge prices are paid today for any specimens that can be obtained. The matchless artisans of those days put the impress of their love of good work into every piece that they produced. The building of beauty in the form of furniture was a life work, and the verdict of succeeding generations has stamped the old craftsmen as artists in the fullest sense of the word. There is no reason why every man should not approach his own task, no matter whether it is polishing surfaces or driving a truck, with the same sense of possibilities.

There is real content to be obtained in liking the work you are doing and in bringing to it the full measure of your powers. To those who do this an adequate measure of material benefit will ultimately come.

New Manners for New Times

ONE of the main avenues of national development has been that of communication, the linking up of scattered communities by steadily improving means. But despite the growth of postal facilities, steam and electric railroads, telegraphs and telephones, and even such modern contraptions as wireless and aëroplanes, life in many sections of the country is still affected by remoteness from other sections.

Perhaps the residents of the smaller places in such a large country can never be put on a plane with city dwellers as regards their sense of nearness to the pulse and nerves of national life. But the spreading network of automobile highways and the increasing ownership of cars can hardly fail to break down remoteness and distance. It is not generally realized how fast the improved highway is destroying what is left of the frontier.

Each year the automobile tourist goes farther afield, and he goes in mounting numbers. In one of the most sparsely populated of the Western States the cars that go over a single road bound for a single scenic attraction are numbered by the tens of thousands a year. Even the most terrifying of the desert and mountain areas are gradually giving way to the road builder.

Ability to pack the family into the old or the new car and go almost anywhere in this country must as time goes on profoundly affect national life. It must broaden the viewpoint, enlarge the sympathies and educate the feelings as well as the mind. To expect one hundred per cent of appreciation and understanding is quite unreasonable. But there is bound to be a gain. Thus far, indeed, it seems to be the general testimony that those who travel about are good-natured, friendly and reasonably well-mannered. But they are away from home and the conventional ties of home. They camp upon someone else's private property and to an increasing extent in the forest reserves, the state and national parks and the public domain. There are portions of the country where baseball and movies sink into insignificance in the summertime beside camping, as a national sport.

Manners may cling to certain permanent ideals, but in their application should change with the times. With the rising generation emphasis may be shifted a little. In the future, behavior will be as important a factor on the open highroad and in the state and national forests as in the drawing-room and parlor. To avoid leaving fires, to put out lighted matches and cigarettes, to give the other fellow at least his half of the road, to conceal the remains of open-air breakfasts and luncheons and dinners—these are just as important today as the proper method of making introductions, bowing to ladies, and holding the fork at a dinner party of eight courses.

It is wholesome to be on the road and in the open, to visit the national parks and monuments, to see the rivers and mountains. But away from home is irresponsibility. It is easy to treat everybody's property as if it were nobody's. A lighted match may do more harm on Nature's carpet than on one's own rug, but then in the former case one is off and away and rarely pays the damage. Certainly as time goes on, the test of the true lady and gentleman will be found in human behavior in the open no less than in the conventional pursuit of city occupations.

TWO GHOSTS IN TURKEY

By William T. Ellis

THE Lady With the Lamp, as the soldiers used to call Florence Nightingale, walked by my side down the flagstone corridors of the ancient Selamie Barracks, and into the very wards where she ministered during the Crimean War. But another ghostly figure, a man's, jostled her out of my thinking

This really should have been Florence Nightingale's day. In this great building in Scutari, the Asiatic district of Constantinople, where the plight of six thousand sick and wounded British soldiers, dying at the rate of two and three hundred a day, called this rare woman from England to transform the situation, it was only fair that I should be making comparisons of her with her present-day successors walking in the flesh by my side. These alert Greek and Armenian nurses, wearing rubber boots and rubber gloves, clad in white muslin garments that left no crack for death-bearing vermin to enter, are the spiritual daughters of Florence Nightingale. Dr. Wilfred M. Post, the brilliant American surgeon-physician in charge, is her spiritual son and successor as administrator here. If there is anything in Conan Doyle's teaching, then the ghost of the Lady With the Lamp, who sixty-odd years ago used to walk these identical halls alone, kept congenial company with Doctor Post and the nurses and the assistant physicians.

A Fearful Emergency

IF IT had not been for the constant intrusion of this other man's personality—he himself, in bodily presence, was a thousand miles away, and probably never dreaming of the part he has had indirectly in the present tragedy of Selamie Barracks—I should have had a rare morning with the Good Angel of the Crimean War. I wanted to compare the two horrors: That of nearly seventy years ago, with which Florence Nightingale grappled, and this present one, with which Doctor Post is struggling.

Both were confronted by pig-headed politicians and bureaucrats and slaves of red tape, whose callousness was less of brutality than of stupidity. The military martinets who well-nigh broke Florence Nightingale's heart were the antetype of the petty Turkish officials who harrow Doctor Post's spirit

Odds favored Florence Nightingale. All the Crimean War patients here were British, speaking one tongue, heroic in hardship, trained to discipline and with a love of life. The resources of Great Britain were behind them; there was no problem of food. With the support of an aroused nation at her back, the patron saint of the modern nursing profession wrought wonders. What a head nurse she was! She found a death rate of two or three hundred a day: she brought it down to two or three persons a day. Officially, the figures are that the death rate was reduced from 42 to 2 per cent.

When Doctor Post got into action on the same scene last February he discovered a state of things beyond the imagination of Florence Nightingale or of any of her sisterhood. Ten thousand Greek refugees from Asia Minor, en route to Greece, had been halted in their migration by the refusal of the Greek Government to receive them. So they were unloaded from the ships that carried them, and dumped ashore at Constantinople, despite the protests of the Turks. The latter gave them partial shelter in Selamie Barracks, but neither food nor attention nor consideration. The exiles squatted down in such accumulated and accumulating filth as the proprieties prevent one from describing. With Oriental fatalism they stayed put; partly because they could do nothing else, for they were confined by armed guards, and partly because the Anatolian peasant is an illiterate creature who has never got very far away from the soil, and does not know how to make a noise in the world.

The Faith That Never Dies

MOST active of all the miserable company in the fireless, foodless barracks were the germs of typhus and smallpox and pneumonia. The death rate for a time reached a hundred a day. I was present when the daily report was handed to Doctor Post, showing a total for the preceding twenty-four hours of only fifteen deaths. So science and altruism are conquering In the dark dank stable of the barracks, where children of misery huddled by the hundreds, I saw a pathetic funeral, with tapers gleaming in the hands of the peasants, in proof that faith outlasts all fates.

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Letter Writing

TH' ART o' writin' clever, enticin' business letters has about reached its peak, but th' homely, longhand pen-an'-ink epistle o' love or friendship has about played out. Th' ole handmade letters o' yisterday, perfumed or plain, whether passin' between friends or lovers, had a homy, personal appeal t' 'em that is unknown t' any modern means o' communication—even th' long-distance telephone. Long-distance talk is brief an' hard an' cold on account o' th' cost, t' say nothin' o' ther bein' somethin' creepy an' unnatural about it. An' th' formal, carefully edited night letter is no better.

Ther haint th' frank open boldness in a face-t'-face talk in some quiet nook as ther used t' be in a pen-an'-ink love letter where th' very soul wuz poured out over th' pages without embarrassment—words an' sentences we could read an' reread an' treasure, an' keep fer reference in case anything came up. Even sayin' it with five or six dollars' worth o' flowers haint half as satisfyin' as a two-cent letter. But people t'day 'll not stop at money if they kin git out o' writin' a letter. T'day if a loved one crosses th' plains, or th' sea, we watch th' papers more'n we do th' mails. Nothin' comes back t' th' achin' an' anxious hearts o' loved ones but an' occasional picture pustal card sayin': "Grand time wish you wuz here."

We have novel writers, ad writers, an' folks that write along scientific an' descriptive lines, but ther seems t' be very few people left that know how t' compose a letter t' a friend or sweetheart. Even fairly well-t'-do people who write t' th' editur t' complain about th' gover'ment an' things, seem t' know nothin' o' punctuation or composition, while those who write testimonials fer patent medicines don't know th' first rudiments o' letter writin'. O' course men are gittin' afraid t' express 'emselves with ink t' women, but ther's no excuse fer one not learnin' t' write a letter t' his mother or ole schoolmate. Th' mails used t' be so full o' fat, bulgin', lavender-scented love letters that we could smell a pust office two blocks away.

Even money is telegraphed or expressed these days, an' th' ole thrill o' openin' a letter from home is almost extinct. We don't believe people are too busy, or don't want t' hunt up th' ink an' paper an' write a letter, but we do believe they're afraid t' try it. Lester Moon wuz engaged t' a beautiful an' well-t'-do girl in Cadiz, Ohio, but ther is no telegraph office or greenhouse in his town, so he jest let th' matter go by default

Abe Martin.

Farmer Nicks—"Gosh! Them City Boarders Ain't Satisfied Unless They're Dancin' All th' Time"

Are You Brown or Hill?

A Rimed Editorial

SAID Mr. Brown to Mrs. Brown,
"I'm tired of living in this darn' town!
Three thousand a year is the rent we pay,
And what do we get for our money, hey?
Our front view's into a courtyard blank,
Our rear view's into a water tank.
In summer we roast, in winter we freeze,
While a flat-skulled janitor takes his ease.
We can hear the fights in the Perkins flat
And we haven't got room to swing a cat.
Jammed in the Subway, slammed in the El;
I'm gonna get out of this hole of hell!
I'm going where flowers and green grass are,
I'm going where we can afford a car,
I'm going to leave these bricks and stones,
I'm going to Real Estate Agent Jones.
A house in the country I'm going to buy
Or I'm going to find out the reason why!"

II

Said Mr. Hill to Mrs. Hill,
"I'm tired of life in Suburbanville!
I'm tired of hiking, in snow or rain,

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ORANGE & BLACK TEA ROOM
TEA COFFEE AND BOOKS
LETTUCE SALADS FOR THE LITER-ATI
THE PURPLE BOOB TEA ROOM
RONDEVOO OF THE YOUNGER INTELLECT-UALS
AT THE SIGN OF THE ABYSMAL FISH

Main Street After Having Been Taken Over by Its Critics

Just when they taste the best!

Plucked as they hang sun-ripened, juicy and tempting on the vines! Made into soup on the very same day, in the prime of their delicious freshness! Every tomato is washed five times in crystal-clear running water. It's only the richest and finest parts of the fruit that go into

Campbell's Tomato Soup

The pure tomato juices and plump tomato "meat" are strained to a smooth puree. Golden butter enriches the blend. Delicate seasoning perfects the flavor. What a treat awaits your appetite when you catch the delicious fragrance from a plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup. You'll serve it often as a Cream of Tomato—a special delight! And how the children like it!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

I've one little motto concerning tomato
It's the tastiest soup I know
And Campbell's perfection
Will be your selection
If you envy my vigor and go!

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

PLAYING FAIR

By Lucy Stone Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"Miss Cameron," Acknowledged—and No More Than Acknowledged—the Voice of Granite, "it Is Always Enlightening to Meet My Son's Friends"

IT IS no exaggeration to chronicle that during the following week June opened the pages of Art Advancement no less than two thousand times, and always to a picture captioned "Mrs. Hamilton Blaine," who, similed by Mrs. Brown, "might be some pumpkins, but looked like a hard-boiled old party just the same." It is also no exaggeration to state that June opened a note from the son of Mrs. Hamilton Blaine at least twice two thousand times, though the deciphering of the handwriting, also similed by Mrs. Brown, was like "tryin' to make sense out of bird tracks on a creek bank."

Another note had come with this much-opened one—a note from John. Mrs. Brown had brought the two notes over from the depot at the same time. But the other note, though as plainly written as the honesty on John's face, had been granted only one reading. The sheet of paper which carried it presented a picture of a steam tractor in the upper left-hand corner, of an electric washing machine opposite, and of a crossed hoe and rake in the exact center. Letters of ample proportion explained that the Shepherd Hardware Company could be relied upon for the best in ranch machinery, household equipment and garden implements; while the plump, plain letters from John's indelible pencil said that he hoped his girl was more comfortable now; that she must watch out for rattlesnakes—they were bad this year; that he wished she would write him a few lines every day; that he had sold a windmill that afternoon; that he loved her more than everything in the world; and that he'd drive out the following Friday afternoon to bring her back for the week-end with her grandmother.

This last suggestion, however, was doomed to die; doomed by the other note. The stationery that carried Blaine's message was heavy and white, the envelope interlined with purple; and instead of hardware photography, it presented a rampant dragon explained in Latin. It blithely read:

Good morning, bewildering one. I hasten to inform you that all is well, educationally, in District No. 17.

The board bows before you, and I shall hope to do the same next Saturday afternoon. Until then I remain your bewildered and enchanted discoverer. BAIRD BLAINE.

P. S. I am taking the liberty of sending a small offering, not to you but to genius.

Mrs. Brown said, "Humph!"

"Oh, you'll like him," said June, having become conversant with Mrs. Brown's humphs.

"I like Mr. Shepherd." Mrs. Brown voiced a very definite divergence of opinion. "There's a letter there from him, too, you know."

June divulged from John's letter that he had sold a windmill and that he wanted her to be very careful of rattlesnakes; and won Mrs. Brown's approval by leaving a hurried letter to John for her to mail when she went to the depot at noon. The hurried letter explained that it was utterly impossible for her to go to Sage City for the week-end, but it explained it so kindly and with such unusual affection that it defeated its own ends.

For on Friday evening John arrived with high hopes of changing her mind. June had hurried home from school, armored herself in one of Mrs. Brown's long aprons and valiantly attacked the dreaded and delayed task of washing clothes. Mrs. Brown, whose pride permitted her to build fences, to plow, spade and cultivate, and to scrub, cook and sew, was absolutely prohibited by that same pride from becoming anybody's washwoman. June had entertained hopes of her relenting, but her laundry bag had attained such proportions that washing had become imperative; especially so since she must have her one white dress fresh and span for Saturday afternoon.

Washing in the dry hills was not the dignified thing of enameled tubs, hot and cold faucets and amenable clothes-lines to which June had been accustomed. The water had to be dipped from the reluctant spring into two five-gallon oil cans and conveyed in a small express wagon up the hazardous path to the house. June had progressed with her task to the place where she was cautiously ascending the hillside, walking backward in order to guide her precious burden more carefully, when there came the chugging of an engine over the hilltop, and a buoyant "Hello there!" dirged in her ears.

"Oh, misery!" June lamented within herself. "Now I'll be as mean as the mischief. Oh, why does he always appear at the wrong time?"

She waved unconcernedly in answer to his second call, continuing with the absorbing task at hand. John left his car quickly, having been warmly welcomed by Mrs. Brown, and came striding through the sagebrush to help her, bending to take advance payment from under the brown slatted sunbonnet, where he found acceptant but unanswering lips. Appropriating the tongue of the wagon, he gave it a vigorous undirected pull that sent the front wheel against a rock and upset the big cans of precious water. June pushed back her sunbonnet and surveyed the catastrophe angrily.

"Oh, isn't that just like you! Always trying to help and always hindering! And it takes the spring half an hour to fill up again."

"Well, honey," he cheerfully sympathized, righting the wreck, "it's too bad; but we can wait, can't we? Nothing burning up, is there, that we need be in such a desperate rush?"

"Yes, something's burning up—my patience with you. What have you come for anyway? I told you not to."

"No-o, you didn't. You just said you couldn't go back with me. I thought maybe you'd change your mind."

"Well, I can't. I'm going to be too busy."

"What doing?"

"Well, if you must have a detailed account, I'm going to iron in the morning—that is, I am if it won't be so late now that I can't get my washing done; and then I'm going to darn my stockings and shorten a dress skirt; and then I'm going to the schoolhouse to finish painting the woodwork. And on Sunday I've a lot of letters to write about getting a position this fall, and a course of study to make out for the Wiley children, and about two hours' work to do on a picture I'm finishing. Now, if I've forgotten anything I'll inform you by letter."

"June"—they were at the spring now, and John straightened from emptying the first dipperful of their second endeavor—"I wish you'd go right on telling me the truth the way you've always done, even if it does hurt me like the devil."

She went to him quickly, with a little impulsive cry; but when his arms closed around her she pulled herself away as quickly as she had come, and sat down on a box by the spring.

"Oh, John, you do make me so ashamed of myself! I knew I was going to be hateful tonight. But there's nothing to tell that need hurt you. It's just that Mr. Blaine is coming to call tomorrow afternoon, and—and I want to be here."

"Yes, just that," repeated John, and stooped for another dipperful, so that his face was hidden. "June, are you going to make a fool of yourself and fall in love with that fellow?"

"I haven't thought ahead that far, John. I've only planned on his falling in love with me."

(Continued on Page 30)

STANDARD · OF · THE · WORLD

CADILLAC

Exactly what is it that causes women to speak of Type 61 Cadillac with such special enthusiasm?

Is it the car's beauty, or its comfort, or its dependability that accounts for the preference which they undeniably show for it?

No one who has seen the admiration in a woman's eyes as she viewed the graceful outlines, rich upholstery, and harmonious appointments of the Cadillac could doubt for a moment the appeal of its beauty.

Similarly, there is no question that women place a high value on the car's comfort, as revealed by the restfulness of the cushions and the ease and evenness of its travel.

But we doubt whether its beauty, or its comfort, or even its dependability is sufficient to explain women's favor for the Cadillac.

Isn't this favor due, rather, to their conviction that the Cadillac includes in full measure, not one or two but *all* of the qualities which they desire in a motor car?

Isn't it inspired by their knowledge that whatever they call upon it to do, from whatever standpoint they consider it, in whatever company it may be, the Cadillac stands out as a fine and exceptional car?

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

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"Oh!" He muddied the water with an exasperated thrust of the dipper and looked a little foolish when he straightened and saw the laughter in her dark eyes. He was always at a disadvantage before her bantering "Well, I wouldn't plan on it too heavily, honey. He's about as likely to fall in love with you—in any honorable way—as he is to fall in love with—Mrs. Brown."

"I'm not sure he won't do even that; he seemed very interested in her the other day when he saw her on the roof Perhaps he'll ruin both our lives. But, John, you don't value my matrimonial desirability very highly, do you?"

"Not with his class of men—I don't. Just tell me this: What do you suppose a rich loafer like him, who probably knows hundreds of rich girls as pretty as you are—what do you flatter yourself he's going to see in you?"

The laughter went out of June's eyes and the jesting out of her voice.

"The thing that you don't see, John; nor never have seen; nor never will."

"Now, suppose you tell me what you mean by that."

John pushed his hat back from his forehead, an unfortunate gesture so far as dignity of appearance was concerned, and set up an irritated tintinnabulation with the dipper and tin can

"How can I tell you what I mean, John, when you're just as deaf as you are blind?"

The tintinnabulation increased in irritability, but John disciplined his voice to slow, deliberate words:

"We-ell, suppose you try. Maybe I'm not such a blithering idiot as you think I am. We've struck this same snag before, and you've always dodged it—when we got right down to brass tacks. To be right frank with you, I think I'm ahead of most people on seeing your virtues."

This hurt. But June's smile gave no sign of it.

"Yes, John," she said; "I've no illusions about what Sage City people think of me—criticizing and disliking me in their hearts and smiling at me with their faces. They're not my kind of people, that's all."

"But this Blaine is, is he?"

"Perhaps. At least he has, by training, the same values that I was born with."

"What values?"

"Oh, of—of appreciating the same things. I don't know just how to express it; of recognizing the worth of creating as well as of possessing. And he has a sense of humor—even about himself; and he doesn't feel that any—any genius" Blaine had told her not to be afraid of the word. but she flushed when she said it to John "is something never to speak of and and be sort of ashamed of."

"Well, who does? Strikes me that's pretty far-fetched. What I can't figure out is why you feel you're so different from anybody else—and better than they are, even if you have got talent in painting. I know you have, and I think it's mighty fine, and you know I do. Just because I don't make a fuss about it all the time isn't any sign I don't appreciate it."

"That isn't what I mean, John. I don't expect you to be passionately interested in something that has no value for you. But you you don't have any respect for the way I feel about it. If we were married you'd want me to be happy; but you'd want me to be happy your way, not mine."

John stood still for fully a minute, quietly looking at her. It was not often he was privileged to share her serious moods. Then he went on dipping up water, and when he spoke a little choke replaced any anger there had been in his voice.

"You know, I've got a right strong hunch, honey, that when we're married you'll have pretty much your own way."

"Oh, but, John! I couldn't stand being humored and let to have my own way, just—just to pay me for giving myself to you, and I don't see how it could be any other way. I'd want you to feel pleasure and maybe pride in what I was trying to do. And how could you when it hasn't any value in your eyes?"

"But it could have, honey, if you did it."

She gave a little disheartened gesture.

"Oh, John, that's—that's just what I've been saying; that's just the trouble."

Anger roots quickly in bewilderment. John's face slowly colored to an unpleasant dark red, and he flung the dipper from him with such force that it nested in a sagebrush twenty feet from them.

"Oh, tommyrot! You don't know yourself what you're trying to say! If you told the truth you'd only have to say that if I had money everything else could go hang. You'd marry me tomorrow."

"Probably," she said.

"There's something about you so damned hard and mean and mercenary that I wish to God I could hate you!"

"Ye-es, I wish you could, too, you poor old thing! I'm wishing it on the first star, every night."

"June! You're not!"

She laughed aloud at his consternation and stretched one hand out to him appeasingly. He came toward her slowly, reluctantly, obeying a power stronger than his will, and took her hand between his big ones.

"Oh, June, I wonder why you get so much fun in trying to hurt me all the time. I know you love me, girl. All this nonsense you talk about values—after all, what's of any greater value in the world than love?"

He reached down with his right hand and took her untied sunbonnet from her black head—a head so black that the fading golden sunlight failed to find one answering gleam of gold in the smooth, shining hair. She hesitated an instant, and something like fear flashed over her whimsical, sensitive face, leaving her eyes hard and cruel.

"It made my father a selfish failure and it killed my mother," she said defiantly.

John dropped on his knees and put his arms around her.

"Oh, little girl! I know you can't help feeling the way you do; it isn't your fault. But it's wrong, honey; it's all wrong. Love didn't have anything to do with—with what you say."

There was a certain comfort, a dearness, in John's big strong arms; she put her lips against his cheek while she talked.

"Oh, yes, it did, John; it was love that killed my father's ambition; his love of owning my mother sufficed him for everything else. And it was love that bound my mother to a life she loathed. I—I know she loved my father." She shivered a little. The memory of the desperate need in her mother's dying call would always be terrible to her. It never let her forget the consuming cruelty with which love had broken her mother. "Love can do awful things to people if—if that's all they have."

"But, June, people say your father always did the best he could." John said it tenderly, but he was stubborn in his bewilderment.

"Of course he did, and so would you. But they were were too different from each other. It wasn't altogether that they were poor. They could have been happy if they'd been hoping for the same things; if they'd been dreaming the same dreams—daydreams, I mean. They didn't have the same values. It's so hard to make you

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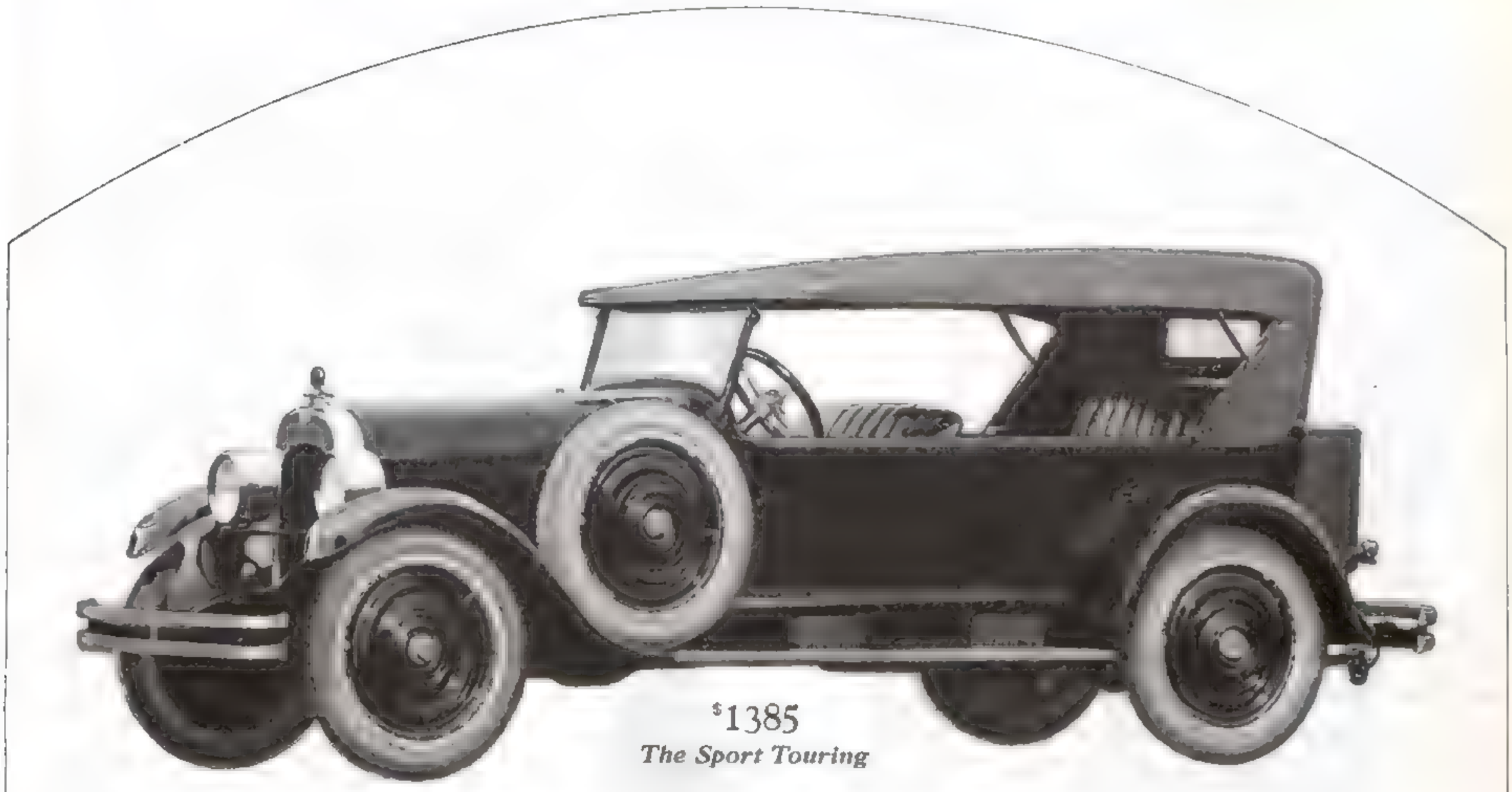
"What Do You Flatter Yourself He's Going to See in You?" The Laughter Went Out of June's Eyes. "The Thing That You Don't See, John; Nor Never Will"



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Here is a dashing quality of performance—a quickness and steadiness of acceleration—distinctly new to a six of its class.

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These Chalmers superiorities, clear-cut and pronounced, are recognized at once and desired by the man and woman who know the finer points of motor car performance and merit. They single out the Improved Chalmers Six as the conspicuous value in today's market.

Unless you are fully acquainted with the behavior and construction of the Improved Chalmers Six, it will surely pay you to ride in this car before you make your choice.

Chalmers Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
Maxwell-Chalmers Motor Co. of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Improved
CHALMERS SIX

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understand. But by different values I mean just the same—oh, for instance, that a savage would prefer a nice red feather to a diamond."

"Then—then—why—if"—John's words stumbled out as confusedly as his effort to follow her meaning—"if it isn't that you've got that you've inherited a sort of abnormal dread of being poor, why do you always say you'd marry me if I had money?"

She pushed his hat off his head and meditatively watched it roll a little way down the hillside, running her hand smoothingly over his heavy, rumpled hair.

"Because in a way it would—oh, it would bridge over our differences. I want to do things and you want to own things. In your love for me you want to own me more than you want me to be really happy—if my being happy meant that you couldn't have me. Isn't that true, John?"

"No! You couldn't possibly be unhappy—the way I'd love you. And if the Bobcat oil wells come in you'll have all the money your heart desires."

The love in his earnest blue eyes was a thing of such sheer beauty that in impulsive tribute to it June threw her arms about his shoulders in a voluntary quick caress.

"Go get the dipper, dear. What's the use arguing? We never get anywhere."

For she knew that her efforts to convince him with logic were as futile as his efforts to overwhelm her with love. To John the matter had nothing to do with reason and calm calculation. The surety of his own heart bred a surety of hers.

"Honey"—he could not resist taking advantage of her tender mood—"honey, won't you promise me not to have anything more to do with this Blaine fellow?"

"Why, no, John! What would be the use making such a promise when I'm going to do my very best to—to entice him?"

John's fingers fastened on her shoulders as if to shake her into sanity.

"If—if—you'd better be careful, my girl! If you go too far ——"

She wrenched herself away with a sharp ejaculation of distaste, almost tumbling him backward down the hillside as she struggled to her feet. He looked awkward, ludicrous; and the sight of him scrambling to attain his equilibrium drove every trace of tenderness out of her heart.

"John, you weren't born for drama. I wish to heaven you'd go on home and leave me alone!"

There is no power so supreme, so cruel, as the power of a lesser love. June was helpless and ashamed in her sovereignty. Silently, looking cowed and hurt, John recovered his hat while she recovered the dipper. Finally he lifted his shoulders defiantly and strode toward her.

"I'll be damned if I'll go home! Give me that dipper! If you could look me in the eyes and say you didn't love me—why, I'd have cleared out long ago! But you can't do it! You know you can't!"

That his words were truth only lessened her submission to it.

"Perhaps I can't, but I'll probably love a lot of people before my life's over."

"You'll love only one—to marry him; and that's me; and in your heart you know that, too, if you weren't too cussed obstinate to admit it. Give me that dipper!"

"Well, it'll be more misery than marriage, then, unless we find something else in common except love and quarreling." She gave the dipper into his outstretched hand and started toward the house. "Much as we both enjoy quarreling, it won't do the washing; I'll go up and get the tubs ready. But, John, if the wagon hits a bump you'll simply have to humor it. It won't be yanked."

At the house Mrs. Brown was ready with many a warm opinion on "treating that fine young fellow like the scum of the earth." To her, washing was the one shameful occupation, to be dealt with as hastily and secretly as possible. But opposition had always been June's accomplice, never her adversary; her spirits sweetened and soared on it. It lent a certain zest and pleasure to her disagreeable task, so that she went about it with a bravado of smiles and songs that quickly heartened John and brought his face to beaming.

He sat on the doorstep and smoked and talked hardware and irrigation to Mrs. Brown, who was developing miraculous complexities from her small larder. While June was waiting for the clothes to boil he presented his offerings—a dozen eggs and a box of small medicine bottles labeled "For Snake Bites," "For Sunburn," "Foot Lotion," "For Mosquito Bites," and when Mrs. Brown had her back turned an instant June thanked him with a buoyant kiss.

Altogether his unwelcome visit gave every promise of ending propitiously until, while they still sat at the supper table, the disgruntled station agent arrived with a cumbersome special-delivery package. It was the gift to genius from Baird Blaine. And from Chicago! He must have telegraphed for it.

John, flayed by June's eager silence and Mrs. Brown's ironical comment, opened the box with hammer strokes that would more willingly have mashed the contents to a pulp. Then he sat back, sullen and silent, and watched June lose her weariness in a glow of enthusiasm. The box held a folding stool and easel to use for outdoor sketching, a dozen tubes of color and a portfolio of studies.

In the midst of her pleasure June felt the sting of the silence. She was sitting on the floor by the box, chatteringly examining the portfolio of sketches. Mrs. Brown had gone about clearing the table, and was outside lingeringly shaking the tablecloth. June looked up at John. He sat tipped back in the straight chair, watching her. There was the same look about him that lies on the grievously hurt face of a youngster too courageous to cry, and June's heart responded instantly.

"Oh, John," she said apologetically, closing the portfolio, "don't look like that!"

"I was just wondering how I'd feel if you ever looked or acted this way over anything I ever do for you."

"Good Lord, if He Hasn't Brought Along a Beau for Me Too!"

"Oh, you—you don't understand, John. It isn't that I don't appreciate what you do just as much, but—oh, I'd rather you gave me a ten-cent box of paints than all the tents and cellars and eggs on earth!"

Oh, why did her brutal mind always outrun her tenderness of heart? Slowly John got up from his chair and took his hat from a nail on the wall.

"Well, I understand one thing all right," he said gruffly, not minding that Mrs. Brown's ears also heard; "and that is that you won't have any more use for me until this city chap's made a regular fool of you; and then maybe I'll want you—and maybe I won't. Good-by, Mrs. Brown."

He strode out the door and immediately shattered the quiet of the evening with the din of his engine.

There were times when Mrs. Brown's silence was more eloquent than one of her humphs. This was one of those times. John's flivver began an overly swift departure; the furor lessened—he was at the hilltop gate. It began again; lessened again—he was closing the gate behind him.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Brown, spanking a pan on the stove. It was like a release spring. June jumped to her feet and sped up the hillside.

"John!" she called

John stoically climbed into his car, but some surprising trouble seemed to ensue with the engine. She squeezed between the gateposts, reached his car, and his kisses found tears on her cheeks.

The little car, perched on the hilltop, made ideal quarters for reconciliation, and not for half an hour did June realize that it was more than time for the early stars.

"But, John, let's not hunt a star until we think of a wish we can both make," she told him solemnly.

And after fitting meditation it was John who found the wish they might both make sincerely. Then, heads close together, cheeks touching, they peered through the windshield and found a flickering star high over the purple mountains in the west. And together they wished mightily on the Bobcat oil wells.

VI

SATURDAY morning dawned, outwardly as all July Saturday mornings dawn in the dry hills—with quick, hot, yellow sunlight; with the ecstatic throat-thrilling songs of the meadow larks and chatterings of ground birds; and with the smell of drying sage leaves. But in June's heart this particular Saturday morning dawned with new and transcending glory. There was a tight, hot lump in her throat and a fever in her cheeks; and she found her hands surprisingly unsteady as she guided the old-fashioned iron over her only white dress.

"I feel just the way I used to on Christmas Eve in church, when we were waiting for Santa Claus to burst in the window," June told Mrs. Brown. "I'll never be able to make him think I'm calm and indifferent if I'm trembling like a leaf."

"You won't that! You're as unstrung as a broken banjo," Mrs. Brown agreed comfortingly. "Go 'long with you! I'll finish your ironing and you can hang up those new curtains I made yesterday. Your hands look like little boiled lobsters. Go write a letter to Mr. Shepherd—and cool off."

The fact that Mrs. Brown was John's firm ally did not prohibit June's confidences, for Mrs. Brown was one of those rare persons who can disagree fiercely and wholesouledly without the slightest rancor. She entirely expected to detest this "rich bird of a Blaine," and her tongue left no probable vice unsuspected in him; but her disapproval in no way diminished her pleasurable anticipation of his coming or her respect for June's freely given confidence.

When, at three, a glistening roadster illumined the hilltop she was as perturbed as June herself. The shanty shone and shouted with cleanliness, but she hastily attacked some nonexistent dust and regarded herself anxiously in the mirror. For, unfortunately, she had endangered her personality by a dreadful dressed-upness of starched shirt waist and skirt.

"Good Lord, if he hasn't brought along a beau for me too!" she announced, peering cautiously through the new dimity curtains. "One of those long-haired birds with a hair-ribbon necktie. Now, what on earth do you reckon it is?"

June knew that the long-haired bird must be Pierre Laurin, a well-known illustrator and animator of magazine covers. Blaine had told her about him; he and his wife were fellow guests at the Jennings ranch. Her first glow at having the opportunity of meeting so famous a man dulled quickly by a little tinge of regret that Blaine had not come alone. It surprised her.

The men drove down close to the house and she went out to meet them, looking the very spirit of simplicity—her black hair drawn back smoothly, a fashion in itself a triumph, and coiled in shining masses over the back of her head. Her first message from Blaine's eyes told her that she had made no mistake by wearing her simple white dress, untrimmed except for an old metal girdle lightened with topazes that had been her mother's.

"I've brought you a dear little brother artist," he presented Laurin, a slender man built as a background for a pair of wonderful burning black eyes, who bent elegantly to kiss the brown, slim hand Blaine reluctantly released to him. But the thing that made her tingle—though she had many times dreamed of having her hand kissed in such a fashion—was the look in Blaine's eyes, where her gaze was playing truant while the other man's head was bent.

"I've wanted a brother all my life," June graciously accepted him. "I do hope we'll make a congenial family."

"Oh, but, Miss Cameron"—he deprecated himself with effusive gestures—"if the wonders he tells me about your painting are as true as the wonders he told me about you I can never qualify in the brother class. I can be merely a serf—a slave. I thought the man had gone mad and dreamed of a fairy princess."

"Your tongue shares the magic of your paintbrush, doesn't it?" June approvingly heard herself replying with a new-found power of repartee.

Mrs. Brown was bringing chairs outside so that they might sit in the shade of the house. She greeted the men with impartial glad-to-meet-yous, and began serving lemonade with vigor and dispatch; for Blaine regretfully announced as they sat down that their call was limited to

(Continued on Page 74)

Sunbrite — the *"double action"* cleanser, for *all* kitchen ware

Housekeeping, the greatest profession in the world! And yet how much of it is just an unending series of little things.

There are always pots and pans to keep bright and stainless; to keep sweet and free from food odors and flavors that cling so stubbornly.

The old method was—one process to clean and scour; another to sweeten and purify. Now it is possible to get this combined action in a single cleansing process.

Sunbrite, the double action cleanser, was perfected for this very purpose. It cuts the grime and scours off stains, just as every good cleanser does, but it has another quality more far reaching in effect. In its composition is a sweetening, purifying agent that destroys every trace of stale odor and flavor.

Just the proper amount of abrasive substance gives **Sunbrite** a thorough scouring ability and yet it is not coarse enough to mar by scratching. It does not irritate the hands because there are no harsh chemicals in it.

Not the least of **Sunbrite's** advantages is its low price—made possible by the great production facilities of Swift & Company. And every can carries a United Profit Sharing Coupon.

In your kitchen and bathroom, **Sunbrite** means *perfect* cleanliness—not only visible but free from impurities. Try this short cut cleanser that in one process scours and also purifies.

Double action *yet costs less*

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion, then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there. A Sunbrite cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor

CLARISSA AND THE POST ROAD

(Continued from Page 7)

"This—this job? Oh, yes, it's all right. It's a beautiful job. Why?"

"Oh, I was just wondering. It seems to me that it's rather a pity—a girl like you —— You have a mother, haven't you? Couldn't you stay at home with her?"

She looked up at him innocently, with a grave face. But her heart had given a leap of exultation and she wanted to laugh aloud. He was worrying about her then.

"But, you see, Denny needs me," she murmured.

"But if you have to work, there are things you could do that are better," he persisted, frowning. "You sound as if you have had an education. High school, I suppose? Any business training?"

"No," she sighed. "I don't know of a single way to make a living but this."

Which was true, she reflected grimly. Then an idea occurred to her. With her family's influence what wires could she not pull for an ambitious young man who wanted to do something better than driving a truck?

"Have you ever thought you would like to do something else—go into business, or something?" she asked eagerly.

She was puzzled by the way he laughed, an honest burst of amusement.

"You mean, wouldn't I like a white-collar job better?"

"But do you like driving a truck?"

"I like it better than—than starving in a white collar." He laughed again. "Oh, yes, it's the life. I like it all right." And with a smiling good night he went out.

She knew that for some reason she had been put off, and as she puzzled over it she admitted that all along he had been rather constrained with her. She was too experienced not to perceive that he could not keep his eyes off her. There was no doubt that she had caught his imagination. Then why his mysterious holding back from her? Why ——

Suddenly she gave a gasp of amazement. She was crossing the terraced lawn on her way back to the house when the explanation of his manner came to her. He was afraid she wasn't good enough for him! A girl in a quick lunch!

"Oh, oh, you poor darling!" she cried. She turned to look up the Post Road. Somewhere among those scattered lights moving along that dark road a yellow truck was passing all the other trucks on the road, driven by a young man who didn't want to fall in love with a girl in a wayside lunch stand. "How delicious!" she thought.

The reflection opened up a whole new world. She had never thought about it before—that there was such a thing as pride of class among lesser mortals than the Janeways. She looked up at the house, at the shadowy pillars, beautiful and gracious. The house where she had been born, and her father, and his father. Generation after generation of Janeways had lived in that house or in its vicinity. They had come down from New England by way of the Post Road; on her great-grandmother's side they had come from among the fleeing Huguenots; they had been always dominant, landowners, lawmakers, statesmen and gentlemen farmers. Their houses had looked down upon the changing story of that road. The first Janeway had known it when it was an Indian trail from one settlement to another; they had seen passing over it the first postrider, blazing his way; the first crude stage, the first Conestoga freighter, like a prairie wagon. They had seen Benjamin Franklin setting the new milestones, and Josiah Quincy rattling past in a bone-shaking coach; they had seen Washington and the colonial troops plowing through the mud; the Hessian mercenaries; Lafayette; John Adams on his way to the Continental Congress. Indian and Dutch, Huguenot and Quaker, French and English they had seen passing along that road.

They had been in at the carving out of two great states, and they were proud of the history they had helped to make; and now the main branch of the Janeways had dwindled to her father and to her She moved slowly up toward the great house, feeling a heaviness settling upon her, a sense of doubt as to the good taste and dignity of her actions most unusual to her. She seemed to see herself against the background of all those dead Janeways, and she seemed to shrink in size, to become erratic, headstrong and ineffectual.

She lifted her arms with a gesture of despair and anger. Whence was any help to come to her? Those dead-and-gone generations had had certain principles to live by, necessities to stimulate them. But for her there seemed to be nothing to steady herself by; nothing except her great-grandmother's talk about duty to your class, which had always sounded hollow in her ears, without meaning, until this moment of odd, unusual thoughts. Could it be there was something in having a sense of duty to family or race that anchored one, gave one peace? She felt in this moment that she wanted more than anything else something to tie to; she wanted to be safe from her own tumultuous impulses. She mistrusted the deep happiness that had been hers for a few minutes that evening, and she saw with uncomfortable clearness the outward aspects of her foolish masquerade.

"Infatuated fool!" she jeered at herself. "Letting yourself fall in love with a truck driver! You're weak; and worse than that, you're silly. He's stronger than you are, and he won't let himself care for a girl in a roadside coffee stand. Pride of class! He's got it! Delicious! A joke on you, Clarissa. Well, if he can feel that way, so can I. Perhaps somewhere, somehow, there's compensation ——"

She went into the house, threw off her wrap in the hall; and in the library, looking bored and irritated, was her father, plainly waiting for her.

"Sorry," she murmured. "But I've been thinking. I suppose Phil Van Bremar told you he's asked me again to marry him—third time this year, so far."

Her father nodded and sighed.

"He cabled me ——"

"I know," she interrupted. "Sent out an S O S. Father, do you think"—she paused and looked wistfully at the handsome and rather shallow face of James Janeway—"do you think Phil could possibly make me even a little happy?"

And immediately she said to herself that she was a fool to ask such a question. She already knew her father's answer. Phil Van Bremar was distinctly eligible, and it would be an enormous relief to her family to have her safely settled. That was all they cared about. And probably, in a few years, when this yeasty nonsense had stopped prompting her to absurdities, that would be all she herself would care about. She would always know where to find Phil Van Bremar. He would be correct and kind, and she would become a grand lady, safe and powerful. But she felt as if something sweeter than anything she had ever felt was being slowly strangled to silence. She abruptly turned about on her heel, interrupting her father in the midst of his sentence.

"You'd better ask Phil up to dinner before I've changed my mind. You'll be able to catch your Saturday boat if you like."

Philip Van Bremar broke an engagement and accepted with alacrity the invitation to dine at Janeway House. He came up from town with Clarissa's father, looking nervously elated. He was rather handsome, a bit solid in waistline as well as in temperament. But undoubtedly he well became a dinner table. He talked just enough and said the right things. He and Clarissa's father between them had to sustain most of the conversation at dinner, for great-grandmother believed in paying strict attention to food at meals, and Clarissa was aloof and silent. As if she were already rehearsing for her future rôle, she wore black, cut low, and strictly conventional in effect. It somehow made her look very young, as if a little girl had donned one of her mother's frocks. Or perhaps it was something rather pitiful in her eyes, like a question or an appeal, something most un-Clarissalike.

The elderly butler noticed that when he held a dish at her elbow she often did not see it. It struck him she was listening for something, and this effect grew more marked as dessert was being brought. As the clock moved around toward nine, and still great-grandmother continued nibbling raisins, the butler could see Clarissa fidgeting. Once he saw her turn her strained face toward the half-open window.

The two men did not stay at table, and they all moved together into the library, where a fire leaped under the fine old Adam mantel. Clarissa was biting her lips now, roving restlessly about the room. She moved finally toward the windows which looked across the lawn to the Post Road. Van Bremar neatly cut himself away from great-grandmother and joined Clarissa.

"A lovely night; really springlike," he said. "Don't you want to get a wrap and go out for a breath?"

He had no suspicion that these well-meaning words were the most unfortunate he could have uttered. Could he have known the train of circumstances they were about to start, he would have dragged Clarissa away from the window and tied her up to something. She stared at him, almost as if he weren't there.

"Go out?" she murmured absently. "Good idea. Wait while I get a wrap, will you?"

In her own room she caught up the dark wrap that had so often hung on the peg behind Denny's door. She came down the stairs slowly. The door to the library was closed, Stevens having brought in the coffee and gone out again. She looked at it. Then she looked at the front door. She turned and glanced at the tall clock at the foot of the stairs. Only a little after nine. Still time, perhaps. Only once more—the last time.

The next instant she was closing the front door softly behind her, she was speeding down across the dark lawn, she had reached the gates. Here in the shadow of the tall stone wall she took up her stand. She could stand here quietly; no one would see her; and when the yellow truck passed she would have one last glimpse of the big figure behind the driver's wheel.

If only the tears would stop welling up in her eyes. They did not fall, but they blurred everything. How rottenly silly she was! Perfectly Victorian!

A limousine, and then a rattling roadster passed. She felt her heart sinking. A few moments more dragged by and she knew she was too late. While great-grandmother ate those last raisins, while Van Bremar talked to her at the window, the Yellow Jacket had passed. She felt a gust of anger, as if they had cheated her willfully.

She leaned forward and looked up the road toward Denny's place. There was a broad bar of light streaming out across the road from Denny's window, and in this light she saw a man come out. She glanced at him without interest, but in another moment his actions aroused her curiosity. He walked slowly up the road toward the village, which was about a mile away; but when he was out of sight of Denny's window, he crossed the road, and at once began to make his way back. His manner of keeping in the shadow of the trees which grew along the road just there convinced her that he wanted to get past Denny's place without being seen. He passed the Janeway gates on the opposite side of the road, but as soon as the trees stopped he crossed the road and walked along in the shadow of the Janeway wall.

Clarissa put her head out when he had passed, and watched him. Just before the stone wall ended and the next property began, she saw him pause. He was almost directly under a landmark of those parts, a great pine tree whose branches spread out far over the wall. In a moment she saw that another man was walking up the road. The two met under the pine and their figures melted into the deeper shadow.

Clarissa very promptly began stepping softly over the grass along her side of the wall until she came to the knoll on which the pine grew. The wall at this point was only breast-high to anyone inside the grounds. Clarissa, creeping noiselessly up the sodded bank, stood among the lower branches of the pine, almost directly above the heads of the two men who had met there

"What time do you figure he'll pass through Bridgeport?" a voice asked in a lowered tone.

"Well, now ——"

At this Clarissa, among her branches, gave a start. For she knew this voice well, the voice of Oscar, the mechanic of the yellow truck. But the other man's voice was strange to her.

"Well, now, he'd ought to make it by 10:40. He's been gone twenty or thirty minutes."

"Twenty minutes! Hell! Why didn't you come down here soon's Jeff left?"

"Wasn't I supposed to be took sick? Could I get out the minute he'd left? Look here, you've got plenty o' time to phone 'em. Where they waitin'?"

"Ed's in that garage the other side o' Stratford. The truck's in Mill Lane, a ways further along. They'll stick him up just about there. You sneaked his gun, didn't you?"

"Sure! He's got nothin' but his fists."

"They won't do him no good. The's four fellas on the truck. But look here, Oscar, th' ain't no traffic fellers that'll think it's queer to see the yellow truck comin' back tonight?"

"That's all right. Sometimes Jeff don't go no further than New Haven. What else is eatin' you?"

"You needn't take that tone, m' boy. We've had a close shave. If it hadn't been fer Ed's friend switchin' us off the Albany road we'd have run right into the cutest little trap ever set. And then to find out they're layin' for us at the city line is enough to make a man careful."

The two men here moved out into the road. Clarissa heard Oscar directing the other to the Gooseneck Tavern, where there was a telephone booth.

"You tell Ed the yellow truck ought to be along by Mill Lane before eleven. The lane is dark and they can transfer the stuff right there. Tell him Jeff ain't got no gun, so that's all right. I'm goin' to beat it now for a train back to New York. Ed knows where he can get me tomorrow."

Clarissa crouched among the branches of her tree for a brief moment, thinking. She had not understood much of this conversation; but one point was clear: Jeff and the Yellow Jacket were to be held up in the vicinity of a spot called Mill Lane, in about one hour.

"Not if I can catch him first," she thought, and felt an exquisite thrill go through her veins.

Five minutes later she was driving her own car out onto the Post Road. Resting against the seat beside her was a lightweight double-barreled shotgun, which was the only weapon of offense she possessed. She had taken time only to slip up to her room through a side door, kick off her satin slippers for walking pumps, seize the gun from a miscellany of golf clubs and tennis rackets and slip out again unobserved.

At this hour of the evening traffic was light. Making sure none of her enemies of the motorcycle squad were in place, she pressed her foot down jubilantly and the speedometer leaped to fifty. But when she passed through a town she took care to slow down to the legal limit.

"Never do to get pinched," she thought, and with a silver fillet binding her black hair, a motor coat open over her dinner frock, she looked like a young lady demurely trundling home from a dinner party.

But within her she had reverted to some adventure-thirsty ancestor. On the lonely stretches of road she sang; she laughed aloud. She felt the wind in her hair and was glad she was alive. Beyond Norwalk she was beginning to strain her eyes ahead for sight of a yellow truck. She overtook and passed a half dozen great express or provision trucks, all of them making good speed over the now nearly empty road; but no Yellow Jacket was in sight. She flashed through the quiet streets of Westport, where the houses slept behind their trees and hedges; through Southport and Fairfield. And then she began to feel worried; she began to sit forward and crowd the car a little more. She had been so certain of overtaking the yellow truck before Bridgeport that up to now she had felt nothing but a tremendous exhilaration.

She entered the outskirts of Bridgeport, went past a traffic man's uplifted hand, was called back and sternly rebuked, drove twice around a fountain, stuck her head out and cried desperately to a policeman, "Stratford? Nearest way?" and at last was crossing the long bridge where golden serpents of lights from the shore played across gray water. Her heart was pounding now; her knees were trembling a little.

"I must catch up with him before Stratford," she was thinking. "Mill Lane. How far beyond Stratford is that? I've got to catch him before he gets there."

A cluster of elm-shaded houses, a line of stores with lights lowered—Stratford. The

(Continued on Page 36)

Peerless

The following advertisement is the second written by owners of the New Peerless. Each paragraph, taken bodily from an owner's letter, dwells upon some distinct phase of Peerless satisfaction

As a medium of dependable and comfortable transportation, the New Peerless is a faultless thoroughbred.

Its tremendous power and speed answer any demand of hill climbing or country driving with an eagerness that delights the driver.

If the word "ductility", first applied to the New Peerless, means comfort and extreme flexibility, together with tremendous power, it is the right word to describe its peculiar qualities.

One needs to ride but a short time to realize the extreme comfort of its spring suspension.

Its economy of operation and its freedom from repairs are a joy to the owner.

It attracts immediate attention on the street because of its beautiful lines and is certainly a car of which anyone might well be proud.

It fulfills all the claims made for it and in ease of operation, perfection of control, quietness of motor and comfortable riding, it cannot be excelled.

The New Peerless is wonderful to a degree almost unbelievable. It is everything and more than one could desire in an automobile.

Continued from Page 34

last houses flashed past, and then a red light in front of a garage. This must be the garage where Ed had waited to receive the telephone call. Mill Lane must be beyond that bend. She slowed down abruptly. There was nothing in the road ahead of her. A house standing far back from the road was dark. The car was crawling now. Some instinct of danger made her draw up at the side of the road in the patch of deeper darkness made by trees. Here she left the car and began to walk toward the turn.

Keeping on the grass at the side of the road, she walked around the bend; and as soon as she had rounded it she crouched back behind an outcropping rock to peer up the road with more caution. It was a moment or two before she took in what had happened—what was happening, as a matter of fact, for there was a movement of vague figures not more than a hundred yards ahead, and the darkness was laced now and then by a thin, rapidly flashed finger of light. Also, as her eyes became more used to the night ahead, she saw two huge bulks against the paler dark of the sky. Two trucks, she made a guess—which meant that she was too late.

She was frightened and thrilled, but she wanted to know exactly what was happening up the road there. She retraced her steps around the bend, climbed a low stone wall, and then moved forward again, protected by the wall. She progressed thus until she was brought up by the boundary line of a lane, a straggling hedge. She followed this hedge down the field until she found a break through which she could struggle, and then she crept back up the lane again toward the Post Road.

It was from just behind the mouth of this lane that low voices came. As she crept nearer she could make out a phrase or two.

"Back 'er up 'n' swing 'er to the right. . . . Charley, you drive into the lane, head on ——"

Clarissa shrank back into the prickly embrace of the hedge. Next instant a toppling bulk swung into the lane. It was without lights, but she was so near she recognized the yellow shine of Jeff's truck. On its heels a second truck backed into the lane. They passed her and stopped a little way down the dark tunnel of the lane.

Immediately the one thing she ardently desired was to be on the other side of that hedge. But the break through which she had a moment before slipped was now, she judged, nearly opposite the two trucks. She studied the situation briefly; and then, almost on hands and knees, she crawled back to the main road, slipped around the corner, climbed the stone wall once more and was again on the safe side of the hedge.

"I've got to know what they're doing with him," was the thought that sent her creeping again down the field, hugged close up to the hedge. Thus hidden by the darkness and the hedge, she came directly abreast of the two trucks.

Crouched there and staring through the hedge, she made out that four men were busily working and with a good deal of nervous swearing under their breath, transferring something from one truck to the other. A great many boxes, about the size of soap boxes, she thought, were being hustled out of the second truck into the Yellow Jacket, and part of its contents were dumped into the ditch to make room for these small but heavy boxes. In this operation a pocket flashlight was occasionally used, and it was in one of these flashes that she saw what she was straining her eyes to discover—a dark form sitting up in the grass of the lane side with its arms tied behind it, and a dark bandanna tied over its head. Her heart gave a great bound of relief. Ought she to run back to her own car and fly for help? But what might not happen while she was away?

While she crouched there, hesitating, the truck which had come into the lane last was hastily started, one man scrambled in behind, and it drove off toward the Post Road and turned north. The two men who were left behind started to climb into the yellow truck, when one of them said something, the other swore; and then between them they lifted the trussed-up form and carried it through the break in the hedge.

With a muttered threat, they thumped down their burden and then ran back to the truck. Expertly and quietly it was backed out of the lane, and she saw it next moment with lights on, looking like any frank and honest truck, shooting south along the Post Road.

For a moment she was afraid to move, but not so the victim in this high-handed episode. With the first chug of his engine he had begun to thrash about on the ground, making noises of wrath. She looked over the hedge, and then she ran to him.

"Wait! Be quiet," she cried under her breath, "and I'll untie you!"

Sheer astonishment apparently stilled him, and in another instant she had the handkerchief off his eyes and the gag out of his mouth. She knelt close to him, working at the knots of the rope.

"Knife—pocket," he finally managed to make his stiff tongue say. She found it and cut him loose. The first thing he did was to spring up and scan the horizon.

"Got away cold!" he groaned.

"Never mind. My car's over there. I'll drive you to the nearest police station. They didn't hurt you, did they?"

He now turned his attention to her with a start of astonishment.

"There's something familiar about your voice. Do I know you?"

Clarissa laughed softly.

"You've seen me before, but that doesn't matter. What are they doing with your truck?"

They were walking up the lane now, and he explained that so far as he understood the situation his late assailants were caught with a half truckload of wet goods which they earnestly desired to get safely down the Post Road. They were looking for a respectable vehicle in which they could make the trip south, and the Yellow Jacket appealed to them. Their own truck had evidently got itself marked on its trip from the Canadian border.

"If I can once catch up with them!" he added. "I didn't have a chance when they drove their truck across the road. I knew it was a hold-up, but when I felt for my gun it was gone."

"Would a double-barreled shotgun do you any good?"

He stopped short.

"You don't mean that you've got one handy? With plenty of ammunition? God is good to me! I never heard of such a girl! Do you mind if we sprint a bit?"

"Sprint? I could fly!"

He caught her hand and they raced along the lane, into the Post Road and around the bend.

But when they reached her car and she started to climb behind the wheel he had evidently sobered a bit.

"Look here, I can't let you in for this," he said. "There's a garage about a quarter of a mile south. I want you to let me out there, and I'll get someone to take me on until we catch up with my truck. This is no sort of picnic for a girl."

She turned upon him passionately.

"What? After I've followed you thirty-five miles to rescue you from bandits, and got scratched up in hedges, and—and risked my life and untied you and everything—you won't let me have any of the fun! I never heard of anything so selfish! Very well, then you can't have my shotgun, and I'll leave you standing right here in the road. Do I drive you all the way, or don't I?"

"But there may be shooting! I darned well know there'll be shooting! I can't let a girl ——"

"Very well, stay where you are." She slipped under the wheel. She was torn with anger and the injustice of things. She knew it would break her heart to leave him, but it would break her heart if he took another car at the garage. "All my life I've never had what I want!" she wailed. She reached out a hand toward the starter.

"Oh, Lord, what a girl!"

His voice was full of anger and admiration. And he stepped into the car.

"Don't sit on the gun." She turned on the ignition. A tiny bulb lighted up her face; a shining face, full of rapturous satisfaction

"Denny's sister!" he gasped.

She started the car, scarcely comprehending what he meant, so completely was she Clarissa—Clarissa, who knew that she had never lived until this moment. She saw from the corner of her eye his glance taking in the imported car, shifting to the silver fillet in her hair, the diamond-and-sapphire bracelet on her wrist.

"Does it matter who I am?" she cried. "Let's forget all that business of who are you and who am I, shall we?". And then a pang thrust through her heart. She had remembered Van Bremar. "For tonight," she added.

The long slender car leaped over the road. She had driven ever since she was fifteen, and no one was more adroit at it than she. The dark trunks of trees, the sleeping houses reeled past.

"Don't you adore this?" she cried.

He looked at her profile out of dazed eyes. Then suddenly he sighed, as if he abandoned his bewilderment, and smiled widely.

"I wouldn't change with anybody on earth. Look out, there's a car coming out on the left."

She honked wildly, but the other car kept on, miscalculating her speed, and swung widely out into the road. Clarissa was obliged to slow down abruptly and veer to one side. Her car skidded off the edge of the asphalt where a broken bottle glittered. Before she picked up speed again there came the hissing sigh of a punctured tire.

They tumbled out. Working swiftly together, they put on a new tire. They uttered nothing but commonplace words such as "Where's the jack?" "Hand me that nut." "Hold the light here." But never was a new tire so haloed about with a breathless sense of adventure, of something happening that transcended even adventure. They indulged in a good deal of suppressed laughter; their eyes shone with excitement. They threw themselves back into the car again and once more took up the chase.

The delay had evidently given the truck a better get-away than they had realized, for it was not until they had left Bridgeport some miles behind them that they caught their first glimpse of the Yellow Jacket.

"Slow down to about fifteen," said Jeffrey in her ear. "There's a place ahead three or four miles that's just made for our business. Little hill on the left with trees hanging over, dark, and no houses near. Drive past the truck, and then speed up and run ahead until I tell you to stop. I'll get down in the bottom of the car. Now! Give them a honk and then pass them!"

At Clarissa's insistent honking the truck drew sufficiently to one side to let her pass.

"Good! Now step on the gas and keep going!"

There came a curve in the road, and beyond it a dark hillside loomed. Jeff directed her to slow down and to stop the car diagonally across the road so that the truck could not pass.

"Now listen," he said rapidly, "and do exactly as I tell you. As soon as the truck rounds the bend, stand up in the car and wave this flash. They'll slow up and one of them will get out to see what's wrong. You lean out and call to him that something's wrong with your steering gear and ask if he'll help you. Then you step out on this side. That will bring the car between you and the truck. And when you're out, keep the car between you and the truck. Do you get that?"

"But what about you?"

He seized her arm in a hard grip and she saw a glint in his eyes.

"Will you do as I tell you, or have I got to give up and drive on? You're to keep behind your car, and when the fellow nearly reaches it, you step out and duck, for about that time it won't be a good place for bystanders. Promise?"

Her eyes were enormous with admiration and excitement. She nodded solemnly. Around the bend a twittering shriek rent the air.

"Here she comes!" He seized the gun and threw open the door, and their eyes met. "You darling wonder!" he whispered, and to the surprise of himself, if not of Clarissa, he kissed her. The next instant he had melted into the shadows alongside the road.

"Whatever happens to me now," she thought exaltedly, "I have had one great night."

Then she leaned out of the car and waved the electric torch up and down and in circles. She saw the dark shape of the truck bearing down, slowing with a screech of brakes; a man leaned out and shouted a question with an oath.

"My steering gear's gone wrong," she cried back at him. "Will you see if you can help me?"

"It's a woman," she heard him say to the driver, and after an instant's hesitation he climbed reluctantly down.

"So sorry," she said in a voice that would have reassured the most wary thug; "but perhaps we can push the car out of the road."

And at the same time she slipped out on the opposite side. She saw the man put his hand on the door, caught a glimpse of a suspicious and dirty face. But more than this she had no time to observe, for at that instant she heard Jeff shout from the bushes "Stick 'em up, buddy!" and instantly there followed the ping and patter of birdshot against metal, punctuated by a yell of pure astonishment from the man on the truck.

Obeying instinct as much as instruction, Clarissa crouched low behind her car. She heard a patter of shot in the road on the outer side of the car, a shriek from the man who had come to her rescue.

"Potted him," she thought with satisfaction.

But then something happened that was not in line with their calculations. Her car began to move as the brake was thrown off, the starter whirred, and then the car leaped forward. She made a clutch at the door, felt the impact of a fist against her head, had time to feel absurdly insulted, before she lost her balance and fell. Her car was gathering speed up the road before she could sit up, with the thug who had come to her rescue crowding on the gas and driving with one hand while he shook drops of blood from the other.

She staggered to her feet and ran toward the truck, and as she did so two dark forms intertwined in a desperate embrace rolled off the driver's seat and thumped down into the road. Jeffrey was on top, and his arm was efficiently punching the bandit in the head.

"Rope!" he panted. "Under seat—truck ——"

Clarissa darted and brought it out. Suddenly the under dog relaxed his efforts, as if he had decided in favor of a whole head, and they trussed him up.

"Birdshot," he wheezed plaintively. "Dirty-dog trick! Hands full of it."

"They'll pick it out of you at the police station." Then Jeff noticed the absence of Clarissa's car.

"That other man," cried Clarissa cheerfully, "went off in it before I could stop him. Now I can ride in the truck."

At the first police station they left their bleeding friend, and here Clarissa gave in a description of her car and the man who had gone off in it. A traffic man was found who had seen the car going south twenty minutes before.

"Has Denny got a telephone in his place?" asked Jeff.

"No. I suppose I could telephone father ——" Then she paused. Shadows were already dimming the wonder of this perfect evening. Her father and Philip Van Bremar and great-grandmother. "We—we live on the Post Road," she sighed.

"Then telephone them to watch out for the car."

"Oh, dear! Must I! I know how I'll do it—I'll telephone Higgins." She came out of the booth looking very annoyed. "Our chauffeur says they were getting ready to drag the fishpond for me. A girl can't have any real freedom. Life's awfully stuffy, isn't it? Well, let's go."

She recovered her spirits somewhat when the Yellow Jacket, lightened of its contraband, got under way again. The gray and shiny path of the Post Road spread out before them, yellow pools of light from the widely separated arc lamps spacing it. The fields were dark, the little towns asleep. Jeff drove abstractedly, as if he were thinking something out. She was aware of the precious moments racing, the miles diminishing between her and wrath to come. She sighed deeply.

"Tired out, aren't you?" he asked somewhat gruffly.

"It's my temple. It's swollen up, I think. Where he hit me, you know."

"Hit you? My Lord, you didn't tell me! Wait, I'll look at it!"

He drew up at the side of the road, turned and took her face in his hands. It looked up at him hungrily, unhappily. The tears gathered under her dropped lashes.

"Where?" he said, very low, as if he were having difficulty with his voice. She laid a plaintive finger on her right temple. He felt it tenderly. There was no swelling; only a velvety softness. Their faces were very near.

"Are you crying because it hurts so much?"

"I'm crying because—because"—she opened her eyes and looked at him despairingly—"because I love you and you don't care for me."

She felt shameless, with Van Bremar and all the Janeways, alive and dead, pressing

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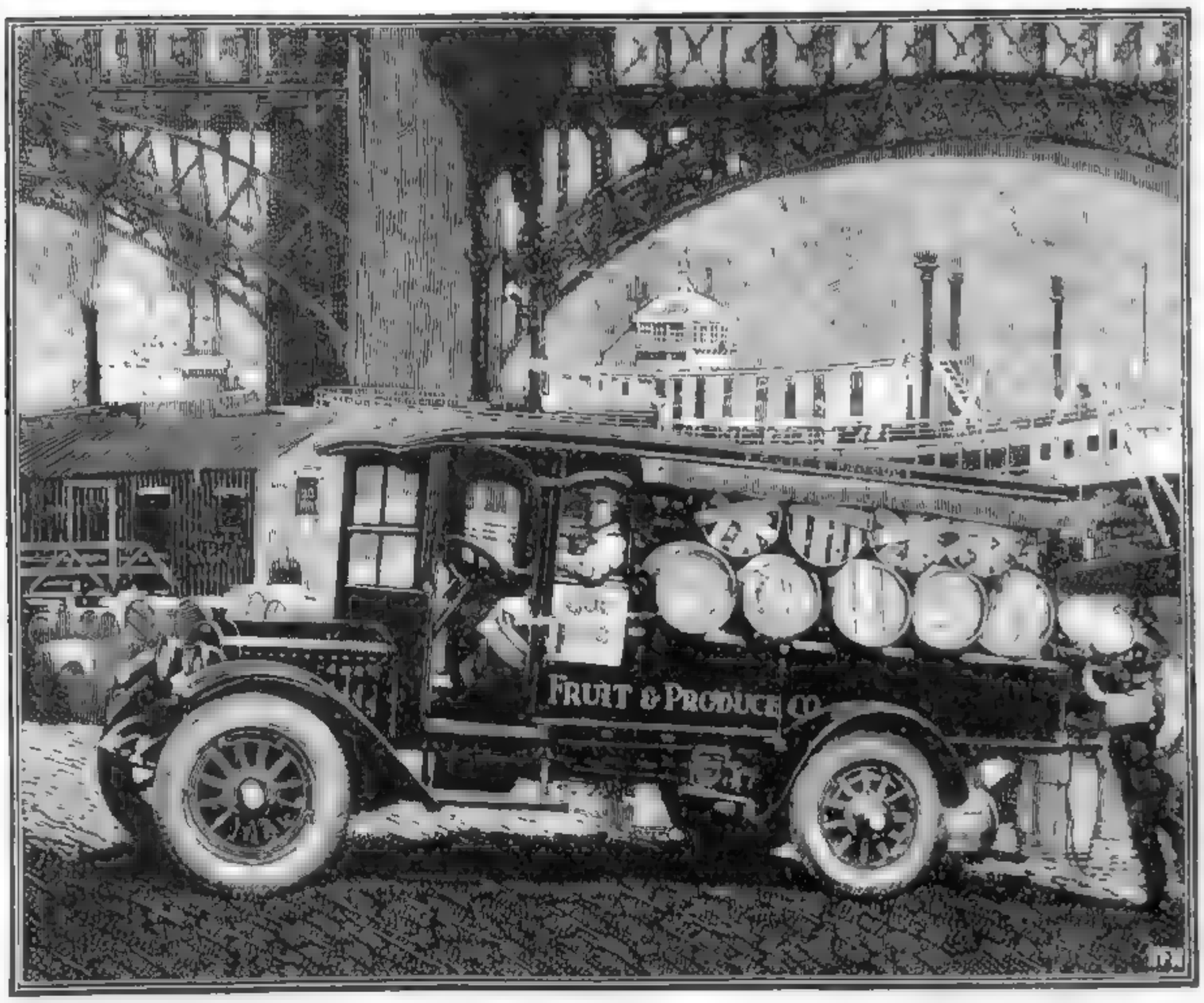

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—every dollar received from the sale of a GMC must be worth a full one hundred cents.

It makes no difference whether this dollar is represented in the currency of the United States or by a "used truck". In either case, the value must be equal. A "used truck" accepted in part payment for a new GMC is figured at its actual worth as a medium of transportation.

Only by such a sales policy can every purchaser of GMC trucks be guaranteed the same value at the same price.

And only by such a policy can GMC continue to offer the full measure of transportation that is always expected in every truck that bears the GMC nameplate.

GMC

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY—*Pontiac, Michigan*
Division of General Motors Corporation

GMC Truck Chassis list at the Factory as Follows: 1-Ton, $1295; 2-Ton, $2375; 3½-Ton, $3600; 5-Ton, $3950. Tax to be added.

General Motors Trucks

(Continued from Page 36)

toward her only a few miles away. Her vaunted pride vanished before the thought of tomorrow. She saw an expression of incredulous wonder come into his face.

"And to think that the first time I went into Denny's place I loved you!"

"Oh! You're not telling me that because I said ——"

"I tell you I thought about you all the time. At night, driving along, I could see your face ——"

"Ah, but you weren't going to tell me, ever, because you thought I was Denny's sister. If you love a person, what difference does it make who she is?"

His arms tightened about her.

"No difference, really. It was only that my mother ——"

It amused her that he appeared to be worried about his mother, but not at all about her great-grandmother. And it seemed to her that he was the first real gentleman she had ever known. He had never once apologized for the truck or the black on his hands; it did not apparently occur to him that her family might look askance at him. She felt a swift, most unusual sense of protective tenderness and pride in him.

"You're better than anyone I've ever even imagined. What does anything else matter? Jeff, let's—let's run away in the truck!"

He laughed for joy in her, gathered her up to him close, and their lips met. Then the sweet moment passed, and they came back to a sort of exalted common sense.

"No; better face the music and have it over with all around," he said. "No, don't take your head away. I can drive with it on my shoulder." And thus laden with glory, the yellow truck thundered down the Post Road. As it neared Denny's place Clarissa raised her head.

"Dear me!" she sighed. "They're all there!"

A group was gathered near the Janeway gates about a car and a dejected-looking man whom Clarissa recognized as the person who had made off so abruptly with her car. A rear tire quite badly shot up testified to the skill, probably, of Higgins. As the yellow truck trundled up alongside she leaned out and called brightly:

"Hello, father dear! Hello, Phil!" And she added the superfluous information: "Here I am!" Then as she swung to the ground she changed this to: "Here we are! Jeff, climb down and I'll present you to my father. Father, this is Jeff; and, Jeff, this is Phil Van Bremar."

Astounded and disapproving faces above two dinner coats. Uncertain nods in the direction of the driver of the truck. On Van Bremar's part a hostile stare—there was something so caressing in the way Clarissa had said Jeffrey's name—followed by a sudden recognition. And then most astonishingly, to Clarissa, he exclaimed:

"Oh, how are you, Jeff? Didn't know you in your disguise. What's the game?"

"Hello, Phil! No game. That's my truck. Pretty nifty, eh? Fastest truck between here and Boston. Move anything you like in half the time and at half the expense of the other fellow."

Jeff smiled broadly at the blank face of Van Bremar.

"Do you know each other?" cried Clarissa.

As Van Bremar was silent, Jeff explained that they had known each other at Harvard when he was a sophomore and Phil a senior.

"Slightly," he added.

At this Van Bremar seemed to overcome his meaner self, though with difficulty.

"Jeff hung up a record to be rather proud of," he said as if he were about to choke on the words. "Football. I thought you were going in for political economy or something, Jeff?"

"I am—when I can afford it."

"Do you mean that yellow affair out there"—Van Bremar waved his hand toward the truck—"isn't a stunt, but a business?"

"Of course! And a darned good business too. Even at present—and I've only got started; I'm going to own a fleet of them one of these days—even now I can make exactly three times as much with the Yellow Jacket as I was offered to fill a chair in a Middle Western college. . . . Well?" He looked somewhat defiantly about at the faces of his listeners. They had all moved inside the gates, away from the eyes and ears of the servants. "Why shouldn't I? I can be a highbrow when I'm forty and can afford it. Besides"—his cheerful smile came back to his face; he ran a careless hand over his wind-roughened hair—"it's great stuff."

"Extraordinary!" This from Clarissa's father. He had a smile, half of amusement, half of curiosity on his face. "Do you really mean to say you deliberately chose—er—trucking, when you could have had a professorship?"

Jeff turned to him politely. His air said that all this explaining was a nuisance; but this was Clarissa's father, so he must do his best.

"You see, sir, the men of my family have always been in the professions—teachers, or in the diplomatic service. All very good for the honor of the family, but eventually wearing on the exchequer. When I came back from France I found nothing much left but the family pride; but even at that, they were strong for my sustaining the traditions. I could have gone into a college or had a diplomatic job, but I couldn't give in to that kind of genteel poverty. I figured that now when I'm young and have the endurance is the time to make some money so that when I take up what I trained for in college I won't be at the mercy of conditions. It will be a joy then, a hobby. And besides"—he sighed unconsciously; gave a restless movement of his strong shoulders—"before I got into the air service I drove just about everything there was to drive, in France. When I came back the thought of sitting at a desk made me feel cramped and suffocated. Really, sir, it's not unusual. If you'll look at the fellows driving the long-distance trucks you'll see they're all young—they have to be to stand the strain—and many of them are like myself; they want to use themselves, they want to make good money while they're young. It's rather fun, you know, sir. There's even a certain tradition growing up around it service, speed, endurance, all that sort of thing."

He paused abruptly, embarrassed by his own eloquence.

Clarissa started out of a rapt contemplation of his face.

"I think it's a wonderful business, father. I knew the minute I saw Jeff ——"

"Clare, if you don't mind"—her father appeared to recollect that there were certain paternal duties expected of him—"if you don't mind explaining where you met this young man? And his name? I don't think you mentioned it ——"

Clarissa blinked rapidly, and then burst into an irrepressible gurgle.

"Oh, dear, how awfully funny! I—I don't know it myself! And he's my future husband!"

At these words frozen stillness descended upon Clarissa's father and upon her near-fiancé, Van Bremar. Jeff, flashing one glance of adoration at Clarissa, bowed somewhat more ceremoniously than was his habit and said to Clarissa's father, "My name is Jeffrey DeLancey Pell, sir. I shall be glad ——"

Whatever formal speech he was about to decorate the occasion with was interrupted by a sharply clucking sound. Clarissa's great-grandmother was advancing down the drive, bundled to the eyebrows in Paisley shawls, with a maid on one side, her cane tapping the ground smartly on the other.

"What's that? What's that? Jeffrey DeLancey Pell? I haven't heard that name in forty years. I remember he used to drive a coach and four. It had red wheels. He spilled champagne on a new tarlatan frock of mine at a ball at Pelham Manor. But he proposed to me afterward. Men had manners in those days. Clarissa, why didn't you ask the gentleman in?"

Clarissa flew at her great-grandmother. She enveloped her in a frantic hug of gratitude.

"Dearest, say that all over again, will you? Jeffrey, come here! This is a lady one of your ancestors must have proposed to."

"My great-grandfather. I've heard my mother tell about his parties at Pelham Manor, and the coach with the red wheels." Jeffrey bent over the bundle of Paisley shawls. He liked old ladies and they invariably liked him. "Perhaps you know my mother's mother. She was Deborah DeLancey."

"Deborah DeLancey? My dear young man! Clarissa, why have you kept a grandson of Deborah DeLancey standing here in our driveway? He must come in at once for a bite of supper. Higgins—where is Higgins? Tell him to put the young man's car in our garage."

Laughter burst even from the frozen Van Bremar.

"Oh, granny, his car"—cried Clarissa—"his car's a truck!"

The ancient lady blinked and stared. But the spell of names was upon her. The DeLanceys, the Pintards, the Pells. Great houses along the Post Road. To be sure, some of them had lost a good part of their fortune, but the spell of their names remained.

She smiled benignantly up at Jeffrey DeLancey Pell.

"A truck?" she murmured. "And why not? Times have changed along the Post Road, and young men must change with them. I remember Jeffrey Pell driving a coach with red wheels. Four horses it had. The Post Road isn't what it used to be. No, it's full of noise and smells and ——"

"Trucks," murmured Clarissa, tucking her hand under Jeffrey's arm. "I love them. Jeff and I are going to run a dozen of them. We're going to make new history on the Post Road." She gave a thrilling uptilt to her chin. "And why shouldn't we? We're young, aren't we, Jeff?"

AS TO HUSBANDS

(Continued from Page 23)

band stand. In order to blow a trumpet you have to have not only an ear for music but a trained lip. Nevertheless, Jerry was not discouraged.

"I might work the solid-citizen racket," she said; "but that takes a lot of time, and when you've got it you haven't got much but smugness. Now if there was only something with flower gardens in it!"

Flower gardens! What, Jerry demanded to know, are public parks if they are not overgrown flower gardens? Where, if not in a park, may one's genius for landscaping bubble up and run over the rim of the pot? And Uncle Jimmy would love it.

Also, Uncle Jimmy could do the job. Give him a year or two with Corinth's park system and junkets of aldermen would be visiting Corinth from other cities to view and make report on how it had been done.

With the old system and its three park commissioners there would have been nothing to do; but Alderman Tomlet, her ancient enemy, had changed that. He had created a department with a single autocratic head—a head that would be given all the blame or all the credit for whatever was done. It was simple! Uncle Jimmy must be made commissioner of parks and boulevards.

To the ordinary individual this was an object pregnant with difficulties, but Jerry was optimistic. To think of a thing with her was to see it accomplished. But, on the other hand, she was a firm believer in the precept that God helps those who help themselves, so she never sat down with hands folded demurely to wait for good fortune to do overtime work without double pay.

But —— She crinkled her eyes and considered. Uncle Jim must land the job, but he must land it by himself. Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt must have nothing to do with it. If the thing were brought about by her help or connivance, or through the influence of the Woman's Party, it would be nothing but an added humiliation to Mr. Pratt. No, it must be against the will of the Woman's Party. Not only must Uncle Jimmy lick Alderman Tomlet into giving him the job but he must appear to himself and to the public as giving a trouncing to the Woman's Party as well.

It was in furtherance of this resolution of Jerry's that the executive committee of the Woman's Party met—Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt in the chair—and reached the conclusion that, though they viewed with alarm the passing of the police and fire and public-works commissionerships into low, political hands, they would not interfere for the time being if the department of parks and boulevards was kept pure. The playgrounds of the people, those acres where little children breathed fresh air and got lost from their nurses and got grass stains on their best clothes these must be kept out of politics. And the only way to keep them out of politics was to give the commissionership to a woman. This the executive committee empowered Jerry McKellar to put into writing and hand to the newspapers. The committee went so far as to select the incumbent of the position, a Mrs. Jane Peet, widow, eminently fitted for the place because her grandfather, General Gower, had given the city of Corinth a park, one block square, which, to this day, bears his name.

It may be taken for granted that Jerry McKellar, by methods peculiarly her own, engineered Mr. Pratt into a state of mind which made it possible for him to take a definite stand in opposition to what he believed to be a matter close to Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's heart. He approached the subject by stealth, with much hemming and clearing of the throat, for he was an inarticulate man and took his duties seriously. For instance, there is one anecdote of the gentleman in which even Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt saw the humor, and which she used to relate privately to her friends.

As all men know, Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt was a sizable woman. Jerry McKellar used to describe her as large for her age. Mr. Pratt was half a head shorter, and of a pinkness and rotundity which made his hours of pathos difficult for his sympathizers. They had to keep straight faces, which was no easy accomplishment. On an occasion Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt went away for a two weeks' visit, and upon her departure impressed her husband with the onerousness and seriousness of his duty to look after the household and its several affairs while she was gone. Mr. Pratt did so.

He neglected his business and his exercise to concentrate on the duties of a housekeeper. Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt returned, was met at the station by a melancholy, unsmiling husband. He was easily perceived to be in the depths.

"My dear," said the disturbed Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Pratt in a voice so funereal and hollow as to increase his wife's alarm to the danger point.

All the way home in the car Mr. Pratt maintained a grim, grief-stricken silence. No word could be had from him. He marched into the house in dumb agony.

"James," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, "what has happened? I insist upon being told."

"My dear," he said, wagging his head slowly, "I'm trying to bring myself to tell you."

Thereat he mounted the stairs to his bedroom, which he entered, and where he remained in silent grief until his wife, unable longer to endure the suspense, sought him out and confronted him.

"James," she said, "tell me this minute what has happened. I know it's something dreadful. Do you want to drive me crazy?"

James moaned.

"Something has happened," he faltered. "I—I don't know how to tell you." He bowed his round, shiny head on his pink, scrubbed hands and groaned. "The fact of the matter is," said he, "that when the washing came home from the laundry two guest towels were missing."

There you have the conscientious Mr. Pratt; and when we find him aroused to combat a project of his wife's, then we may understand that no mean skill has been exercised to bring him to that pass.

He took his stand at dinner.

"My dear," he said, "you and I—you know—get along in A-1 shape. Agree? You know what I mean."

Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt looked at him in mild wonder and asked "Why not?"

The question almost floored him. It was so final and so unanswerable. Why not? Well, he couldn't for the life of him say; and while he puzzled over it, he all but lost the thread of his argument. However, he found it between the soup and the entrée.

"Would you be hurt—you know—er—sore at me—if I was to disagree with you?"

"James," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, "what ails you?"

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Delco Wins Again!

When Tommy Milton in his H. C. S. Special flashed past the checkered flag as the winner of this year's great 500-mile race on the Indianapolis Speedway, it marked the fourth successive time that a Delco-equipped car had won this event. In this race seven of the ten winners drove cars having Delco ignition.

Last year in this same classic, nine of the first ten cars, including the winner—in 1921 all ten winners and in 1920 seven of the first ten cars, including the winner, were all equipped with Delco.

In the air, too, Delco's record is equally conspicuous. The first Transcontinental Non-Stop Airplane Flight from New York to San Diego—the nine world's airplane records established over the Dayton Aviation Fields on April 16 and 17—the first Transatlantic Non-Stop Flight and the recent first Gulf-to-Canada Non-Stop Flight were all made by planes powered by Liberty engines Delco-equipped.

These victories are particularly significant. First they provide just so much more evidence that Delco is the world's foremost automotive electrical equipment. But impressive as are these achievements, they are merely indicative of the service that Delco equipment is providing every day on millions of the finest motor cars.

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Watch This Column

What would *you* do

If you were a Count on the Emperor's staff and you fell in love with a girl of humble origin—and your Emperor officially commanded you to marry a princess whom you didn't even like, what would you do? Which has the greater right, the girl or the Emperor? That's one of the problems in ***"Merry Go Round,"*** Universal's great love story. Watch for it.

MARY PHILBIN AND NORMAN KERRY IN *"Merry Go Round"*

If you were a baseball-star, broke and in love, and you had a chance to throw the deciding game in a pennant race and make a big stake—and a small boy came to you and begged you to play square for the sake of "all the kids in America," what would *you* do? That's the problem in Universal's fine baseball romance, ***"Trifling with Honor,"*** featuring ROCKLIFFE FELLOWES, BUDDY MESSINGER, HAYDEN STEVENSON and FRITZI RIDGEWAY and directed by HARRY POLLARD.

* * *

If you were in the moving-picture business what kind of moving pictures would you make? If you found grim and sorrowful conclusions to some of the stories you bought, would you take liberties with them and make the endings happy? I am trying to get *your* point of view. I wish you would write me your answer to these questions, and mark your letter "Personal."

* * *

Did you ever read Victor Hugo's masterpiece, ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"***? Would you take liberties with a classic like this or produce the story exactly as it is written? You know Universal is producing this great story, with LON CHANEY in the rôle of the hunchback. There are some grim things in it. Would you cut them out?

* * *

Are you watching UNIVERSAL PRODUCTIONS? Have you noticed that they are taking the lead? How did you like ***"The Leather Pushers," "The Abysmal Brute," "Bavu," "The Flirt," "The Storm"***? Don't you know that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals?

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 38)

"I must take a stand," he said. "My duty as a citizen compels me to take a stand."

"All right," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt practically, "take it."

"It's about the parks," he said, swallowing. "Here you women want Mrs. Peet to be park commissioner, and I don't. I feel deeply about it. Parks, you know."

"Oh," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt.

"I hate to go against your wishes, my dear; but I must oppose Mrs. Peet."

Now it was out, baldly, contumaciously. He waited with bated breath to see what form his destruction would take.

"Oh, that's all right," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt

"You mean—you don't mean that you—you shan't feel bad?"

"Not," said his wife, "in the least."

III

ALDERMAN TOMLET had a private mayor. Of course, he could be mayor himself if he wanted to, but he didn't want to—no. Mayors were ornamental, and one could use them as smoke screens to hide behind. Mayors came and went; but aldermen, if they attended to their jobs, went on forever. So Alderman Tomlet kept on hand a supply of mayors and prospective mayors, and dealt them out to the city from the bottom of the deck. And thus it came about that it was not really the city's chief executive who made all appointments; he merely announced them after the alderman told him what to recite. In this particular instance Mr. Tomlet had selected four trustworthy and efficient lieutenants for the four commissionerships. The four commissioners would have the hiring and firing of some hundreds of policemen and firemen and laborers and what not, who could and would be organized into a well-oiled, smooth-running, noiseless engine with which to propel elections.

Then the public took an interest; and as is usual with the public, it became interested at a spot least suspected by professionals. Mr. Tomlet naturally supposed that any row would be over the police department and the public works. More especially the latter, because a department of public works, in proper hands, presents lush harvesting. But all the fuss came over the department of parks and boulevards, and it came in rather a bewildering fashion. First, the Woman's Party jumped into the field with its candidate, Mrs. Peet. Almost immediately thereafter a citizens' committee, headed by Mr. Pratt, began to make a noise with a slogan about parks and politics. And, astoundingly, this Pratt committee was as much opposed to the appointment of Mrs. Peet as it was to the naming of Alderman Tomlet's man. This had a deep and tricky look to the alderman. In his bright lexicon there was no such word as Mr. Pratt really starting an altercation with Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt; and it worried him, because he could not see the purpose of it.

But, on the other hand, he was reasonably content, because he didn't see how any person or group of persons was going to be able to make him appoint a park commissioner he didn't want to appoint, nor prevent him from naming one he did want. Nevertheless, he became acquainted with a gnawing uneasiness.

It was a nice, cozy, three-cornered fight with nothing private about it. Anybody was welcome in; and before Jerry McKellar, who had a special genius for publicity, was through with it, almost everybody was in, and Mr. Pratt's name was being mentioned by a number of people who had never heard of him before. This was due first to an interview which Mr. Pratt gave to the press through Jerry's pet reporter, Adam Black. Jerry suggested to Mr. Pratt that he dictate to her an interview embodying his criticisms of the present policy and achievements of the park commission, and his ideas of what might be done with the park system. When Jerry had transcribed her notes the dictator thereof would never have recognized them; or, at least, would have been mildly surprised at how well he talked when in the heat of creation. The article was snappy. It was full of words and phrases; and when it was printed, with a large picture of Mr. Pratt, it created something less than a sensation. Mr. Pratt's friends at the club spoke respectfully to him, and said among themselves that the old egg really seemed to have more in him than appeared on his highly polished surface.

Then Mr. Pratt was invited to address a noonday meeting of the chamber of commerce, and experienced a minor triumph.

"Talk about parks and trees and flowers, and what it means to a city to be beautiful," Jerry told him, and he did.

There is some one subject upon which every man can be eloquent and interesting. Chubby Mr. Pratt quite forgot himself and his embarrassment in horticulture and landscaping, and when he was through his audience cheered

One gentleman with old-fashioned banker's sidewhiskers jumped to his feet and shouted, "Here's the man for park commissioner at last! I move that this body formally indorse Mr. Pratt for that office."

"But," said the flabbergasted Mr. Pratt, "I don't want it. Say, why—don't you know—I hadn't any idea—I'm just interested as a citizen."

"That's the kind of man we want," somebody bellowed, and the vote was taken, and Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's husband became a public character—the candidate for office with the backing of the city's most dignified organization. It quite flabbergasted him. It frightened him. He was afraid to face Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt.

But Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt proved again her broad-mindedness, as her husband called it.

"Why, James," she said placidly, "you'd make a lovely park commissioner! I understand we're going to appoint Mrs. Peet, and so I don't see how you can be it. Anyway, that's what the ladies say; but you'd have a splendid time digging around bushes and things. No, I don't mind in the least."

Nevertheless, her organization fought Mr. Pratt tooth and nail, as it was fighting Alderman Tomlet, and Jerry McKellar directed the battle unostentatiously.

IV

THE Honorable Jethro Weaver was an ideal mayor—if we may estimate an ideal by, as it were, finding the greatest common denominator of American mayors. He was large, could wear a silk hat without having it blow off at the wrong time, and showed his teeth genially when he smiled. It is true, his tailor was compelled to put stiffening in the back of his frock coat in lieu of the usual spine worn by gentlemen underneath, and that he had reached his present eminence from the comparatively lowly station of a retail coal dealer in a small way by doing exactly as he was told—but those are true markings of your ideal mayor. He could memorize short speeches of welcome to visiting conventions, and deliver them becomingly. If he had had an original idea he would have auctioned it off as surplus material he did not know what to do with, and he possessed just the right degree of pomposity to impress the proletariat. For, after all, your proletariat loves a majestic lay figure. On the whole, one might say of Mr. Weaver that he was a foreordained mayor; and then you couldn't have said much else, if you except that he was a good husband and provider and a fond father. He doted on being mayor, and believed that representatives in Congress are people. He hadn't a vice and he hadn't a positive virtue. He just was. Jerry McKellar once said he was a high-class cribbage peg that folks moved around a board, and that he never would have been even a cribbage peg if he hadn't had the luck to be born round instead of square.

His wife was what your small Middle-Western town would have described as a cultivated woman. That is, she belonged to a literary club, read papers and discussed books with the help of metropolitan book reviews. As anybody knows, an original idea of contemporary literature may be gleaned from these. The highest crime she recognized was to say whom when you should have said who. Frequently she referred to "the aristocracy of the cultured," and privately referred to herself as a charter member of the intelligentzia. Nevertheless, she would have given her right hand and six of her pet rules of grammar to have been invited to luncheon by Mrs. Lentils. She made epigrams.

Her daughter was sixteen, and Mrs. Weaver's present ambition was to have her admitted to the Misses Spooners' Select School for One Hundred Young Ladies of the First Families. What, she asked herself, was a mayor's family, if not one of the first. Nevertheless her daughter's application for admission to the school had been returned with the information that the hundred was complete. This had happened twice. Such was the family occupying Corinth's White House.

The clamor which had arisen over the appointment of a park commissioner frightened Mayor Weaver. He was afraid of Alderman Tomlet, he was afraid of the chamber of commerce, and he was afraid of Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt. Never in his political life had he been called upon to meet such a situation. Here was an emergency in which he could not avoid offending two out of three parties, and to say that he wabbled would be to put the thing very, very mildly indeed. Alderman Tomlet found it necessary to drop in frequently to still the mayor's palpitations.

"We'll announce the appointments tomorrow," said the alderman in the voice of authority.

"Well, tomorrow—er—don't you think it would be wiser to defer it—er—until——"

"Until when?" snapped the alderman.

"Until a moment," said the mayor, "when a public announcement will be less likely to imperil my Political Future."

The mayor always spoke of his political future as if it were an entity entitled to capital letters.

"If," said the alderman, "you get me on your neck, your political future will be all past."

"This Woman's Party," said the mayor, "it controls votes."

"So do I," said the alderman.

"And the chamber of commerce crowd—campaign contributions—and they've a lot of influence with—er—the national committee."

"Do you want to go to Congress or not?"

"You know, alderman, that is my dearest wish."

"Then," said the alderman, "get busy."

"Oh, I'll appoint your man, never fear; but—er—I'd rather sleep on it another night."

"Weaver," said the alderman, "if I had your backbone I'd use it for a garden hose. There's high-class rubber in it."

The mayor had more than ever to think over that night, because the afternoon brought him a petition, signed by fifteen hundred women, demanding, if a petition can demand, the appointment of Mrs. Peet. As he rode home he saw the chamber of commerce billboards with their slogan about parks and politics, so that when he arrived at his table he was in no mood for food.

"Mister Mayor," said his wife in the stiltedly playful way she had at times, "there is a matter I wish to discuss with you after dinner.

"Cynthia," he replied, "I've had about all the discussions I can bear up under for one day."

"This one," she said, "is important."

With which word she dismissed the unimportant matter of administering the affairs of a city of—estimated—thirty-five thousand souls. The mayor sighed.

"I should think," he said, "that after all the decisions I am required to make during the day, each one important, and each requiring a degree of resolution and fearlessness, that you would spare me the further exhaustion of deciding unimportant personal questions in the home."

"I have," said his wife. "In this case all you have to do is to acquiesce."

Half an hour later the mayor, ruffled as to hair, breathing a bit quickly, and with a hunted look in his eyes, arose from his chair.

"It will be best to telephone the papers now," said his wife.

"Er—tomorrow—I—you know I must sleep on this ——"

"Now!" said Mrs. Weaver inexorably.

"But ——"

"Now!" repeated Mrs. Weaver.

The mayor went to the telephone.

V

THE two morning papers informed Corinth in eight-column headlines that James Pratt had been appointed park commissioner. Almost equal astonishment was felt by two gentlemen—namely, by Alderman Tomlet and James Pratt himself. The alderman, bristling with rage, rushed, with such headlong speed as his short legs would permit, to the mayor's office. There he was informed the mayor was busy.

"A committee from the chamber of commerce to congratulate him," said his secretary.

Presently the committee and the mayor appeared, all beaming. Alderman Tomlet heard the speaker of the business men say orotundly:

"Mister Mayor, you have proved your courage and your disinterestedness in this

(Continued on Page 42)

PACKARD

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Packard invites you to ask for these proofs of superiority which make the Single-Six worthy of steadily-growing public preference.

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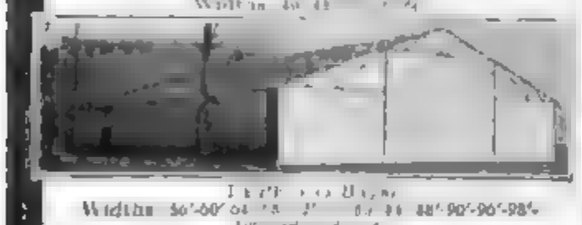
TYPE 1 (2 Bays)
Widths 36'-40'-44'-48'-52'-56'-60'-64'-68'-72'-76'-80'-84'-88'-92'-96'-98'
100'-104'-108'-112'-116'



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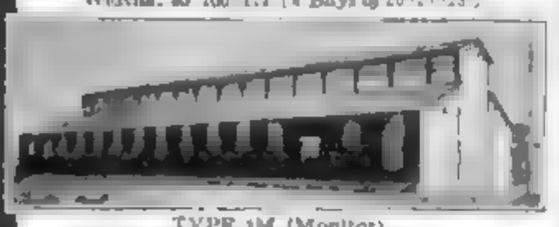

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Without obligation, send useful building book and suggestions on building to be used

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Continued from Page 40

matter. You have chosen for the benefit of our fair city. We congratulate you, and, sir, we assure you of our support for that higher office to which you justifiably aspire."

"I can only say," replied the mayor, "that the welfare of our city rests close to my heart."

The alderman waited for them to disappear, whereupon he confronted the mayor, not yet deflated from his recent adulations.

"Say," he demanded, "what's the idea?"

"As mayor of this city ——" began Mr. Weaver.

"My name," said the alderman, "is Tomlet—T-o-m-l-e-t. I'm not a committee of prominent citizens. Turn off the gas."

"I have weighed the several merits of the candidates ——" the mayor essayed again.

"Why," demanded the alderman, "did you do it?"

A pin pierced the mayor's balloon. He collapsed in his chair and mopped his brow.

"Honest, alderman," he said miserably, "I didn't mean to throw you down. You got your three men, anyhow. This is only the park department."

"The only one there was a fight over."

"But I had to! I tell you I had to!"

"How had to?"

"My wife," said the mayor, "compelled me."

The alderman looked at his mayor; he looked him over meticulously.

"I wish to blazes," he said presently, "I'd had sense enough to know who was mayor of this town."

With which he arose and withdrew, shaking his head and muttering.

"Wimmin!" he said to himself. "Wimmin! Dog-gone if they ain't goin' to be the ruination of politics! I'll bet that Lattimer-Pratt woman pulled this somehow."

At the moment Mr. Pratt was facing his famous wife, and she was smiling.

"Now isn't that nice?" she was saying to him. "You did get appointed, didn't you?—and in spite of us all. Now, James, I consider that right clever of you."

"And you're not angry?" he asked.

She disregarded the question.

"Don't forget, James, to order a dozen of those French pastries," she said.

The new commissioner of parks and boulevards departed, rather glassy of eye and bewildered.

"Now I wonder," he was thinking, "how the mayor came to appoint me. Say, d'ye know, that was mighty funny."

At his club he received congratulations.

"Pratt," said the president of the chamber of commerce, "you put over a slick one. We got to hand it to you. Licked Tomlet and licked the Woman's Party. Say, 'tain't often you find a husband and wife both as slick at the political game as your family."

"I got it sized up this way," said a prominent banker: "'Tain't his wife at all. Jimmy here's been advisin' and directin' her all along. He's the feller!"

Mr. Pratt increased his stature, but spoke up loyally.

"No, fellows," he said, "my wife's a remarkable woman; no fuss and feathers, and no sore spots, either. Why, she ——"

"Tell it to George!" jeered his friends. "But how did you pull it off? Give us the story."

"Honest," said James, "I don't know. It—d'ye know—it just happened."

"Wise bird," said the banker to the president. "Never get a word out of him. Knows how to keep his mouth shut."

Which is a very fair diagram of the making of a reputation.

VI

IN ALL Corinth there were just two people who knew how and why and all the true inwardness of the appointment of Mr. Pratt to administer the parks. These persons were Jerry McKellar and Mrs. Weaver, the mayor's wife. Neither of them has disclosed the facts, but here is a sketchy outline:

Jerry called on Mrs. Weaver, and, being who Jerry was socially, Mrs. Weaver was delighted. Jerry inquired after Miss Weaver and was given information.

"It's too bad," she said, "that you don't send her to some nice school. I've never favored public high schools for girls, especially girls with the fine feelings your daughter must have."

"I—well, the truth is," said Mrs. Weaver, "we've wanted to send her to the Misses Spooners' school; but it seems they're always full."

"In that case," said Jerry, "I can tell you Mr. Pratt is a trustee of the Spooner school. I graduated there myself. Can you imagine Mr. Pratt not seeing to it the daughter of the mayor who appointed him park commissioner was refused admission?"

Mrs. Weaver looked at Jerry, and Jerry's look satisfied her.

"In that case," said Jerry, "here's a blank for enrollment. Fill it out, and—when the appointment is made—I'll see it goes through."

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Weaver, "that Mr. Pratt will be a very efficient commissioner."

VII

MR. PRATT was. In less than a year from the date of his appointment junkets of aldermen from other cities were visiting Corinth to study its parks. Mr. Pratt was invited to address bodies in various metropolises. He was even invited by the park commission of the metropolis of the state to visit and advise with its experts. In short, he was a personage. And as for Corinth, it took on a shade of his glory.

The chamber of commerce, on its stationery, had printed the legend, "Corinth—City of Beautiful Parks."

All of which elevated Mr. Pratt to this eminence, that he has become perpetual park commissioner. No administration would dare remove him. He is a fixture, and he is happy. His wife is as proud of him as he is of her, and his self-esteem is set upon a firm foundation.

"The old duck!" said Jerry. "It wasn't much trouble to take to perk him up. Um—every wife should be clever enough to make her husband at least her equal."

HIGH BRIDGE

Continued from Page 9

over to this country with a Mayflower in one hand and a bottle of liquor in the other for the Indian real-estate business, throws a rope of pearls at the swine.

"You in trade?" she asks me.

"Sure," I comes back. "What you got—a secondhand washing machine or a baby buggy or something to swap?"

She cuts in with "Sir!" on ice.

"Oh," I goes on, "I didn't make you at first. You mean if I is in business. I'll tell the cockeyed world I is."

"Oil?" she asks.

"Better'n that," I tells her. "I got the garbage-collection contract in the city; and believe me, it's some fat graft! We takes the stuff and ——"

"How ghastly!" she gasps, and beats it.

A few minutes later Pete grabs me and pulls me off in a corner. He looks scared.

"What you been telling that De Smythe woman?" Baldy wants to know.

"Why?" I comes back.

"I musta give you too many shots in the arm before dinner," says Pete. "Whatever you pulled, she was about ready to leave the joint flat and I had one swell time squaring you."

"How'd you do it?" I inquires.

"I told her," says Sinton, "that you was worth eight million dollars, and had a funny sense of humor for which you was noted when you was in Harvard. I explained your rough talk by saying you mixed a lot with your men in the gold mines."

"Gold mines!" I laughed. "She thinks I'm in the garbage-collection business."

"I fixed that too," says Pete. "Garbage, I tells her, is your contemptible way of talking about money on account of you having so much of it. Watch your step, bo. The wife's nearly shot the roll and her nerves to get in with this gang of society saps."

"I see," says I, kinda sorry that I had done any kidding. "I'll keep my trap shut after this."

"When you has to," comes back Baldy, "chew the rag with 'em about cards or money. I've let the ideas get around that you is cuckoo on bridge, and I even told 'em a funny antidote about how you and Charlie Schwab oncet played for ten dollars a point against the Rockefeller boys at a benefit for the I. W. W."

"Ten dollars a point, huh!" I remarks. "What kinda money do you shoot for around here?"

"Not no ten dollars," grins Pete. "Five cents is our limit."

"It'd better be," I comes back, "or that week-end of yourn ends right here with this Harvard boy."

Sinton musta spread the salve in pretty good shape, because when I gets to mingling with the gang later on they is all trying to talk to me at oncet. While I ain't had much to do with the blue-buds, it don't take me long to get the idea that this bunch ain't the real cream at all, but a set of skimmilkers that is stalling around like they had a lotta jack, but on the low-down is glad of the opportunities to mooch off birds like the Sintons. Maybe they is all from swell families, but they don't ring blue to me.

This Mrs. De Smythe makes a real fuss over me, bragging about how much she likes big, ragged men that has knocked Nature down for the count and picked its pockets without letting success change them from being simple, she pulling all of this ba-blah right in front of her husband, a little, sawed-off, watery-eyed misfoot that don't weigh no more than ninety-eight pounds, including the lip cheater and the manacle. Kate listens sorta blank to the rah-rah the jane is spilling; but before she has a chance of shooting a ball into the wrong pocket, the De Smythe wren drags me and the frau off to a bridge table.

"I don't suppose," says she, "that they is much interest for you in a five-cent game, but ——"

"That's all right," I cuts in, giving the wife the foot-office to look, listen and stop; "I just plays for the pleasures."

"I know you don't care for no more garbage," comes back Mrs. De Smythe. "That's just a joke me and your husband is got," she explains to Kate, who is giving us the popeye.

I rings a quick change in on the subject and then we gets to playing. From the luck we has, Pete, who is looking on mosta the time, musta thought that I was cold-decking the game right along. For a hour I don't hold nothing that wouldn't be worth at least a three bid in something from Old Leather Vest hisself; and the few times I ain't got 'em, the wife's there with the pace cards. Besides, I puts over deep-sea finesses, bluffs and tricky shifts that musta made Baldy think that I was, anyways, doing some finger-nail work on the back of the cards, even if the decks was honest.

Nothing don't come up in the talk to put me in bad with the yarn Sinton spilled about me, excepting once nearly when De Smythe asks me what my year was at Harvard.

"Please don't bring that up," I answers, giving the misses the tee tip. "I had a sad experience when me and Ted Roosevelt was rooming together and I hates ——"

He, being a polite bimbo, mumbles a excuse for being alive, which he should, and switches the conversation to gold mines, which I don't know nothing about and he don't neither, making it easy for me to give him a lotta valuable info about the subjects. They ain't nothing you can tell that cane toter that ain't a eight-column head in a extra.

We plays along for maybe a other hour, and towards the end of the game most of the gang at the house is looking on, Pete having passed out the newa, I guess, that some snappy bridge was being demonstrated at Table No. 1. At the finish we is fifty-six smackers to the good and De Smythe shoves over his check.

"Here," says I, passing it and a wink to Baldy, "give this to the poor of the village."

While the rest of the bunch stands around downstairs getting free air and gas, me and Pete ducks up to his study to see if the Scotch needs any attention. It does.

"How did my work hit you?" I asks Sinton.

"Was all them aces dealt to you," he comes back, "or did you help yourself?"

"Wasn't you watching?" I inquires.

"Yeh," he admits; "but if you is as good now as you was oncet the eye ain't got no more chance in a race with the hand than a crippled snail has with a scared rabbit."

"It was on the square," I tells Baldy. "Gimme them kinda cards and the same breaks tomorrow and I'll make McGullible

Continued on Page 44

DODGE BROTHERS
TOURING CAR

In the cool of a Summer morning, it is gratifying to take your seat at the wheel, conscious that the Touring Car will do your bidding faithfully the long day through.

It is that time-tried dependability—so vital to the pleasure and economy of motoring—which, more than any single factor, has endeared Dodge Brothers Touring Car to so many hundreds of thousands of owners.

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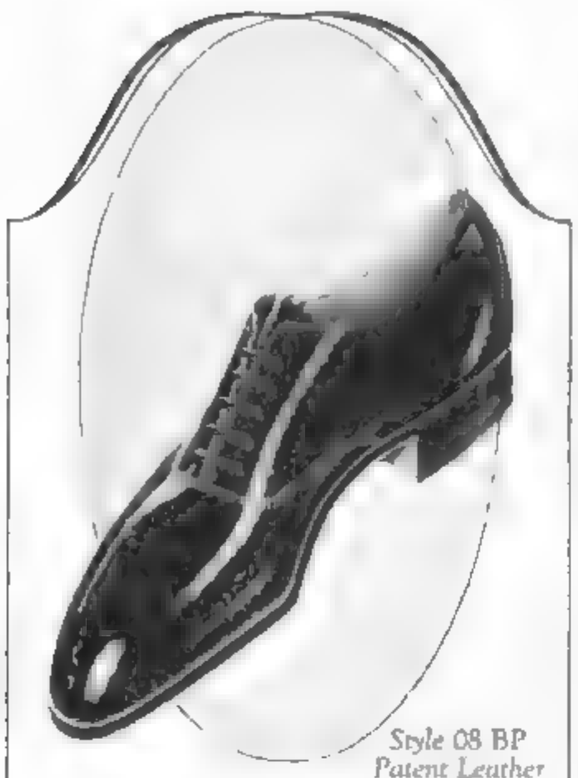

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Style
B 205
Boys' Brown Russia Lace Shoe

(Continued from Page 42)

look like his first lesson in bridge was next week. All ——"

"You don't know how strong that lad is," cuts in Pete, "and you don't know how wild I is to get Angus a good trimming in this house, or you wouldn't insist so much on being honest. Be a good kid and forget them scribbles of yourn for a coupla days. I must have that baby's goat and you gotta get it for me."

I tries to convince Baldy that I can beat McGullible on the square, me being all puffed up over my easy win over the De Smythes, and that he shouldn't ask me to do no slicker stuff; but it ain't no use. Sinton's made up his mind that he's gonna make Angus dig for oncet in his life and that I'm the bimbo to turn the trick. Finally I agrees, if the game is going agin me, to have a talk with the cards, which satisfies Pete. We discusses some details, and after another trip over the river and through the woods, I beats it to join the frau. She's in our room.

"Well," says I, putting my watch on the table, "it's a quarter to twelve. I'll give you fifteen minutes to do your stuff. What foxy passes has I pulled so far?"

"What right has I, a simple country girl," comes back the frau with satires, "to criticize the manners of a Harvard graduate? If I should say anything, for example, about your rough fork work, or them expressions you used in the game, you might leave me and run away to your gold mines with that frumpy Mrs. De Smythe; and what would I do then, poor thing?"

"That college-and-millionaire stuff," I explains, "was just a joke of Pete's to liven things up. But I has got a gold mine."

"Yeh?" inquires Kate.

"Yeh," I answers; "you. You got it over the rest of those cluckers like a big top over a side show."

I gets to sleep ten minutes to twelve.

IV

MCGULLIBLE don't show the next day until after dinner. I only has to take one look at him to get hep to why Pete would pass up everything to dance at his funeral. He's one of them high-voiced lads, with a line of patter for the ladies that makes you think of men dressmakers that was once in the chorus. When Pete introduces me out on the porch I feel like taking off my hat and kissing his hand.

"Do you play bridge?" Angus asks me.

"One or two times," I tells him; "but I'm kinda sorry now that I learned it."

"How is that?" he wants to know.

"Well," says I, "when I first heard about the game I thought it was scientifical, like pitch or stud; but it ain't nothing but showdown. If you gets the papers you cop; if you ain't holding 'em you go way back and set down."

"You have a wrong idea," comes back McGullible with a sweet smile. "You must read my book on bridge."

"Oh, you play, then?" I inquires, surprised.

"You musta heard of McGullible on Auction," cuts in Baldy.

"Seems like I did," says I; "but I sorta had a idea it was something about them hog-and-mule sales they has out in the sticks."

"What was the ideas of that line of hop?" asks Pete when sweetie breezes away.

"Little advertising, bo," I tells him. "I'm gonna give that cream puff a grand trimming and it'll sting more if the walloping comes from the kinda fathead he thinks I is. I tried the stunt oncet on a coupla the wife's side-kickers and it went with a wow."

"Then you'll play ball?" asks Sinton.

"Anything you'd do to that cuckoo'd be honest," I answers. "You act like I tells you. When me and Angus is playing and I gives you the tip-off, start something around the room like making a speech or yelling fire or busting a vase. My fingers maybe ain't so good like they was and I may need more time for my stuff. Got that?"

"I'd dynamite the house to hook that baby," says Baldy.

In about a hour the bridge playing begins. Some other folks has dropped in from the neighborhood and they is enough for four tables. Sinton, hisself, don't sit in, him and the wife having put up a prize to be battled over, besides the regular stakes.

"If you're gonna get him," whispers Pete to me, "you gotta do it tonight. He just told me he wouldn't be here tomorrow, and you maybe will have to do some fancy stuff in the other games to get in at the finish with him."

This progressive proposition, which Baldy framed before he knew about Angus beating it Sunday, kinda throws the works out, they being a chance of my not getting to hook up with McGullible; but it's got to be gone through with.

On the first round I draws the De Smythe hen for a partner, which don't worry me none, the frail being a pretty snappy trump slinger. Against us is the wife and a lad named Sullivan. We wins the heat without any troubles and moves on to scrap with the winners at the next table.

They ain't no use dragging out the prelims. Me and Mrs. De Smythe gets all the cards and spades in the deck and they ain't nothing for me to do excepting play 'em as I get 'em.

The last game works out like we has hoped, and we hooks up with Angus and a Mrs. Davey, being the only pairs that ain't been knocked for a goal some place or the other in the march around the room. McGullible hands me one of them pretty smiles.

"Would you care to make the stakes ten cents?" he asks.

"Ten cents or ten dollars," I comes back. "I got a fifty-fifty chance in any kinda showdown."

I looks around for Pete and I sees him standing at the other end of the room; but he's watching close and nods that he is ready to do his bit. My luck stays with me, and the first hand Angus deals me is the kind that plays itself. I grabs off four spades and four honors in one mitt and we is off to a grand start.

The next leg goes to McGullible. The boy does know how to play 'em. He don't get such a much to work with, but he can sure make seven and eights act like kings and queens. His partner ain't no slouch neither, and keeps right in step with him.

It's my deal next and I hesitates a little. The way the cards has been running I figures I got a pretty good chance of grabbing off the loot on the square; besides, I ain't so sure I can monkey with the deck and get away with it. Pete, who's been strolling back and forth between the table and the other side of the room, passes so he can catch my eye and he looks so darn begging that I gives him the high sign. Right away Baldy raises his hand and does his song and dance.

"Ladies and gentlemen," says he, "while I think of it I want to tell you about tomorrow ——"

I don't listen to no more. The way Sinton's standing, McGullible has to turn clean around to be polite, and the women folks also pays attention. Me, I got other work to do.

"That's all," I hears Pete say, and it's enough. I'm through. I passes over the deck to be cut, but making a cut a waste of time ain't no trick a-tall. Then I deals.

I ain't picked out nothing for myself excepting the ace, king, queen of hearts, the ace, king, queen of spades, the ace, king, queen, jack of clubs and, not to be too rough, only the king, jack and nine of diamonds. What the others is got I don't know and don't care a whole hell of a lot.

"One no trump," I announces.

"Two diamonds," comes along Angus.

My partner ain't got nothing to say and the Davey jane also pulls a clam.

I glances around and sees the wife and Baldy in back of me. I grins and bids "Three no trumps" just to show that Scotch cuckoo what I thinks of his force-up stunt. Angus passes and I'm ready to start the massacre when the Davey hen comes through with "Four diamonds."

"Four no trumps," I yelps.

"Five diamonds," says McGullible.

I looks my mitt over again, and am just ready to go to five no trumps when I changes my mind. I figure I can set that baby about four hundred, which'll win for us even if we lose the rubber game.

"Double," says I.

"Redouble," comes back Angus, right quick.

"Try and make it!" I snaps.

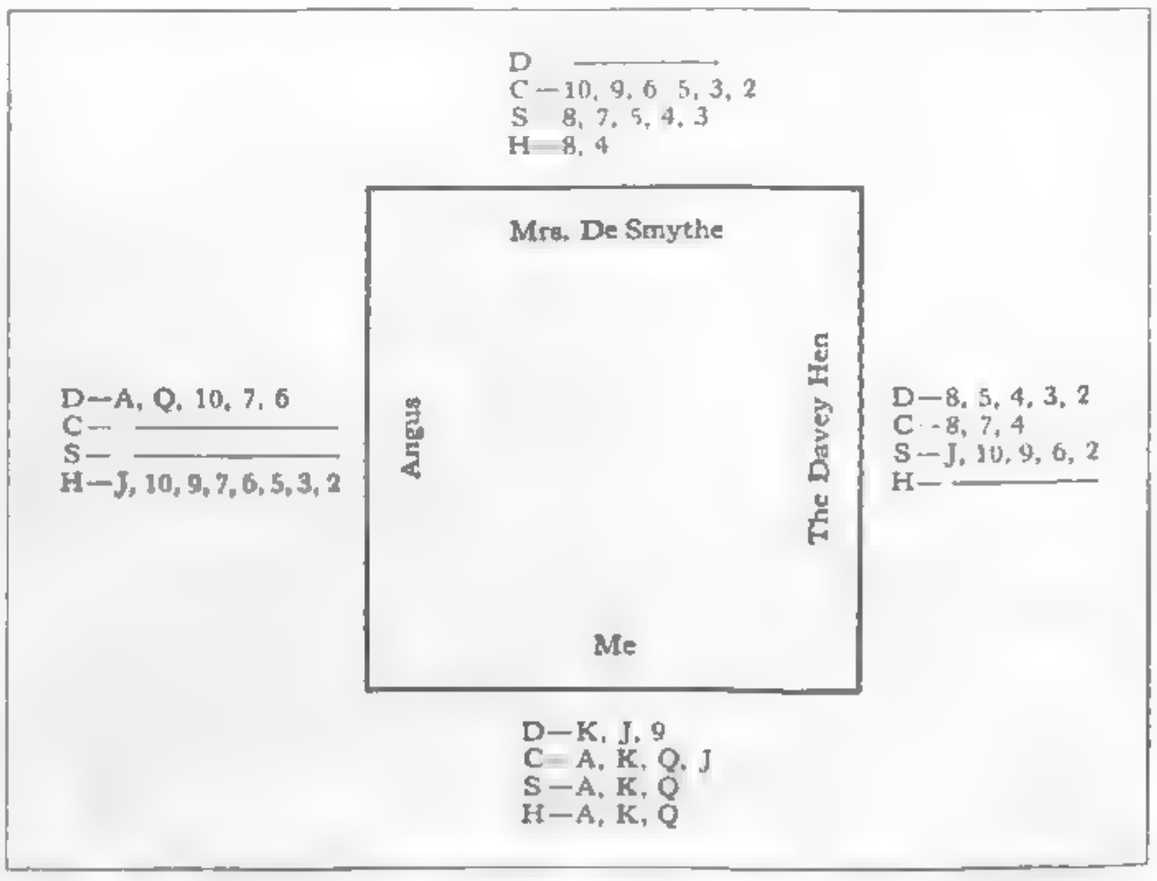
He tries and does, for a grand slam, doubled and redoubled. I loses all control of myselfs and heaves the cards across the room.

"Damn such a game!" I howls. "I'm through with it for life," and I beats it up to the room. The wife follows.

"What happened?" she asks. "You had such a wonderful hand."

"It oughta been," says I, grim. "I made it myselfs. Here's how it happened, though."

I grabs a piece of paper and draws a picture of it for her:



"I don't see yet," remarks Kate, after looking it over, "how anybody could make a grand slam against all them aces and kings. I guess I wasn't watching close."

"You wasn't," I comes back, "or you'da seen something that won't happen again in a million years. That De Smythe baby starts off by leading a club, which Angus trumps. Then he shoves out a heart, which I slaps my queen on and which McGullible's partner trumps. That frail leads a diamond and Angus takes my nine with a ten. It don't make no difference what I play, with him sitting over me with ace, queen, ten. McGullible sends out a heart and my king is trumped on the other side. Then she comes along with another trump and my jack's shot. Angus follows with a heart and Mrs. Davey uses her last trump to make a bum outta my ace of hearts. She leads back a spade, which McGullible grabs with a diamond. Then he leads the ace of trumps, snatching off my king, and his hearts are as good as wheat. Now do you see it?"

"You musta done something wrong," says Kate, shaking her head, "or it wouldn't have happened."

"I did," I admits, "but not in the playing. I stacked the deck for Angus."

Then the frau starts razzing me, but before she gets very far they is a knock. It's one of them dolled-up servants.

"A book," says he. "With the compliments of Mr. McGullible."

I takes a quick look. It's him on auction.

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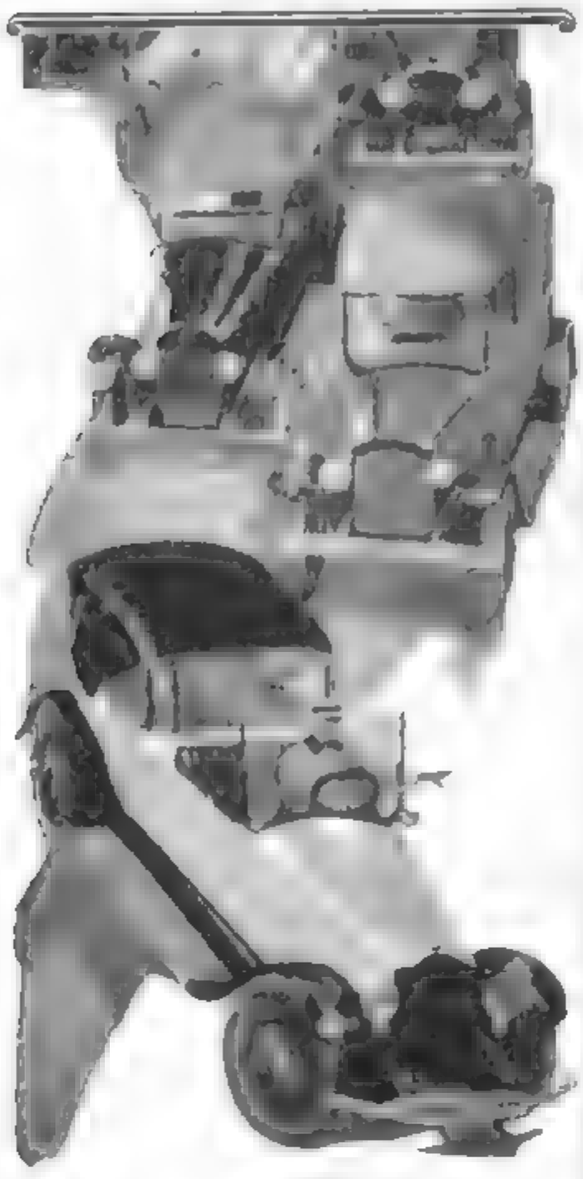

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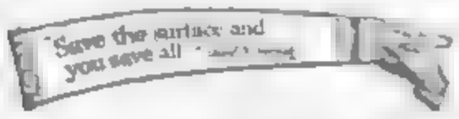

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SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By Robert Quillen

On Being Arrested

IN OTHER times, when a man could be arrested and jailed for debt, and the poor were very, very poor, crime was so common among those hard pressed by circumstances, and so much a part of their scheme of existence, that arrest and imprisonment carried with them no greater stigma of disgrace than the breaking of a leg or any other misfortune. The law had little patience with the poor, and the poor were in spirit and in fact rebels against the law. Capital punishment was the rule rather than the exception, and no hard-working criminal knew at what moment he might part company with his head; but this, at least, he knew—that nothing the law might do to him could take away his fair name or cause him to lose caste among his kind.

Neither did those imprisoned for debt suffer loss of caste or prestige, for these were, for the most part, well-born—well-born, in this instance, meaning that their progenitors had long been accustomed to prosperity and perfume; and to be well-born was to be relieved, in some measure, of the obligation to respect laws made primarily for the control of the common.

Now respect for law has ever been the peculiar province of the middle class. The destitute and broken may fear and hate the law, as they fear and hate the entire scheme of things, but to them it appears tyrannical and never beneficent; and though they live in dread of it they feel no obligation to respect it. The high and haughty whose nests are feathered feel an equal disrespect for law, but for another reason. Long contemplation of their own excellence and long immunity from the fear of want have given them an exaggerated opinion of their own worth and taught them to believe themselves superior to law. They do not fear the law, for experience has taught them that it will listen at times when money talks; and it has in large measure alienated their sympathy by endeavoring at times to interfere with their pleasures.

Middle-class folk respect the law because they have need of it. They have accumulated a little property that needs the law's protection. They have gone to school and learned to wear good clothes and use the right fork, and they wish to accumulate more property and learn more concerning fine manners, so that eventually they may become upper-class. They respect the law, also, because it is their creature. They made it. Having made it and found it essential to their continued peace and prosperity, they are determined to enforce it. They are determined to enforce it against the low and envious because by so doing they add to their own security, and they are determined to enforce it against the high because by so doing they may rebuke the immorality and the insolence of their "betters," and thus at one stroke satisfy both their sense of decorum and their envy.

The middle class writes the statutes that are printed in books, and it makes moral standards as well. With the accumulation of property and knowledge comes self-respect, and with self-respect come certain rules of conduct and ethical standards designed to promote self-respect and fix the means by which the public's respect may be earned.

Among these rules and standards is one that forbids unsuccessful conflict with the law's machinery, on penalty of losing caste. This may appear uncharitable, for the convicted criminal must live in the world when he has paid the penalty for his sins, and if he is made an outcast he will assuredly sin again; but this rule, heartless though it may appear, is justified by expediency. The most effective weapon of the middle class is public opinion; and if sinners are too readily forgiven, public opinion will be deprived of the lash that causes it to be dreaded. The jailbird may be received with open and welcoming arms by the great of heart and the unfortunate who have learned sympathy of misery, but the respectable middle class will look askance at him until the day of his death. And it is this threatened loss of caste, more than any penalty held in pickle by the law, that constrains those who are tempted to wander in forbidden paths.

Thus, in communities where public opinion has little sympathy with the Volstead Law, bootleggers may be found plying their trade on every corner—not because the law's servants are inactive or corrupt, but because arrest and conviction, though inconvenient and expensive, bring in their wake no loss of caste. The sympathy of the public is with the violators and against the law, as in those earlier times it was with the criminal, whatever the nature of his crime, and against the law that was a tyrant over all.

In other communities the ranks of the bootleggers are recruited from society's outcasts, and those who have reputations to lose walk in paths of virtue—not because there are no profits to be gained, and not because there is no market for the bootlegger's wares, but simply and solely because conviction for violation of the law brings with it loss of caste and sacrifice of the public's good opinion.

The law most commonly violated in America is the law that would place reasonable restrictions upon those who sit behind steering wheels. In this matter the low are guiltless. They are mere pedestrians. In this matter, also, the middle class is shorn of its locks. For once it cannot lift its hands in righteous horror and call down heaven's wrath upon the high and haughty. It cannot lift its hands because they are affixed to a steering wheel, and to lift them would spell disaster while one foot presses so grimly upon the accelerator.

With the middle class silenced by reason of its participation in the crime, there are none to organize public opinion and none to hiss when an offender is made to pay for his folly. And while no disgrace attaches to violation of laws designed to protect those who travel afoot, the unfortunates will continue to scurry for their lives while all about them merry maniacs will grin in derision of law, and those who ride with the maniacs will cry in one voice, "Step on 'er!"

On Being Sick

IN THEORY the logical place for a sick man is a hospital. In a hospital there is no clamor of romping children to rasp his nerves, no weird pattern of wall paper to tempt and weary his imagination, no well-intentioned blundering—but only nurses with soft voices and capable hands, doctors who radiate assurance along with their crisp efficiency, and an all-pervading whiteness that shrieks of cleanliness. Here, then, is the place for a sick man—in theory. Unfortunately this theory, like many another, takes no account of human nature. A sick man is something more than the raw material for a clinic. It may be well to sterilize and fumigate him, but it is essential to keep him interested in the business of living. An orphanage may provide the food, exercise, education and discipline children need, but it doesn't provide the love they need.

One who lies sick in a hospital is merely the patient in Number Fourteen, a part of the day's work, a germ culture in a test tube. At home he is Billy, sick abed, and for the moment a neighborhood's chief concern.

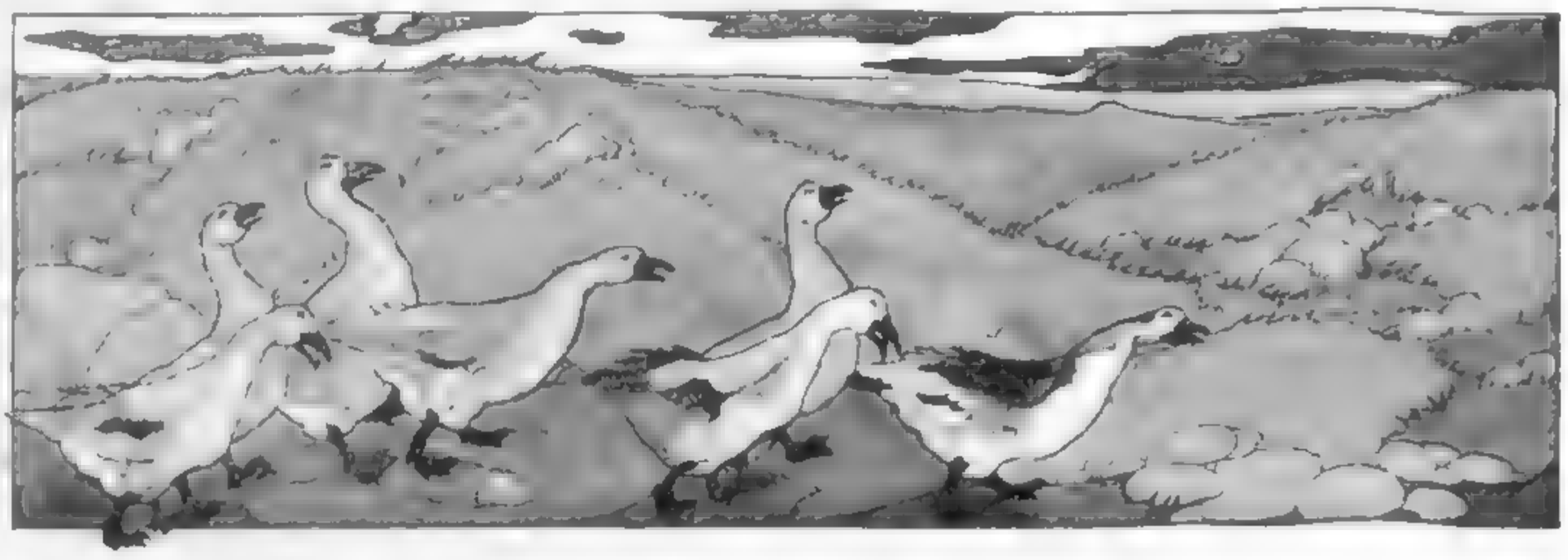
The doctor's car in front of the house awakens the community's anxious curiosity and sets the telephone a-jingling. A few of the neighbors call to discover the nature of the misfortune that has befallen, and word goes about town that it will be necessary to sit up with Billy never with "the patient." Relays are formed, and the banker, the dentist and the grocer, their day's work finished, assume their duty at nine o'clock, and sit about the fire, reading or talking in undertones. The door leading to Billy's darkened bedroom will be ajar, and his slightest murmur will bring a friend to change and smooth his pillow or give him a drink of water. At one o'clock the second watch will arrive, yawning and heavy eyed, and the first will surrender its charge. There will be whispered instructions concerning the medicine, a murmur of good-night wishes, and then unbroken silence save when some watcher stirs the fire or rattles the pages of a magazine.

With the coming of morning the women of the neighborhood will accept the obligation. It is assumed that the fact of Billy's sickness is sufficient burden for his wife, and she is permitted no other. She has no need to cook. Trays arrive, ostensibly for Billy, but laden with cuts of roast and fried chicken and fruits and cakes in such profusion that Billy at his best and hungriest might have stood appalled before them.

Somebody sweeps the floors and dusts the furniture, somebody runs the necessary errands, somebody comes night and morning to feed and milk the cow, somebody comes to empty the ashes and fetch in coal and wood.

And Billy, lying in a sort of stupor or rousing to answer the doctor's cheerful questions and study the doctor's face in search of an answer to a question that is beginning to form in his own mind, knows that the house is a rendezvous for good Samaritans, and is mightily cheered and comforted by the knowledge that all these who come and go so softly are full of a desire to have him on the street again and hear his laugh and feel the weight of his hand on their shoulders.

When Billy regains his feet the neighbors will say that Doc pulled him through. Perhaps they are right. One should give a good physician his due. But there is nothing in the science of medicine to impart that stamina born of the knowledge that the members of one's clan are standing at the ring side to cheer one's punches. And no combination of roots and herbs and barks can substitute for human kindness and fellowship. There is no tonic like a friendly face.



Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

Booth Tarkington Chuckles

WHO IS the hardest man for a picture to please? That's easy. The author. So, because Booth Tarkington wrote "Penrod and Sam," he may be regarded as the film version's severest critic. He saw it at a special performance in Indianapolis; he was still chuckling the following day.

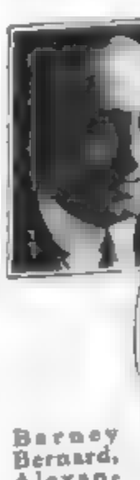
"I enjoyed this film better than anything else produced of my own writing that I have ever seen on the screen," Mr. Tarkington wrote to Mr. J. K. McDonald, the producer. "Now this is not because you have kept closer to my own story than other films may have done, for I am too old to be delighted with my own viewpoint getting reproduced; but it is simply because your film told a truthful human story of children and grown folks in a humorous and pathetic way—with the humor rightfully more in evidence than the pathos, which was nevertheless very true and moving.

"You may congratulate yourself on your work. I have so little part in the result that I may be permitted to enjoy it without seeking to pay tribute to myself. Your picture is immensely skilled, it seems to me, in producing an incessant run of action which is so varied that the spectator must be either laughing aloud, or chuckling, or feeling touched and sympathetic continuously. You have never given him time to sit back in a state of merely mild entertainment."

All that from Booth Tarkington is the finest recommendation "Penrod and Sam" could have.

Star Wanted

I'M PUTTING this up to everyone who has read Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen." Name the star you'd like to see as Countess Zattainy, the remarkable woman, who, rejuvenated by science, returns to New York with the vitalities and external loveliness of youth overshadowing the sophistications of fifty-eight worldly years; her memory crowded with disillusion and that final revolt against sex that comes to a woman who has lived too hard. "Black Oxen" is planned as an outstanding picture for the coming season, but until a star with the genius required for Countess Zattainy's rôle can be found, production must be delayed. S. O. S.—Send on Suggestions.



Barney Bernard, Alexander Carr and Vera Gordon—stars of "Potash and Perlmutter," now being screened.

Elusive Leading Ladies

EDWIN CAREWE also finds leading ladies elusive this season. Although many screen celebrities have been mentioned, he can't secure the exact type for the principal feminine part in "The Bad Man." Holbrook Blinn, who created Lopez—ver' bad hombre—on the stage, will star in the picture.

Star Kidnaps Actor

COLLEEN MOORE has kidnapped Lloyd Hughes. In the movies, of course. Both players appear in "The Huntress," Miss Moore playing a white girl reared as an Indian, who decides she wants a husband. She finds "her man" cooking for a trio of surly woodsmen and, without asking anyone's permission, kidnaps him. A flying start for a tip-top photoplay.

Hypnotized by Svengali, Trilby sings. Dramatic action, splendid throughout, reaches its peak in this scene from "Trilby."

In the studios begins the love of Little Billie (Creighton Hale) for Trilby, his model (Andree Lafayette).

Left—Andree Lafayette in a typical Trilby pose.

"TRILBY" DOUBLY RADIANT ON THE SCREEN

NOW YOU CAN see her. Trilby has come to the screen, dancing with the gay Bohemians of old Paris, dogged by the sinister Svengali. At one moment an untrammeled barefoot beauty of the studios; suddenly loving; finally singing her way to fame and heart-break under Svengali's spell. The thrilling Trilby of George Du Maurier's famous romance attains new, delightful brilliance as Andree Lafayette, radiant Continental star, mirrors her.

"In every move, every adorable note of contour, every gesture and look out of her wonderful eyes, Mdlle. Lafayette is Trilby," wrote Amy Leslie, for forty years one of America's foremost dramatic critics, friend of Du Maurier and associated with every production of the play.

Yet this star is but one of a score of attractions in Richard Walton Tully's production. With James Young as director, he set out to create an outstanding picture. In Paris he staged big scenes in the Latin Quarter, the Montmartre, the bizarre, colorful locations of the novel. In America he completed the production in magnificent settings and with players admirably chosen. Actors almost as well-known as the characters they portray, form an imposing array. Arthur Edmund Carewe as Svengali, the hypnotist; Creighton Hale as Little Billie, the adored of Trilby; Wilfred Lucas as the Laird; Philo McCullough as Taffy; Francis McDonald as Gecko—each is a factor of drama or humor or deep appeal.

Of course, Trilby's feet *must* be mentioned. By those as much as by anything else is the character remembered. From studio to studio she ran shoeless on the most shapely feet in the world. In this respect, too, the picture more than satisfies; for Mdlle. Lafayette's feet conform in shape and size and beauty with the original Trilby's. And they're worth worshipping.

Oriental splendor surrounds Ernest Torrance and Barbara La Marr in "The Brass Bottle."

Left—Director John M. Stahl rehearsing little Richard Headrick in "The Wanters," one of the most ambitious of the new season's features.

Where It's Always Cool

TOO HOT to go anywhere? That's the wrong way to look at summer. When you know good pictures and music await you at your favorite theatre in an atmosphere cooled to comfort-point by the most modern refrigerating and ventilating equipment—why it's simply too hot to stay at home. First National is supplying entertainment everywhere.

Where the Players Are

SYDNEY CHAPLIN, brother of the famous Charles, has been cast for the principal comedy rôle of "Her Temporary Husband," which John McDermott is directing.

The cast of Cynthia Stockley's "Ponjola," James Young's second independent production, now includes James Kirkwood, Anna Q. Nilsson, Tully Marshall, Joseph Kilgour and Carmel Myers.

Owen Moore, Sylvia Breamer, Tully Marshall and Virginia Browne Faire have been engaged for "The Lord of Thundergate," a dramatic thriller with China as its background. Joseph de Grasse directs.

William Collier, Jr., and Myrtle Stedman are among the stars listed for "Dust in the Doorway," the second Frank Borzage production.

Lloyd Hughes and William Long have been added to the cast of "The Huntress," in which Colleen Moore stars.

New England Knows

CO-OPERATING with stars, producers, directors and authors, Mr. Nathan Gordon, of Boston, has played an unusual part in screen development. His theatres, which include the Olympia, Boston, and the Olympia, New Haven, stretch throughout New England, providing ideal conditions for the enjoyment of First National Pictures. That's the way everywhere—big houses for these big productions. In Richmond, Va., Mr. Frank Ferrandini is building the new National Theatre as the home of First National attractions there.

These are Worth Seeing

THE BRASS BOTTLE—Magic, mirth, mystery and magnificence in Maurice Tourneur's newest. A genial genie takes a modern young man through 7,000 years to Harem-land—and his fiancee goes along, too. Even more amazing than "The Isle of Lost Ships." Harry Myers, Ernest Torrance and Barbara La Marr are among the stars, entirely surrounded by Hollywood's most dazzling beauties.

CHILDREN OF DUST—A drama of hearts and fences, produced by Frank Borzage with the "Humoresque" throb. Johnny Walker, Pauline Garon and Lloyd Hughes are featured players.

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—The famous Belasco success as a thrilling photodrama, enacted by J. Warren Kerrigan (Ramerrez), Sylvia Breamer (The Girl) and Russell Simpson (The Sheriff) and produced by Edwin Carewe. It makes the roaring gold days live again.

SLANDER THE WOMAN (or "The White Frontier")—What happens when an innocent woman's reputation is destroyed? And why—sometimes—does she not want it back? Powerfully enacted by Dorothy Phillips and produced by Allen Holubar.

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But *sure death* to all sorts of *bugs* and *insects*

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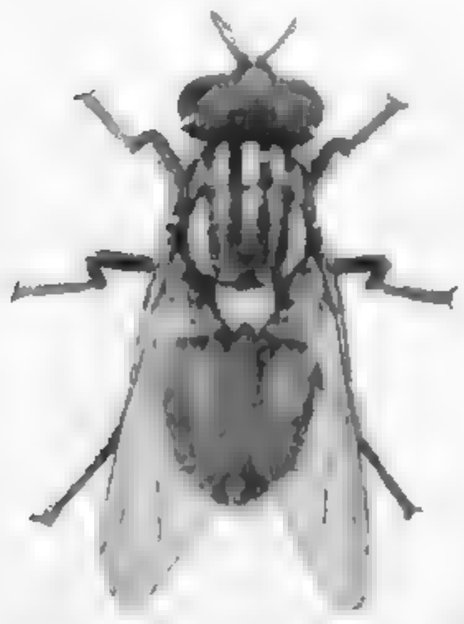

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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Last Straggler—By Hal G. Evarts

ANOTHER species of our American birds has passed. The whooping crane, perhaps the most majestic bird of all our feathered hosts, has traveled the long trail into oblivion.

Some fifteen years ago a friend gave me a crane that was double the size of a sand-hill crane. The great bird was of a pure golden-buff shade with flecks of white throughout its plumage. No hunter of the vicinity could give it a name. A farmer friend told me of having seen three of these gorgeous creatures on a sand bar in the Arkansas River in the '90's. Another testified to the presence of several of the golden birds among a flock of white cranes that he had stalked on the prairies in the '80's. It was this last assertion that first led me to suspect that the buff-colored bird was the young of the great white whooping crane in its first year's plumage, which solution proved correct.

This specimen was, I am quite sure, the last young whooper killed in America. Some years later I wrote a short story, The Vanishing Squadrons, basing it on this last youngster of the species that had so strangely fallen into my hands, and depicting first the clanging hosts of hundreds of thousands of the giant whoopers coming down out of the north on the fall migration, then the swift decrease in their numbers and eventually the last bird of the species, a solitary whooper setting forth alone on the last long pilgrimage to the winter range. It seems somewhat uncanny that when this lone survivor actually did make the lone pilgrimage, years after the story was written, it too should have come into my possession through sheer accident.

Mr. William T. Hornaday reported the whooper extinct in 1913, stating that the last wild specimen had been seen at Quill Lake, Saskatchewan, in 1904. During the last seven years I have seen seventeen whooping cranes, though no doubt some of them were the same birds seen on subsequent migrations. In the fall of 1907, while shooting on a salt marsh in Western Kansas, a flock of eight whooping cranes passed over without stopping. I believed that I had had my last glimpse of these birds, as it was almost a decade before I saw another, and the species had been reported extinct in the meanwhile.

The Salt-Marsh Stop-Over

During the spring of 1915 or 1916—I cannot now recall which year—several flocks of sand-hill cranes appeared over the Shoshone River in Northwestern Wyoming, milling in evident indecision as to whether or not to descend and make a landing in the narrow bottoms of the mountain valley. They elected to hold on down the country, and as I stood watching them I heard the old familiar whoop and saw two great white birds winging eastward in the wake of the sand-hill cranes. Their appearance in these parts was distinctly unusual, as the fly way of the white cranes, at least for the past thirty years, has been confined to a very narrow strip extending from Alberta and Saskatchewan down through the plains country to Texas. These two stragglers apparently had been forced out of their course and over the mountains by some storm.

In commenting upon the matter to Jim Brooks, now chief ranger of Glacier National Park, but at that time stationed in the Yellowstone, I found that he, too, had seen the royal pair.

It so happens that my favorite shooting ground, a salt marsh in Western Kansas—the same, incidentally, where I saw the eight white cranes in 1907—has also been the favorite stopping place of the last few whoopers for two decades. Each year the stragglers appeared, stopped over one night and winged on to the south when the first gun was fired in the morning.

I sat in a sunken blind on a warm October afternoon in the fall of 1919. When the sun was but a fiery red spot half below the western horizon, I heard the clamor of whooping cranes off to the north. Eight great white airships sifted into view and held on down the marsh toward my blind. The water was low and a mud flat flanked the west side of the island where I was located. The great birds chose this as a landing field.

Just at dusk three more whoopers appeared out of the darkening north, dropping slowly in the queer stepping descent peculiar to cranes; the long legs, trailed behind them in full flight, were now lowered and dangled grotesquely. They joined their fellows on the flat, eleven birds in one flock, and I watched them until dark.

Cranes always leave that marsh by one particular route, an expanse of hay land that extends toward the southwest.

I walked something over a mile to the southwest before daylight the next morning, hoping to witness the departure of the whoopers, the last flock of any size that I would ever see. As I waded ankle deep through the partially submerged grasslands I heard a horse splashing along behind me and hailed the approaching rider. Bill Petrie, an old-time hunter, had circled the marsh, hoping for a view of the cranes to determine if there were any golden young birds in the flock.

A Pair of Tamed Whoopers

Always, on every marsh, there is some overenthusiastic or excitable nimrod that shatters the sunrise law and simultaneously shatters the morning quiet by firing at the hiss of wings as a flock of ducks hurtles past his blinds or by assassinating some mud hen that swims into his decoys. Conservationists should protect, not condemn, this hair-triggered variety of gunner, since his antics serve to put the wild fowl a-wing before dawn, and many of them depart before it is sufficiently light for more patient seasoned hunters to shoot. There was one such on the marsh that morning. At his shot there was a mighty roar of wings as every waterfowl on the marsh took the air.

The geese voiced clamorous protest; but high above all other vocal commotion rang the clarion notes of the last band of whooping cranes as they raced down the mud flat with the aid of both legs and wings. They had attained a height of perhaps thirty yards when they clanked past a hundred yards to the east of us. We could see them, but only in silhouette against the red streak in the east, and it was quite impossible for Petrie to determine their color. Fortunately, having viewed them at close range for the better part of an hour the preceding night, I was able to inform him that there was not a single young bird in the flock.

No doubt this band included every wild whooping crane remaining alive on the American continent.

Six birds passed through during the fall of 1920, but I happened to be in the north and did not see them. In the fall of '21 four birds came in and lingered for a few days. These I saw on the day of their arrival. Some unknown hunter emptied his gun into the little flock without apparent results, but later there were two white cranes haunting the marsh and the adjacent hay lands, their wings too badly crippled to permit of their taking the air; but they could outrun any man, and held to the flat expanses where their height enabled them to detect all who approached within a mile. A hunter who knew the rarity of the birds eventually captured one of the pair. The other was discovered by the children of a farmer as it stalked through their pasture. The dogs delayed the big crane's flight and one of the boys killed the bird with a club.

K. C. Beck, an animal dealer and also an observer of wild life, secured the live bird from the one who had captured it. A farmer living farther to the west discovered a third winged bird on his place, caught it and presented it to a zoölogical park. Beck also came into possession of this specimen. He has been offered a stiff price for the pair. Animal dealers in Pretoria, Africa, offered to trade animals which could have been disposed of in this country for thirty-five hundred dollars.

Still Beck refused to part with them. He believes that they should remain in this country.

I have visited Beck's animal lot perhaps a score of times and watched the royal pair. The birds seem completely satisfied with life and are fond of their keeper. Nearly as tall as he, they run to greet him, necks outstretched in expectation of food. They whoop and dance on occasion.

A stray whooping crane was killed at some intermediate date in the western edge of Kansas. In the fall of 1922 one lone white crane winged down from the north. He circled the marsh, his questing cry lifted in hopeful anticipation of an answer from below, his eye trained upon the dark expanses of mud and rushes where he might expect the waving wings of his kind to guide him to a safe landing. As he dipped toward a mud flat a hunter in a barrel blind emptied six charges of shot into his frame. The great bird sagged, his legs dropped and dangled loosely in the air. He struggled on for perhaps two hundred yards and collapsed, falling in the mud and rushes with a terrific splash. The hunter, knowing that his prey was neither duck nor goose, and evidently deciding that the bird was therefore unedible, did not cross the expanse of mud to view his kill.

A hunter who knew the whooping crane witnessed the scene from a distant blind and observed that the shooter left the marsh without nearing the spot where the crane had fallen. The observer telephoned to K. C. Beck, who drove to the marsh that night and located the dead crane at daylight before the carrion birds had an opportunity to feast upon it. Beck had the bird mounted and presented it to me. Thus it chanced that not only the last of the golden young birds of the species but also the last adult bird came into my possession. The young bird was ruined in an accident in Wyoming a few years ago and so lost to posterity. The giant whooper which I now have is the largest I have seen, standing four feet eight inches high, a vision of snowy white plumes except for the red crown of the head and the black edging of the broad wings.

A Fortunate Escape

This specimen, too, narrowly escaped destruction. It arrived by express about two months ago, and the following night my house was gutted by a fire that destroyed practically every specimen in my possession; but the last of the whoopers stood in its crate in a storeroom at the rear of the house and came through unscathed.

The whooping crane is protected by the Federal Migratory Bird Act, and the killing was illegal. The day after the fire, as I stood contemplating the wreckage, a Federal deputy warden appeared on the scene with a request that I send the bird to Washington for the departmental collection of the Bureau of Biological Survey. The bird is contraband and open to confiscation, though I had no part in its killing. In fact, except for Beck's knowledge of my interest in the species, and his night drive to the salt marshes to retrieve the fallen beauty before birds of prey should destroy it, the bones of the last whooper even now would be rotting in the slime of the mud flats.

This bird meant more to me than a mere specimen. The last of the golden-colored young of the species had been mine. I had written the story, fiction but dealing mostly with fact, that so closely depicted the actual end of the race; and then the coincidence of this last wild whooper coming into my hands, it seemed vested with an interest that was personal, and I desired to see it installed in some spot round which my personal interests also centered.

The Yellowstone is home to me and I had promised the crane to Mr. Horace M. Albright, of the National Park Service, for the new museum that is being started in the Yellowstone National Park.

In view of the work I had conducted in the interests of conservation, the Bureau of Biological Survey acceded to my request that the bird should go to the Yellowstone Museum instead of to the departmental collection in Washington.

The royal bird, the last of its line, will soon stand in its case in the Yellowstone Museum, where the hundreds of thousands of annual tourists may view it.

A Conspicuous NATIONAL *Success*

Back of Oldfield's sweeping success lies a long series of extraordinary accomplishments on American race tracks and highways.

The testing ground of Oldfield was the speedway, where extreme conditions present the most accurate gauge of tire quality known to the automotive world. And for three years Oldfield Cords won practically every important race in which they were entered.

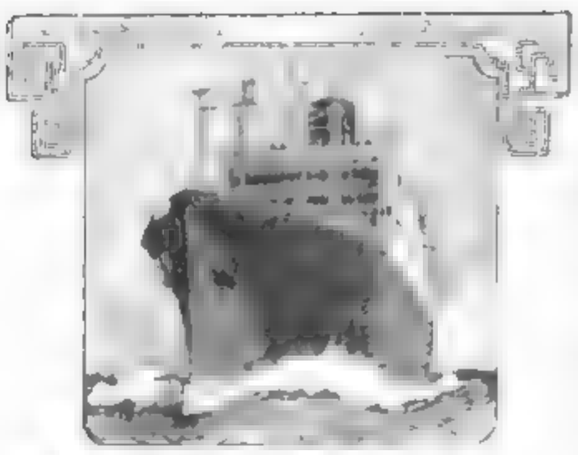
Equally successful on roads and highways, Oldfield Cords from the beginning demonstrated an outstanding superiority in mileage and dependable performance. In an official test at Wichita, Kansas, four Oldfield Cords ran 34,525 miles, without a change, before the first tire gave out.

Oldfield stamina and endurance are "race-tested for highway service." Oldfield Cords are firmly established as tires of soundest quality at a price that makes them an exceptional value.

Oldfields today are a national success. Wherever you may travel this summer, whether on business or pleasure, you will find Oldfield Cords available at the stores of leading dealers.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

OLDFIELD *Tires*



Via HONOLULU to the Magic East

IF you are going to the Orient, you can now go, at surprisingly small cost, over a route mellowed by sunshine, cooled by soft breezes, on swift luxurious ships that make every day of the voyage a new delight—a perfect preparation for your holiday amid the wonders of the Orient.

Send the information blank below today and learn about the magnificent United States Government ships, operated by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company from San Francisco over its famous "Sunshine Belt to the Orient."

Eastern Ports of call are Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila. Stop overs may be arranged in any of these ports.

Early sailings are:

Pres. Wilson	Aug. 9	Oct. 18
Pres. Lincoln	Aug. 23	Nov. 1
Pres. Taft	Sept. 6	Nov. 15
Pres. Cleveland	Sept. 20	Nov. 27
Pres. Pierce	Oct. 4	Dec. 13

Write Today

Send the coupon now—learn in detail about these magnificent "President Ships" and about the Pacific Mail "Sunshine Belt to the Orient." You are under no obligation.

P.M. INFORMATION BLANK
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Please send without obligation the U. S. Government Booklet giving travel facts. I am considering a trip to the Orient☐, Europe☐, South America☐.

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A Real American Folk Song

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BARON IRELAND

EDITOR'S FOREWORD: The manuscript here published for the first time seems to be a conclusive answer to those who claim there is no such thing as American folk music. The negro spirituals are admitted to be real folk songs, but it is claimed that white America has produced nothing like the folk music of other nations—songs which strolling minstrels built up piece by piece from a fragment of some peasant's experience, set by its subject to a tune, and by them sung about the country. For some reason which will probably never be discovered, the author of The Stalled Flivver set the song on paper, an act entirely unlike the custom of the usual strolling minstrel, who was content to keep his manuscript in his mind.

The song, here put into modern notation, was discovered as a crude scrawl in the course of excavations on the banks of Cowboy Creek, at the outskirts of the little town of Square Butte, Montana. It was found in the fossilized remains of an old desk, perfectly preserved under a sixteen-foot layer of adobe mud, by the present editor, who had been led to the site by letters contained in his own family archives. The author of the song was none other than the excavator's great-great-great-great-grandfather, and he had evidently jotted the notes down to assist his memory, but in an idle moment—or possibly hastily when summoned to the defense of the little settlement against Indians—had tossed them into the drawer of the desk owned by the rancher who had given him a night's lodging in return for his musical entertainment, and then forgotten them.

The manuscript is here reprinted exactly as written—with only the first verse and part of the last written under the notes for the voice as a guide to the singer, and the whole lyric written out separately from the music. Only the signature "Bar'n Ir'nd," and the date, "August 12, 1926," are omitted

The author of the song was born in 1875, and died in 1961. He moved to Montana in 1906, and became a strolling trombone player, earning his meals and lodging by singing at various ranch houses in the customary manner of the minstrel.

Evidently his music had not the effect upon his simple pioneer audiences that it might have had upon more sophisticated latterday hearers.

They allowed him, you see, to live to the ripe age of eighty-six years.

Here, then, is The Stalled Flivver, produced undoubtedly, from the internal evidence, in exactly the manner of the traditional folk song as described above.

BARON IRELAND, 7th.

AIRWAYS-ON-SOUND,
January 3, 2237.

The Stalled Flivver
Boisterously.
Baron Ireland
1. Come all jol-ly rogues and crank up your flivvers; the.
cop's on the watch and the mule's on the brae! there's gas in the tank and air in the tires and we'll
hunt the brown hen on the county high-way. Sing (last verse) toor-al-i-oor-al, too-loor-al-i-oor-al; we'll
Repeat from sign
Last verse
hunt the brown hen on the county high-way. (Ha!)
on the high-way. Ha! Ha!

The Stalled Flivver

I

Come all jolly rogues and crank up your flivvers; the cop's on the watch and the mule's on the brae;
There's gas in the tank and air in the tires and we'll hunt the brown hen on the county highway.
Sing tooral-i-ooral, too-looral-i-ooral; we'll hunt the brown hen on the county highway.

II

He's had the valves ground and scraped all the carbon; he's oiled the crankcase and he's oiled it again;
His spark is all set, he's pulled down the throttle and he's off on the highway to hunt the brown hen.
Sing tooral-i-ooral, etc.

III

He spied a fair maid pulled up by the roadside, a wrench in her hand and a tear in her eye;
She stood by the hood and poked at the engine while all the bold drivers went speeding on by.
Sing tooral-i-ooral, etc.

IV

How now, my fair maid, have you got engine trouble, and why are you weeping so sad and forlorn?
I'd be happy to be of any assistance from filling the greasecups to honking the horn.
Sing tooral-i-ooral, etc.

V

Oh, thank you, kind sir, but something's gone bloocy, and I cannot repair it, for how I don't know;
I've wiggled the spark and I've pulled out the choker, but all that I know is the damn thing won't go.
Sing tooral-i-ooral, etc.

VI

He looked in the hood and he looked on the dashboard; he looked at the wheels and he looked very smart;
He turned on the switch and pulled out the choker and he cranked and he cranked, but the car wouldn't start.
Sing tooral-i-ooral, etc.

VII

Now damn your old spark and damn your old choker and damn your old car and your family too;
My face is all grease and I've barked all my knuckles and I've got my new Sunday clothes all full of goo.
Sing tooral-i-ooral, etc.

VIII

Farewell, my fair maid, for I can't fix your engine and I've loafed here all day without killing one hen;
And the next time you're stalled, catch some other sucker, for you bet your sweet life you won't catch me again.
Sing tooral-i-ooral, etc.

IX

He's left that fair maid and jumped in his flivver and started for home at the close of the day,
And all the brown hens sit safe on their perches and laugh as he passes upon the highway.
Sing cut-cut-cadawcut, too-looral-i-awcut; they laugh as he passes upon the highway.
Ha! Ha!

Our Farm

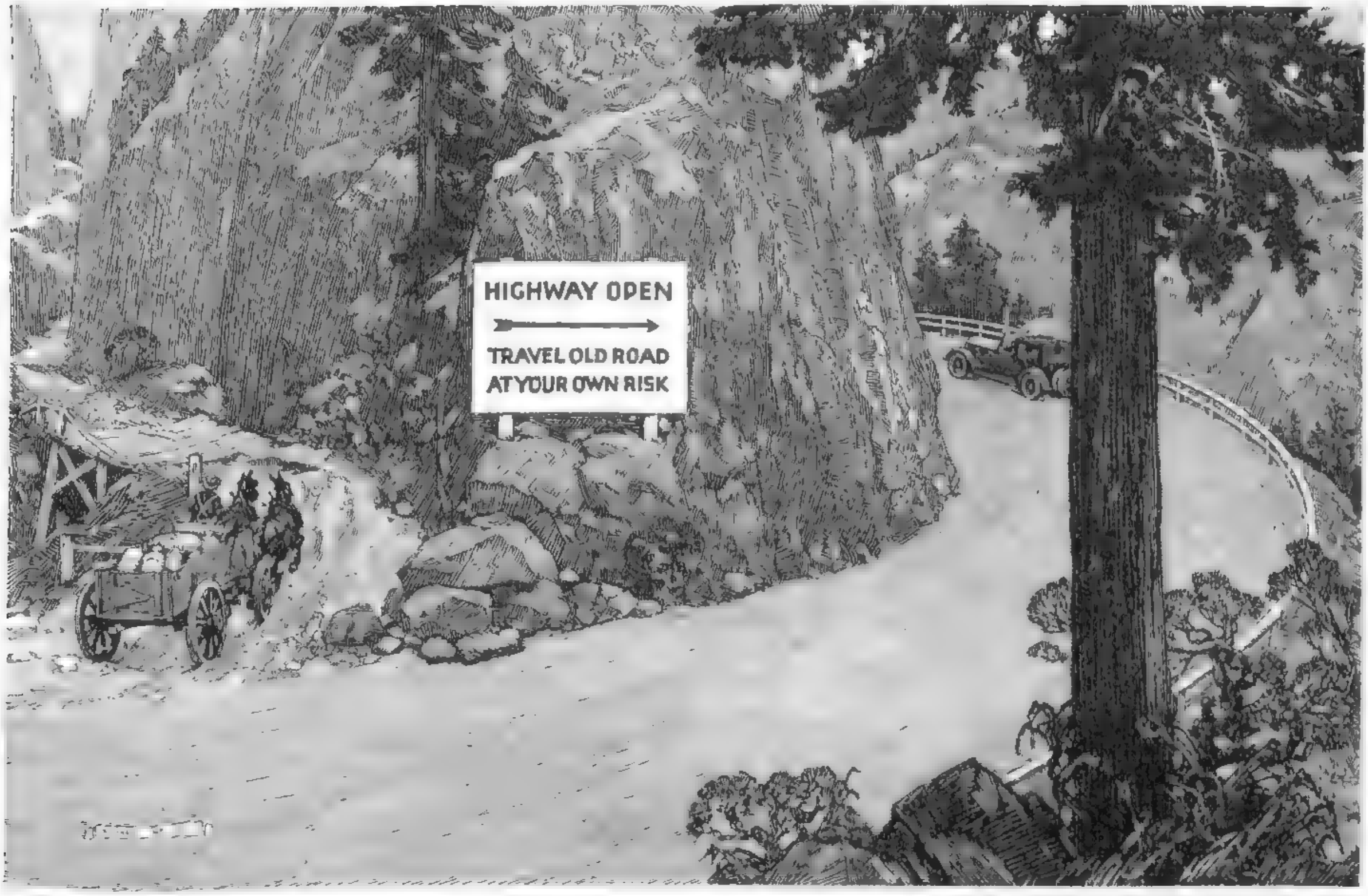
"WE BOUGHT the dearest old rambling farmhouse—out in the real country, my dear. Cows and things all around. We had to remodel it. As Jack said, it rambled a little too much. Don't you just love that? We called in Mr. Blankit, who has designed some perfectly lovely office buildings and apartments, and had him do over the farmhouse for us. The architect said it was almost a sacrilege to lay hand on such a fine old dwelling. Truly, my dear, his attitude was reverent. He showed real feeling. Every single thing he did in the way of alterations was add two wings, three stories, seven bathrooms and fifteen closets to that old farmhouse.

"He did introduce a few small innovations. Where the big fireplace was he put a pair of graceful French doors, and out of the rickety porch, overgrown with vines, he made a beautiful glass-inclosed sun parlor. In place of an ugly pump is a fascinating sun dial. And he had a number of trees cut down to give us a vista which opens out into a field where he placed several permanent haystacks to give pastoral color.

"We were to grow all our own vegetables, you know, but our architect and his landscape adviser insisted on sunken gardens, and except for some water cress they haven't done so well this year. We were disappointed in our hope of nice fresh eggs too. Our peacocks simply refused to lay.

"Country life would do worlds for you, my dear. You must run out sometime and leave the city and all its formalities far behind you. You'll love the old farmhouse. Of course it's somewhat different now. But the old-fashioned hitching post on the drive has been left absolutely untouched."

—*Fairfax Downey.*



HIGHWAYS OF INDUSTRY

ORIGINALLY it was an Indian trail, zigzagging through the forest. The white settlers cleared and widened it. They bridged it over gullies. They detoured it miles around disputing mountain spurs, or drove it over in fatiguing up-hill grades and down-hill pitches.

Then came the rush of empire building, with it the clamor for directness, economy of distance and time. Eventually the surveyors and construction crews. Hillsides were blown away to gain a mile. A million dollars bought half an hour and saved the wasted energy of an up-hill haul.

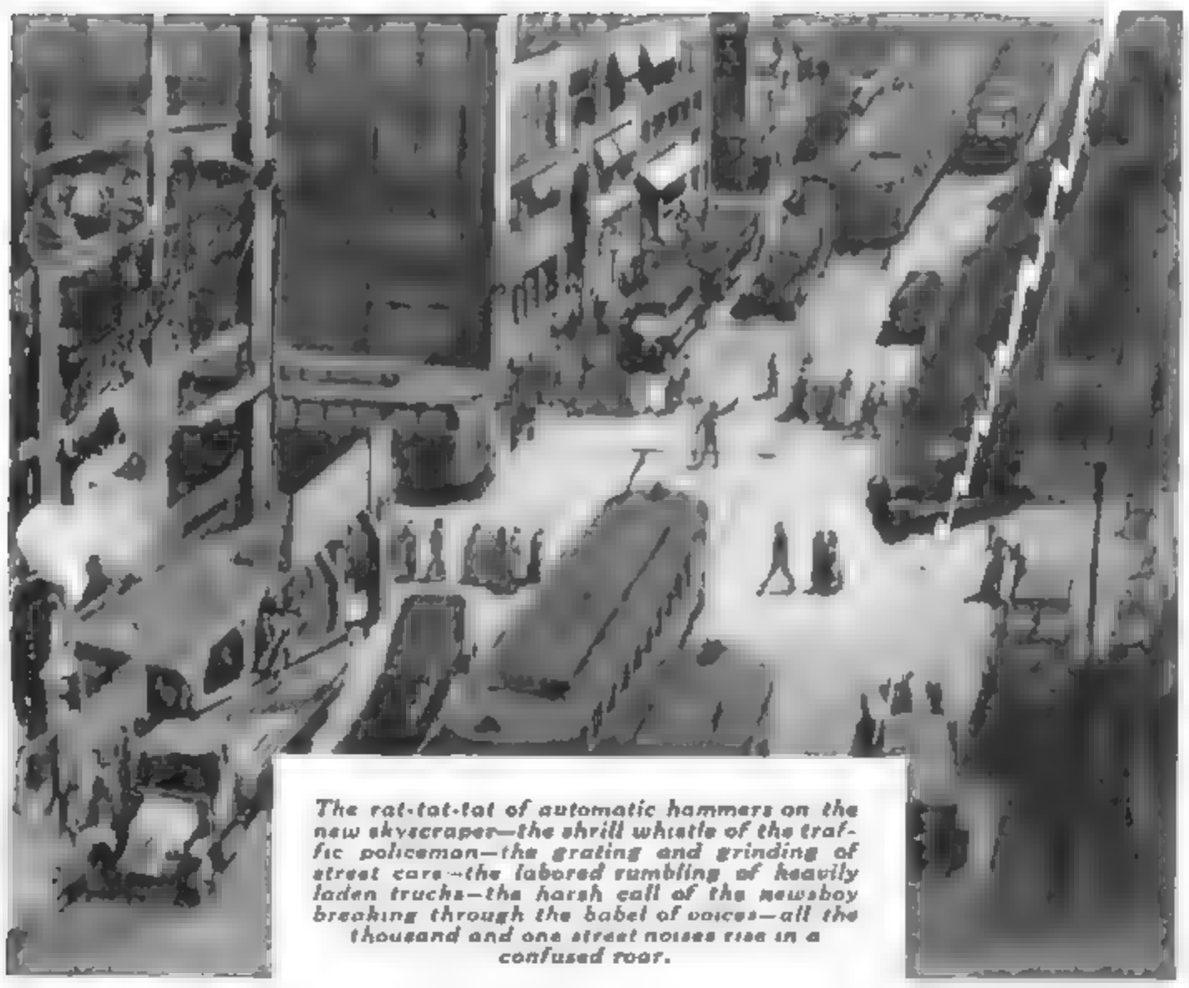
Direct, smooth, swift, the modern highway, like a great artery, feeds the rich blood of national life to cities and farms, villages and mines, forests and wharves, factories and homes.

The Indian trails of early trading practice are traditions. The old wagon roads of commercial expansion are becoming obsolete. Here and there a business still struggles through the deep-worn ruts. Laboriously it climbs the peaks of production and sales volume. Then, with brakes set, it rattles down-grade into the valley of disorganized markets.

Scientific road building is the indisputable order of the new industrial era. Advertising is chief of staff to the great creators of commercial empires. It is surveyor of direct routes of distribution. It is construction engineer, blasting out the grades of sales resistance that eat up time and energy, filling in the low spots of production that sap profits, laying a deep foundation of good-will.

N. W. AYER & SON *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND · CHICAGO



The rat-tat-tat of automatic hammers on the new skyscraper—the shrill whistle of the traffic policeman—the grating and grinding of street cars—the labored rumbling of heavily laden trucks—the harsh call of the newsboy breaking through the babel of voices—all the thousand and one street noises rise in a confused roar.

Klaxon can be heard above the downtown din!

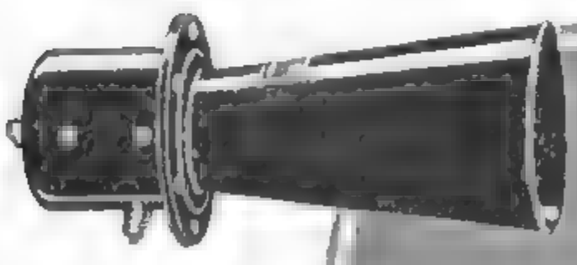
Under traffic conditions like these, Klaxon is your ablest ally! Powerful, penetrating and authoritative—its "saw-tooth" note can be heard and will be heeded—above all other sounds.

In 1908, Klaxon originated the distinctive warning note that was necessary with the automobile. For fifteen years it has developed both the horn and the sound.

The instrument is finely and precisely made—under rigid inspection by experts who have made this their life work.

The sound gives you a choice between a low but distinct tone for close range driving and the full volumed note which carries your warning far ahead.

Equip your car to cope with the increasing difficulties of city traffic. Install a genuine Klaxon horn today. Stop at the nearest Klaxon dealer's—his stock is complete and his prices low.



$10.00

The Klaxon 12 A has a deep, powerful, unmistakable note. Klaxon quality is scrupulously maintained in this high-grade model.

Other Models $5 to $30

There is only one genuine Klaxon. You can identify it by the name plate shown below. To be sure you get the effective, individual Klaxon tone and Klaxon endurance insist on the Klaxon name plate

Genuine KLAXON Horns made only by

KLAXON

Company Newark N J

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26

A mile and a half to the 8:01 train.
I'm tired of getting unfriendly looks
From daily housemaids and weekly cooks.
I'm tired of flowers and birds and trees,
I want a gasoline-scented breeze.
I want to be, when I want to go
To a mystery play or a music show,
Where I won't have to leave when the play's half through
And dash to catch the 11:02.
I want to live on an asphalt street
Where a janitor 'tends to the furnace heat.
So I'm going to Real Estate Agent Jones
And tell him in far from uncertain tones
To sell this house for three thousand down,
The balance on mortgage. We move to town!"

III

So Brown to the real-estate agent went
And gave him an earful of his lament;
Then Hill, the suburbanite, did the same,
And Jones said naught, for he knew his game.
Yes, Jones, that real-estate agent sly,
He looked in the mirror and winked his eye
And he spoke to Brown of the house of Hill
And the joys of a home in Suburbanville;
Of birds and flowers and great green trees
And its freedom from gasoline-scented breeze;
And he spoke to Hill of the flat of Brown
And the joys of a cozy six rooms in town;
But he said not a word of the courtyard blank
Nor the rear view into the water tank;
And he spoke not to Brown of the weekly cooks,
Nor the daily housemaids' unfriendly looks;
So he sold Hill's house to Mr. Brown
And rented to Hill Brown's flat in town,
And he laughed, "Let 'em rave; I am nothing loath,
For I get a commission—ha-ha!—from both!"

IV

The moral I started to indicate
Appears to have slipped me. Well, such is fate,
But it seems to be—go into real estate!

Baron Ireland.

Footnotes

MISS FLORA MCFLAPPER, of Central Park West,
Is addicted to foibles and fads;
And her father assures me—he's one of the best
And dearest of present-day dads—
That his daughter, each time she steps out on the street,
He believes, has a new pair of shoes on her feet!
"I cannot imagine," he'll frequently muse,
"What ever she does with such oodles of shoes!"
Yet each day she fared forth, in her feminine frills,
And fitted her foot, and he footed the bills.

Now, though what I tell you may cause you to stare,
Miss Flora declared she had no shoes to wear!
And solemnly vowed, when the question I put,
That she honestly hadn't a shoe to her foot!

No shoes to wear! How pathetic! But wait,
I do not quite mean—as truth is a factor
That she was in an utterly barefooted state,
Like Whittier's boy or that bronze thorn extractor,
But I do mean to say that she sent a regret
To a dame in the smartest society set;
And when I exclaimed, said with pitiful air,
"I'd go, dear, but really, I've no shoes to wear!"

"What nonsense!" I cried. "Wear your gun-metal gray,
The ones with the pattern in black appliqué."
"They don't suit my gown; I want something more dressy."
"Then your light blue morocco ——" "I would, but that Tessie
Has bought some just like them! I am so unhappy!"
"Your rose-colored velvet." "They're not a bit snappy!"
"Your green patent leather." "They're awfully tight."
"Your bronze ——" "They're too heavy." "Your tan." "They're too light."
"Then why not those beautiful cut-out fawn buck?"
"They're not the right model." "Well, then, plain white duck?"
"Ridiculous!" "How about sandals, my dear?"
"They're comfortable, but they have no atmosphere"
"Then those red-heeled canary ones?" "Those I just hate!"
"Your jetted black satin?" "Black's all out of date!"
"Your steel-beaded mauve?" "They're too somber by half."
"Your buckled Colonials?" "Can't abide calf!"
"Your pink with blue inlay?" "They're just a mite worn."
"Your purple Egyptian?" "The anklet is torn."
"Your cloth-of-gold buskins?" "Bizarre and outré!"
"Your jade-studded Grecian?" "Entirely passé!"
"Your black-saddled white or your white-saddled black?
Your high scarlet boots that lace up in the back?
Your henna with three straps? Your helio with two?
Your three-buttoned lattice? Your robin's-egg blue?
Your pearl-tasseled Empire? Your gold brocade pumps?
Your Russian — " "Oh, hush! I am all in the dumps!
I do want to go to that party, I swear!
But really and truly, I've no shoes to wear!"

—Carolyn Wells.

THE GROWLERS

Laddie Boy—"I Guess You Fellows Will Have to Take It Out in Walking Around Stiff Legged"

IN THIS INSTRUMENT one diamond is cut into shape by another diamond which revolves rapidly. The operator listens to the click-click through his telephone head set and adjusts the diamonds till the right click tells him they are making proper contact

When diamond cuts diamond

—*an incident in making telephones*

ARGUMENTS for buying diamonds are familiar to everybody. Possibly a new one is economy.

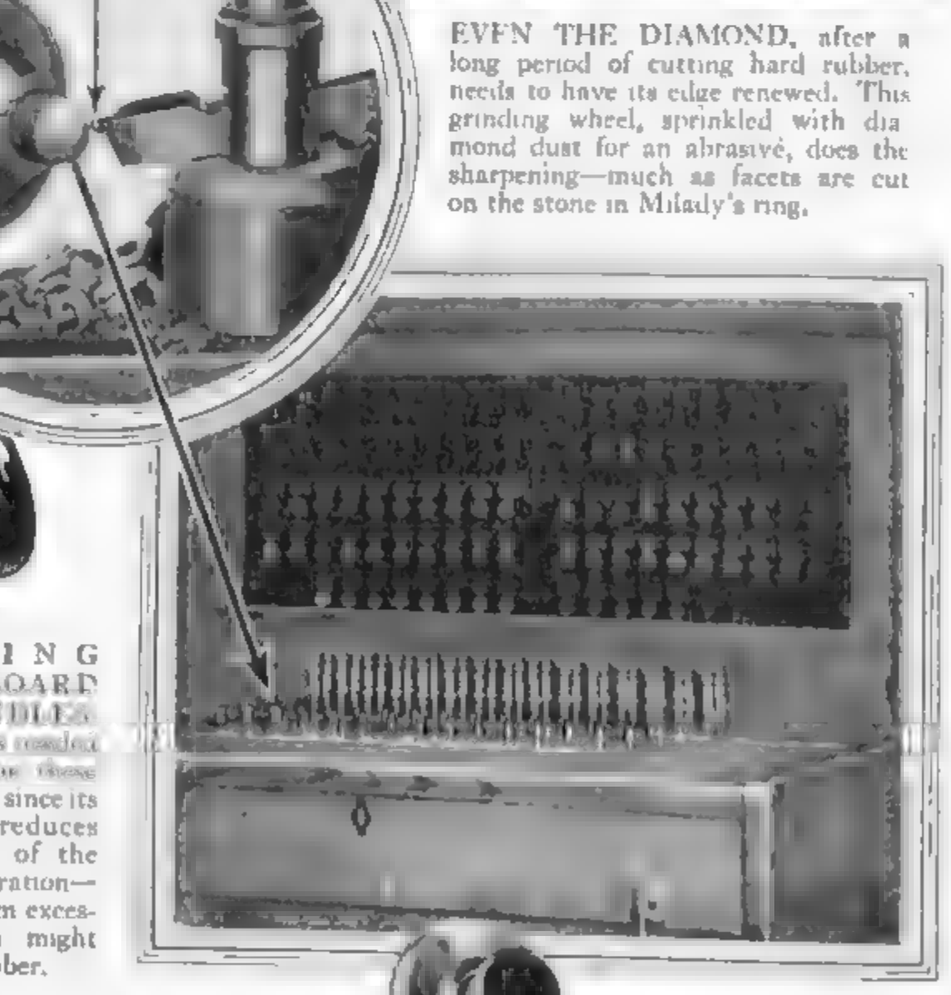
Yet it is a fact that the makers of your telephone find it a real economy to use diamond pointed tools in many cutting operations which require a sharp, hard edge.

On materials which would blunt hard steel in five minutes, there are diamonds in use here three months before their edge needs to be renewed.

Just another indication that Western Electric practices economy as well as speed and accuracy in the production of a telephone.

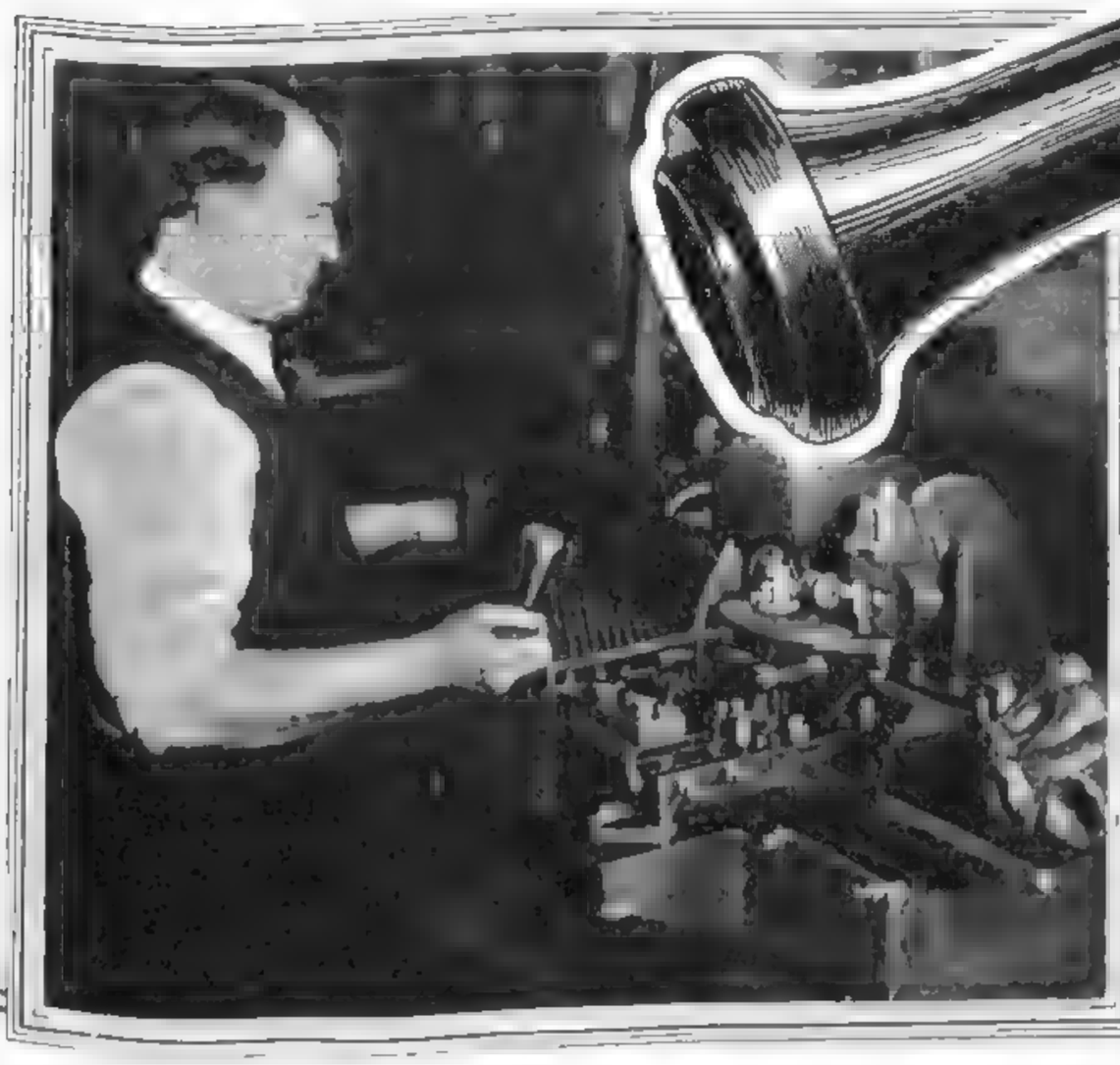
Western Electric

Since 1869 makers of electrical equipment



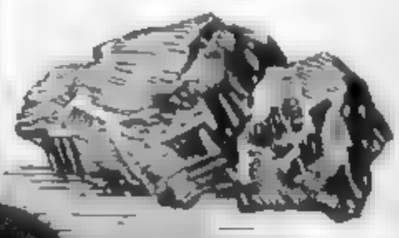
EVEN THE DIAMOND, after a long period of cutting hard rubber, needs to have its edge renewed. This grinding wheel, sprinkled with diamond dust for an abrasive, does the sharpening—much as facets are cut on the stone in Milady's ring.

TOOLING SWITCHBOARD KEY HANDLES. A diamond is needed in working on these rubber parts, since its keen edge reduces the friction of the cutting operation—and heat from excessive friction might melt the rubber.



YOUR TELEPHONE RECEIVER owes its smooth surface to the sharpness of the diamond. In the machine pictured here this jewel is trimming away the rough edges, to prepare the receiver for your hand and ear.

BLACK DIAMONDS TOO! A fact. Grains of coal inside the transmitter are a vital part of the telephone—its very "vocal cords".



SIKES CHAIRS
PHILADELPHIA

The Seventh Inning Stretch in Business

Believe me or not—these summer afternoons I would rather, much rather, be watching a good ball game than working away in my office. Sitting in the grandstand is one of the easiest and most interesting jobs I know of. Yet, along about the fifth inning that grandstand seat does get hard. The seventh inning stretch looks as welcome as a letter beginning "enclosed find check."

Now, if a man can't sit through a ball game without getting tired and cramped—is it any wonder you feel all in sometimes after sitting all day in an uncomfortable office chair.

That's a pretty long argument to convince you of something you already know, namely and to wit:

If office chairs were easier, there would be more and better work done in offices.

Ever hear of SIKCO—the Office *Easy* Chair? There's a dealer near you, who has a SIKCO. He wants you to sit in it. He wants you to feel how much difference it makes when a chair's back, seat and arms are curved to fit the natural curves of the body.

There is a SIKCO for you and the blonde stenographer. There's one for the office boy, the visitor and the chief clerk.

Drop me a line. Let me tell you who the nearest Sikes dealer is.

Sikes

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

Sikes office chairs are also made in every conventional pattern and design. In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

THE POETS' CORNER

An Ambitious Explorer

WHEN I read how men are prone
To explore in lands unknown,
Oh, it makes me long to start an expedition of my own;
Of excitement there'd be lots
In those tangled jungle grots,
And I would that I could hie me to those interesting spots.

I would flee to Eastern lands,
To the dinky desert sands,
I would march to martial music of the Arab scarab bands;
I would give some wicked winks
To the grave and solemn Sphinx,
And I'd ride upon a dancing, prancing pyramid, by jinks!

Then I'd toddle to a tomb,
And I'd pierce its ancient gloom,
And a lot of thingamummies I would probably exhume;
Then I'd haste away and seek
For a dusky, husky sheik,
And I'd casually kick him to the middle of next week!

Then I'd browse around a bit
Where the Syrian sirens sit,
And here and there with some of them I'd lightly, brightly flit.
Oh, a week or so I'd roam
Betwixt minaret and dome
And then I think by that time I'd be ready to come home.

—Carolyn Wells.

Medical Warnings

"IT'S getting you," the doctor said;
"I warn you for your sake,
It makes the liver quake and quiver,
Muscles twitch and shake,
It makes the brain grow dull and numb,
The heart backfire and shirk!"

Said I, "I think you must mean rum."
"No," said the doctor. "Work!"

"You cannot cut it out," he said,
"But cut it down, I pray;
It burns and gripes your tender pipes
And takes your wind away;
Heartburn and poison it begets,
And gloom and lassitude."
Said I, "You must mean cigarettes."
"No," said the doctor. "Food!"

"The normal, careful folk," he said,
"Most quickly pass away;
You aren't robust; I'll give you just
A month before you pay
The debt that no man may evade!"
Then I, in agony,
"You mean that Nature must be paid?"
"No," said the doctor. "Me!"

—Morris Bishop.

Lament for the Alamo

DAVY CROCKETT in his woodman dress,
His shirt of the hide of a yearling doe
And his coonskin cap and his rifle, Bess—
Dead he lies in the Alamo.

Ned the Bee-hunter with the coal-black curls,
Straight as a spear shaft, lithe as a bow,
With a song for the world and a laugh for the girls—
Dead he lies in the Alamo.

Colonel Bowie of the twelve-inch blade,
Gentle of speech and sure of blow,
Prone on the heap that his sword arm made—
Dead he lies in the Alamo.

Stout were their hearts the red week long
That they strove with the hordes of Mexico,
But their powder failed and the odds were strong—
Dead they lie in the Alamo.

Back to back in the slaughter pen,
Steel to the steel of a ruthless foe,
Travis fell with his nine-score men—
Dead they lie in the Alamo.

Gone from the wood and the waterside,
Gone from the haunts of the buffalo,
They ride no more where they loved to ride—
Dead they lie in the Alamo.

Texans, plainsmen, pioneers,
Pay the debt that your rifles owe:
Pay your debt of blood and tears
For those who died in the Alamo!

Remember the Alamo!
—Arthur Guiterman.

Divination

IT IS the time when violets peep
In sunny places out;
And bloodroot blossoms, half asleep,
Stand up and look about.

It is the time when trees put on
New dresses, crisply clean;
And meadows—tremblingly aware—
Draw o'er them sheets of green.

This time I know! For though I walk
A dusty city street,
The sky is blue, and strangely through
My heart blow faintly sweet,

Far off, dimly remembered things—
Things tremulously young—
And noise and dust and mortar are
But curtains, loosely hung

Between the magic of the spring
And my time-darkened eyes—
Along the edges I can peep
Into earth's Paradise.

So God, Who draws before my soul
The draperies of sense,
Yet leaves a crack, through which I gaze
On His magnificence.

—Mary Dixon Thayer.

DISTILLED WATERS RUN STEEP

(Continued from Page 13)

"Sounds like you was already dead, the way you talk!" says he. "Here you get a chance to see the whole entire world and be paid to do it. You play Honolulu, Japan, China, India and ——"

"There's no money in them gobble-hops," says I. "They are always a flop. Al, I don't care what the guaranty is. Brummer must be cuckoo, and anyways I'm not going."

Well of course Al wasn't going to retire without some sort of a wise crack.

"Better stick to the world where you belong, Marie," says he. "The welcome sign is always out at the office. When Mrs. Astorbilt takes hers in, come back and tell us all about it."

Then he hung up real mad, and I did so, too, and for a while I sat still, feeling awful lonesome and depressed but stubborn. I had my mind made up, and when either my mind or face is once made up it stays that way no matter what remarks about them are passed by my husband or by some man.

Well, the clouds are always darkest just before a storm, as the saying goes, so I might of known things would break for me pretty soon. And they did, for while I was still in the middle of the afternoon and my depression which had been increased on account I had found the bottle of gin in my bathroom emptied of everything but the flavor and filled up again with water, and Jim nowheres to be seen but probably sleeping it off somewhere, why, my solitude was rudely interrupted by that boob manservant with the first honest visiting card that anyone had tried to force past the outer office since our arrival on location. This time it was not Gents' Tailoring Neatly Done or Representing the World's Best Literature in One Volume, but a engraved one with the name of the president of the country club's wife on it—Mrs. Watterson, and a couple of jacks with the judge's name separate, stuck on the tray for luck.

"Is she really downstairs, or did these blow out of some passing ash can?" I says to Pie-Face.

"Mrs. Watterson is below, moddom," says he. "What shall I say?"

"Kiss her on both cheeks and make her welcome!" I says excitedly. "I'll be right down, James, as soon as I put on my other diamonds!"

Well, he gave me one reproving look and left me flat, and I instead of adding to my gems took off all but one, wiped the rouge off my lips, and as inoffensively as possible made a quiet and ladylike entrance onto our yellow drawing-room.

Mrs. Watterson was the kind of a lady that you can tell they are at their best when they have on all their clothes. By which I mean they wear expensive dark stuff with absolutely no snap, no make-up and no tricks. Her hat looked like it had just alighted on her head, and in a Mother Hubbard you could not of told her from the scrub lady.

She was not exactly my first choice—that would of been Mrs. Ethan Van Horne, who rated about 399½ in the local Four Hundred, but the wife of the president of the club was nothing to snicker about, especially under the circumstances.

"Mrs. Smith?" she says as though she didn't blame me for it in the least, and coming forward with the main paddle outstretched. "What a pretty place you have here. I am so glad to catch you, my dear. I should have come much sooner but I have been simply rushed to death!"

"Yes, it's been a busy two years," I admitted, determined she shouldn't catch me, not napping anyways. "But now that we have a little spare time it certainly is nice to see you."

I could tell right from the start that it wasn't a genuine visit, after all, but there was a hen on, some place. So we sat down and I waited, and pretty soon it hatched.

"Do you know we have been so surprised that you haven't joined the country club," says Mrs. Pres., wrinkling a smile at me. "The judge was speaking of it only yesterday."

"Well, if he was to sentence us to a membership we would not refuse," I says.

"Why, my dear, that's not necessary," says she, drawing a lorgnette on me and firing the first shot. "Didn't you know the membership is open? Any resident is welcome—you simply pay a fee, that's all. And to tell the truth we are badly in need of new members. This second golf course has cost a frightful lot, and we need both memberships and subscriptions—substantial subscriptions."

So that was the dope! Well, of course, the money meant nothing to us. So I says I will be delighted to sign any place she tells me, and then we commenced to talk about more refined subjects, such as art, and ect., and then we got on to books, and she was interested there too.

"You mustn't think because I am an actress, I am like that famous one with the tame book," I says. "We have a custom-made library with some fine first editions—Goldsmith, in particular, with the loveliest pink morocco binding. Would you like to see it?"

"A first edition of Goldsmith!" she exclaimed. "I certainly would! Do you know, Mrs. Smith, I had no idea we would be so congenial. You are just the sort of person we want in the club. There are such dreadful things going on there and I am sure you would be a good influence."

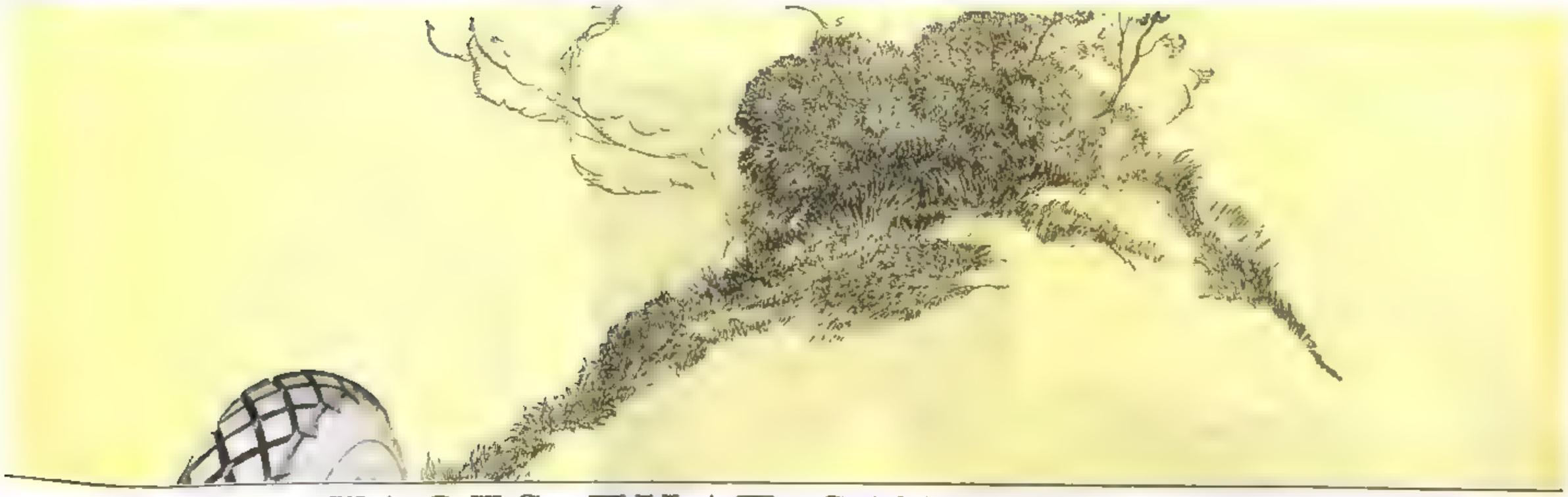
We was by now edging into the library and I was looking the shelves over. I could always remember the name because I and Jim had once been out on the Goldsmith Circuit for forty-five weeks, but there was several pink bindings. At last I located it, but I was in no hurry to show off to the customer. I turned languidly, my hand on the shelf.

"It's so good of you to say that," I drawled; "I do disapprove of that sort of thing. Drinking, especially. I never have a drop of anything in the house!"

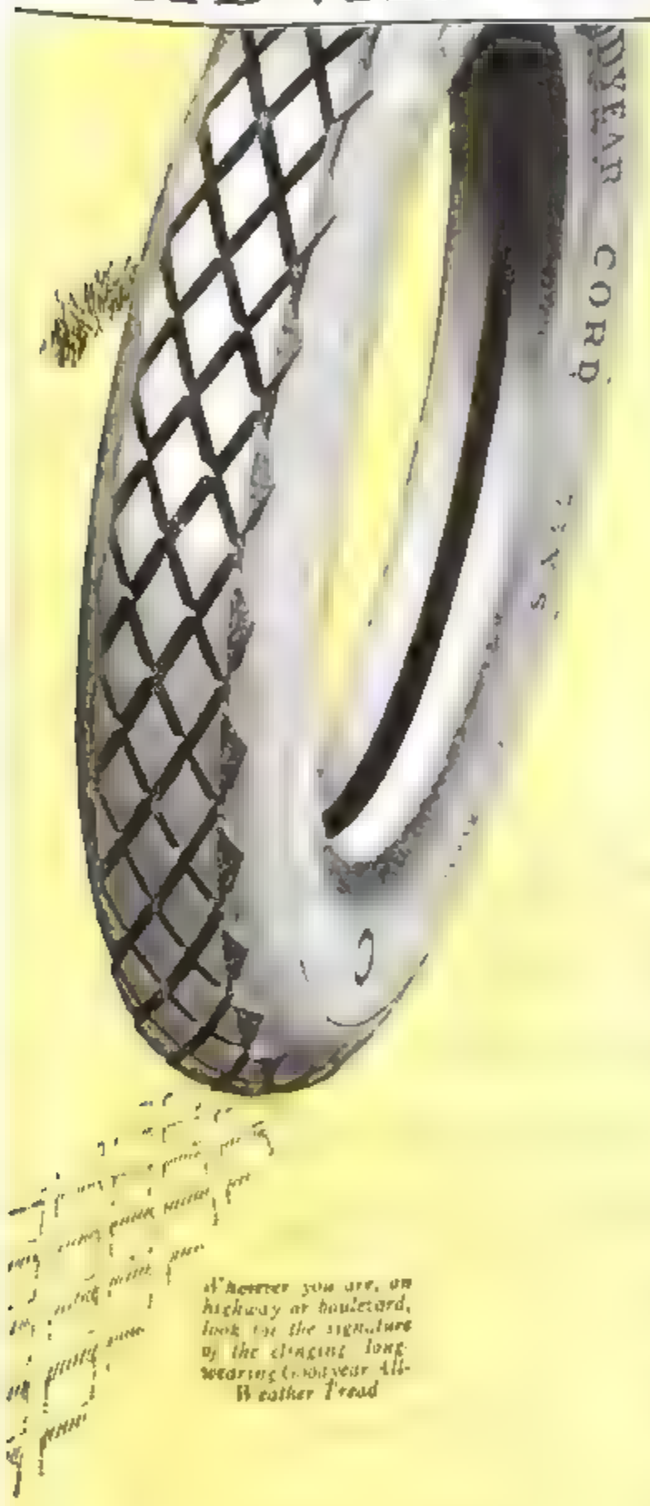
"You dear, sweet little woman!" says Mrs. Watterson. "I am delighted to hear it, for the strict enforcement of prohibition is my hobby, and I can't endure people who break the law."

"I quite agree with you!" says I cordially, and took out the book. Mrs. Watterson give a loud exclamation, but it was not at the beauty of the seventy-dollar binding of Mr. Goldsmith, for behind it on the shelf was a whisky bottle—a real, regular, undisguised whisky bottle with liquor in it, and a cork that had worn loose from

(Continued on Page 57)



ADVANTAGES THAT SAVE YOU MONEY



Wherever you are, on highway or boulevard, look for the signature of the clinging, long-wearing Goodyear All-Weather Tread

You know as well as we do the essential qualities in an automobile tire.

In the new Goodyear Cord Tire with the beveled All-Weather Tread every one of these qualities is strengthened and improved.

Consider for yourself the advantages in this new tire that save you money:

MILEAGE

The tread on the new Goodyear Cord is made from an extraordinarily dense, tough, improved rubber compound that gives longer wear.

ENDURANCE

The carcass of this tire is made from highest grade, long-staple cotton and embodies the patented Goodyear principle of group-ply construction.

STAMINA

The sidewalls of the new Goodyear Cord are thicker and heavier, offering greater resistance to curb and rut wear.

LONG LIFE

The double-molded process employed assures stronger unions between plies and between carcass and tread.

SMOOTHNESS

Reinforcing rubber ribs at the base of the blocks of the tread result in a stronger, smoother-running tread design; the beveled feature reduces vibration and strain as wear proceeds.

SAFETY

The non-skid qualities of the famous All-Weather Tread are preserved without sacrifice, insuring the utmost in slipless, safe travel.

ECONOMY

In quality and construction this new tire is the finest Goodyear has ever made; it costs less to use in the end.

SERVICE

The new Goodyear Cord with the beveled All-Weather Tread is sold by Goodyear Service Station Dealers, pledged to help you get from the tires you buy all the mileage built into them at the factory.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

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"A trademark is a mark by which the wares of the owner are known in trade. Its object is two-fold: . . . . . to protect the public from imposition . . . The trademark brands the goods as genuine, just as the signature to a letter stamps it as authentic." Coxe, J., in Shaw Stocking Co. v. Mack, 12 Fed. Rep. 707, 710.

For Better Prints for You

To protect our Kodak customers and to protect those Developing and Printing establishments which, by using the best materials, endeavor to give their customers the best possible results, we have made Velox paper identifiable. The trade name "Velox" is printed, faintly, on the back of every sheet—readable but not obtrusive.

Negatives made by the professional photographer under the soft and well-modulated light of the studio demand one kind of paper and those made by the amateur under harsh light conditions require another kind. No one paper can properly serve both purposes.

Velox is the only photographic paper made exclusively for printing from amateur negatives. It exactly meets the requirements of amateurs and amateur negatives.

If your finisher uses the best possible paper —even though it costs him a little more—it is an indication that he is using the best possible equipment and chemicals, and employing capable workmen. In short, your films have been left in careful hands.

Look for "Velox" on the Back

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

NOTE: The Trademark on every sheet does not apply in Canada as yet.

(Continued from Page 54)

usage. Without any doubt Jim, knowing he could always find that bright pink set of books, had parked the thing there, thinking it would be perfectly safe on account we are not exactly constant readers.

"How extraordinary!" says Mrs. Watterson, cold as ice. "I—er—really, it is very interesting, but I think I must be going. Good afternoon!"

Well of course a thing like that certainly does take all the sail out of your wind. I hadn't any words to say except good-by, and I watched her go, my mind heavily occupied with Jim, and the leading question had a jury in this state ever electrocuted a lady for murdering her husband?

Well anyways, no matter how little Mrs. Pres. Judge Watterson liked our liquor, she hadn't objections to our cash, and in due time due notice of our dues in the country club crowded into our morning mail, and the world I had been looking forward to so long lay open at last.

Well, our country club had all the outward thumb marks of being the real thing, with a water front, and Japanese lanterns, and ect. And when you dashed by the outside of it in a car and seen the Vanderbilts' cousins or somebody chatting gayly with the chief steward, he being the only other human in sight, why, you would say well, it's quiet now, but I guess they have some pretty good times Saturday night.

But as soon as you are a new member, why, you commenced to realize it was less lonesome outside. The first night we belonged we dashed down to get a lot of fun but the Rosemere Country Club, Inc., don't employ any glad-handers to introduce the young folks the way the White Kittens Theatrical Ladies' Mutual Benefit does at their balls, and so our dash come to a sudden halt when we reached our table under the Jap lights, where ma and I and Jim ate our table-d'hôte and made gay little smiles and cracks at each other, hoping to kid the rest of the gang into thinking we was having the time of our life but failing to have it. I even caught myself saying "How quaint, my deah!" out loud to Jim. Nobody could say we didn't know how to give the correct appearance, for this wasn't the first big society-at-play set we had been on, not by any means.

Well, we seemed to be having such a good time that nobody dared to interrupt us, much as we would of enjoyed it, and about half past ten o'clock Jim says "I can't stand this no more. I gotter have a drink." And I come pretty near to seconding the motion. And so, nodding brightly to the head waiter, who returned it with grave dignity and not much enthusiasm, we tripped away early, registering that we was too pressed with other engagements to stop on at the dull old club any longer, if you gather the drift.

Well, I am capable of punishing myself socially pretty near as well as any other normal woman, but to have paid out a thousand berries in order to be let in on a big night like that was nothing I would subscribe to for myself again, and for the next month I didn't crowd the place at all.

Not so the male members of my family. There is something about clubs and men, and mine caught it easy. From the second day on, Jim commenced practically to live over at it, coming home once in a while to a meal. And as for Junior, he beat it over with his father first thing after breakfast, and I certainly did love to think of them two boys meeting all the fine first families, and getting the good of associating with high-class people. Jim was drinking some, but only when he could get it, and that was not often in our home. I found just one hidden bottle, behind the window curtains in the guest room, during the whole time, and felt quite a little encouraged until the first of the month come and I started to check over the bills.

The very top one was from the country club, and the leading item made me sit up sharp. It was this: "To one hundred and ten ginger ales—$110.00."

"They must be crazy!" I says aloud to myself. "Believe me, they will have to show checks to that effect over somebody's signature before they get their money out of me!"

The next number on the program was pretty near as bad.

"To sixty-one lemonades ——"

"Well, here is another humdinger!" I says. "Nobody drinks sixty-one lemonades—it can't be done!"

And I commenced frantically pawing through the attached slips. Pretty soon I had the goods on my men, for Jim and Junior between them had apparently signed away the club's entire liquid stock, Jim for rye and ginger ale, and Junior, my baby, my little six-year-old, had been treating the gang to lemonades and signing for 'em like a regular hardened old-timer!

Well I didn't care for that a little bit. To think of a kid that size being let make his mark for drinks of any kind! What was the big idea, anyways? And as for them adult items of Friend Husband's, well, no wonder he was so fond of the club and the healthy country life he was leading at it, exercising and everything. I thought bitterly, well his elbow muscles should be developing fine by now! Here I intended shoving him into the refinements of high-class suburban life to keep him sober, and all the time I had merely handed him a grand opportunity for getting it served in the right kind of glass!

While this fatal evidence was still trembling in my hand, the door opened and in come Junior. He flung both arms around me and give me such a sweet kiss it was awful hard to turn around and bawl him out, and maybe he didn't count on that!

"Marmie, I don't want any girls to my birthday party," he says right off the reel. "I want it stag, and I don't want to dress."

"Jimmie!" I says. "Where on earth do you get that way?" I says. "Of course you want some nice little girls and a cake—with seven candles, see, and one more to grow on."

"Oh, marmie, that's old stuff!" says he. "We'd rather be just boys together. The girls always want to dance. Let's have chocolate cigarettes and some soft drinks, and cut out the cake."

"Junior," says I, taking real notice now and alarmed all the way through, "will you please tell me where did you get such notions? And these checks you signed! Why, my baby! It ain't natural! I won't have you doing and saying such things "

"Well, daddy does it," says he sullenly. "All the kids at the club signs checks and give stag parties. Their fathers and mothers do, marmie."

Well, that was a thought, and it stopped me short. But all I says was, "Well, run along dear, I will talk to you more about it later." When it come to six-year-old club members calling their elders, and with cause, why it was certainly high time for me to give our social center the personal once over.

Well, to make a long story into a synopsis, I spent most of my time and intelligence at that club the next few days, and discovered for one thing much raucous laughter from the locker room where it seems the men had originally used the lockers for stabling their mashers, putties, and other assorted golf sticks, but now these had been crowded out in favor of another kind of stick—the kind that goes so good in ginger ale. A listening wife could at most hours locate her husband's laugh down there, but be helpless against it. After eighteen holes of golf they would have nineteen bites out of the bottle and about the time the family commenced telephoning to say have you forgotten dear that the Whoosis are coming to dinner tonight, why, the husbands would all be giving three rusty cheers for nothing in particular, and the wetter the rustier.

As for the idle-rich Jr's., they went, from five years up, to dances; masquerades was given especially for them, and all other phrases of country-club life allowed when they had ought to of been tucked in their downy after a little bread and butter and apple sauce. At the age when I personally myself was concerned entirely about jelly beans and jack stones, the up-to-date ten-year-old girls and boys was fretting about jazz records for the club phonograph or signing for club sandwiches.

Well, I have not been a observer of life for years without I have learned to size up things pretty quick, and nobody interrupted me in my field observations, not even scarcely to bow to me or say good morning or anything. Especially Mrs. Van Horne, the million per cent social leader, who when she passed me on the club porch, why she would look right through me and count the cracks in the floor behind. But I put on the old arctic shock absorbers and stuck it out, and the conclusion I come to was that if the president, Mr. Judge Watterson, and wife realized what was going on at the club, why, they would stop it, especially the drinking. After her walking out on Jim's cached liquor there could be no doubt of that, and so I decided I would go return her call because I didn't want it

The Need for Oats

Is now—in summer

The oat as a vim-food has age-old fame.

It supplies 1810 calories of energy per pound, which is twice as much as lean meat.

And children at play need a wealth of energy.

The oat is the food for growth.

It is one-sixth body-building protein. It supplies 16 food elements needed for growth, including 12 essential minerals.

Thus every day of every month brings the need for oats. There is no season for this greatest food that grows.

Some like Quaker Oats served cold in summer. Some like it with sugar and butter. Serve it as they like it best, for the oat dish is important.

For flavor's sake, get Quaker Oats. It makes the dish doubly delightful. Yet this premier brand costs you no fancy price.

Quaker Oats

How they excel

This brand is flaked from the finest grains—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds of such flakes from a bushel, for all the small, flavorless grains are discarded.

That is why Quaker, all the world over, is the favorite brand of oats. Millions of mothers send overseas to get it.

It is at your command at your nearest store, if you say that you want Quaker.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

AMERICA'S LEADING SEMI-SOFT COLLAR

ARATEX
SEMI SOFT COLLARS

They do not wilt or shrink ~ They do not crack at the fold or sag down and spread open in front-and The size stamped on an *Aratex Collar* is the size you get and it stays that size.

35¢ each 3 for $1.00

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
ARROW COLLARS

Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc. Troy, N.Y.

anyways, and at the same time enlist her help if I had to conscript it.

Well, these Wattersons had an estate, as it is called, on the same block with ours, and so I thought I will just walk over as if we was neighbors in the other sense as well, and drop in on her informally, meaning without informing her in advance. I had an idea that maybe if I could catch her in her kid curlers, why we would sort of get on a more clubby basis and be able to have a real talk for the good of our families and the community.

This estate of theirs was one of them cordial-looking little places with about seven gates in a seven-foot wall and each gate had a sign saying "this way out" on it. Anyways that was the only kind I could find, and so in despair I at last chose one of them and strolled up the path towards the house. When I had pretty near got there I all of a sudden seen that I had come to the back door, and was just going to turn around and try could I find the right road, when my eye was not only arrested, but fined and sentenced to thirty days' hard labor.

I had stopped just inside a big hedge of Sharon roses which had me concealed like an Indian, but I could see through it, and there on the back steps was Mrs. Judge Watterson, the lady booze hater. She was not in curl papers, but what was even worse, she was in conference with Lew the bootlegger!

"Now, Lew," she was saying, "the judge said I was to tell you that the last was not real Gordon at all. He thinks it was denatured ether, and so do I, for I tried it myself. He also said I was to tell you that the club won't take another penny's worth of liquor if you can't prove yourself more reliable in the future."

"I never in the world sold any stuff that wasn't absolutely honest," Lew come back at her earnestly. "On my honor, Mrs. Watterson! You tell the judge he needn't worry; that gin was Gordon all right. Of course I'll admit it was new stuff, but it was distilled."

"Well, you may leave a case, then," says she, "if you positively guarantee it."

"I sure do, lady," says Lew. "And how about the new load—do I send it to the club?"

"Yes, I believe so," says she. "And you are to see the treasurer, Mr. Dickerson, about the bill, as usual. Of course you understand, Mr. Lewis, we only get this ourselves for strictly medicinal purposes—my husband's condition—his heart ——"

"Oh, sure, I understand," says Lew. And about then I beat it softly the way I had come, feeling my call to of been a complete success

And yet you couldn't hardly say I went on my way rejoicing, because I get more kick out of thinking how fine folks are than relish over finding out they are a mere pickled herring. This was especially true in the case of a respected judge and president of our country club, even such as it was, and I walked home real depressed.

Hardly had I got there than in come ma like a middle-aged typhoon, her hat on one side and her arms full of bundles.

"Phew!" she says. "My, but I had a busy day!"

"What on earth have you got now?" I says, immediately curious.

"A pamphlet on Beautiful Alaska," says ma, offering it. "I just dropped in to the Northern and Western office and got a little information and rates, in case we was ever to want to go, and they give me this booklet, and ——"

"Ma Gilligan," I says, wild, "I hope you didn't use my name! You know I got no intention of going anywheres near Alaska!"

"Oh, well, I merely mentioned you was my daughter, and that I always traveled with you," says she. "And besides, the both of us may very easy want to go to Alaska when Madame Luella hears what has happened."

"What do you mean?" I says, sitting up.

"Them snakes, Romeo and Juliet," says ma, laying off mopping her forehead and dabbing the handkerchief to her eyes instead. "The poor darlings that Luella give me to keep for her."

"Yes?"

"Well, I can't remember where I put 'em!" wailed ma. "I just got a postal from Luella saying she will be down soon to give 'em decent burial, and I can't find 'em any place!"

"Is that all?" I says in relief. "A good riddance! Perfectly disgusting, they were, and you and madame had ought to be ashamed of yourselves keeping a thing like that which can't possibly do anybody any good! Now if you had troubles like mine, why that would be really something to think about!"

"Troubles?" asked ma, opening her eyes at me. "Tell me at once, Mary Gilligan, what you been up to?"

"It's the country club," I says, and told her the whole story. "Oh, ma, do be sensible and talk to me. I want to do the right thing but I'm not sure what it is!"

"Hold on, dearie," says ma, fumbling around among her packages. "I got a pamphlet about that! I just dropped into the Do-the-Right-Thing movement offices this afternoon and they gave me this as very free ——"

"Ma lay off!" I says. "You and your pamphlets!"

"Well," says ma, getting up, bundles and all, like a erupting volcano, "you are silly not to use what information you can get in this world, especially when it's free. I'm going off and try can I find where I put the snakes. I hope I locate them before Luella comes!"

Well, that is just like a family, they will help you devotedly when convenient to themself. I realized I would have to handle the scenario in my own way, and as I stood thinking so, I noticed ma had dropped some mail she had brought in and forgot to give me. I picked it up, and the first one was the notice of the annual meeting of the Rosemere Country Club, which was to be held that very night.

One sentence in this ordinarily dry literature got my attention right away. This was to the effect that suggestions by members would be welcome for discussion. And as I read it, a idea come into my head and commenced to rattle around. I and Jim would go to that meeting and I would pass out a few remarks from the floor, and survive it on account my husband would be there to protect me.

So when Jim come home that afternoon only just a little tight, why I was real hopeful and says now see here, Gorgeous, you sober right up, we are going to the club and start something about people who drink, and I don't want there to be anything on you, and Jim says, rightho, I haven't a thing on me, go ahead and feel my pockets, go on do. And I did, because sometimes he will say that, hoping I won't. But for once he had made a correct invoice, there being nothing but the conventional handkerchief, keys, ect. And so I went to get dogged my very trickiest, and come down hopefully to dinner, and there was Jim at the dignified stage, and all the open-faced suit he had on was an unbuttoned golf waistcoat ma knitted for him. My heart went down into what there was of my evening slippers at the sight.

"James La Tour Smith, you been drinking again!" I says, just as if he didn't know it.

"Not a drop!" says he so solemnly he almost had me convinced for a moment. "Where would I get it? You know there's nothing in the house."

"Jim!" I says. "Where is it? Tell me at once! You ain't fit to go out tonight, but I'm not going to leave you anything, either!"

"Not a drop in the house!" he declared again.

By now I was pawing over the furniture on the glass porch, which is where we were, for I knew by his voice it was hid there. But I couldn't find it right off, even after looking everywheres except the bird cage, which was covered for the night. So at last I snatched away the cover, and sure enough there was the wreck of a bottle of Scotch, right in the cage with the canary, who had huddled as far away from it as possible, and no wonder. I pulled it out and shook it at Jim. The bottle, I mean.

"Ain't you ashamed, corrupting not alone this household but its innocent pets?" I says, furious. "Oh, Jim, you are breaking my heart."

"Why, glory to goodness!" says Jim "How come that rough bird to park away all that hooch?"

At which I left him in despair and my limousine, and beat it off to the club without any dinner, determined to take it out on the members since I couldn't accomplish anything at home.

Well, the club was all lit up, but in the sober way a club is when a annual meeting is about to be committed; kind of solemn and cheerless in spite of a fairly good-sized crowd. The dancing floor had camp-meeting chairs on it, and on them sat the

Continued on Page 60.

A He-Man Combination

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE popularity of Mennen Shaving Cream is deep-rooted. It is no mushroom, nourished into a brief day of prominence by extravagant claims.

When introduced ten years ago, it was a revolutionary improvement over all known methods of softening a beard. Every man who tried it, liked it. Its superiority was so self-evident as to arouse genuine enthusiasm. Probably no other product made for men has been so talked about.

Advertising has simply induced men to try it. Shaving cream cannot be sold on illusion. A beard has no imagination. It comes off gently or ungently, according to its condition.

Just why is it that every user sticks to Mennen's?

First: it possesses an almost miraculous power to reduce a beard to a condition so soft—so peculiarly non-resisting—that literally all the discomfort of shaving is done away with.

Second: after a week or so a wonderful improvement is noted in the skin. Men who suffered for years with irritated, pimply skin, have written me that the trouble disappeared for good when they began to use Mennen's. That, of course, is largely due to the presence in Mennen's of a remarkable skin soothing emollient known as Boro-glycerine.

Mennen's works perfectly with cold or hot water. Its full-bodied lather is positively non-drying. You don't have to rub in the lather with the fingers. But the big things to remember are that Mennen's gives comfortable shaves and keeps skin in great condition.

50c in the big, economical home size
35c in the convenient travelling size

MENNEN Talcum for Men is all that any man needs to realize the ultimate comfort of beard removal.

There's something about the impalpable delicacy of talcum, added to its nursery and beauty associations, which gives rise to the impression that it is effeminate.

As a matter of fact, talcum is a scientific and highly beneficial skin protection. Its prophylactic virtues are many.

Talcum is highly absorbent. Each microscopic speck is a sponge. Now moisture is injurious to skin if allowed to remain in the pores. It is irritating—even poisonous to very delicate skin. Talcum dries more perfectly than a towel.

Talcum for Men places on the face a velvety film which protects against wind and sun. It is antiseptic.

But Talcum for Men is a genuine he-powder. It is compounded, tinted and perfumed exclusively for masculine skin.

The average man would rather that his attractions grow on people gradually. He doesn't like to have his face covered with white powder.

Talcum for Men positively doesn't show on the face. It blends into the color of the skin. Another thing—it removes the shine which is apt to result from shaving.

Talcum for Men is, of course, an all-over powder. A talcum shower is great after a bath—keeps clothes from sticking and prevents chafing on hot days.

A large tin of Talcum for Men
costs 25 cents at all druggists'

MY SPECIAL OFFER: I don't believe in the principle of giving away merchandise. Anything good enough to use is worth buying. But a number of friends of mine have told me that the only way to convince a lot of men is to show them first. My friends say, 'If you are sure that every man who tries Mennen's will continue to use it, why not offer a free trial?"

I have offered right along to refund purchase price to anyone who bought a full sized tube and wasn't satisfied, but just for once, as an experiment, I am going to try the other way. If you will fill out and mail to me this coupon I will send without charge a demonstrator combination package.

Special Offer Coupon—good for this week only

THE MENNEN COMPANY, 345 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

Send me without charge, Mennen Shaving Cream and Talcum for Men as per your special offer.

Name

Address

Business Address

"Comfort costs only a dollar—buy Topkis"

"NO NEED to nurse a hot-weather grouch when it's so easy to get Topkis Underwear with its breezy fit and soothing fabric.

"And you'll get better quality and longer wear for your dollar than you usually look for in higher-priced union suits."

Topkis keeps you comfortable on the warmest day because it lets your skin breathe.

The ideal Topkis fit makes you feel as if you were clothed in air. Topkis hangs easily and naturally from your shoulders, scarcely touching your body.

No skimpiness about Topkis. Large armholes. Extra long, extra wide legs.

Every Topkis garment is guaranteed full-size. Pre-shrunk to *stay* full size.

Topkis wears well, too. Only the best nainsook and other high-grade fabrics, carefully tailored.

That's the kind of athletic underwear you get for One Dollar when you ask for Topkis. No reliable dealer will ask more—but many say it's *worth* more.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75¢ per garment. 75¢ for Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits, and Children's Waist Union Suits.

In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

Buy Topkis by the Box—Six Union Suits for $6. Some men pay as much for three suits—but they don't know Topkis

Ask for TOPKIS Underwear. Look for the Topkis Label.

Write today for free booklet
"Comfort from Neck to Knee"

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices 350 Broadway, New York City

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

(Continued from Page 58)

king-pins of our social leaders. Also a few of the dumb-bells. I personally myself could not see why they didn't use the gymnasium, they would of felt more at home. They were all of the older set with eyeglasses and authority; the class that crabs but would lend no gayety to a festive scene not even at 8 per cent on their money or any other inducement.

Well anyways, I slipped into a back seat, while the secretary, who had been reading the minutes for several hours as the custom is, droned on another little while. Then at last the sec. finished and after the regular business, the meeting got down to brass tactics.

First off the bat, Mrs. Van Horne got up and swallowed a few refined remarks of which the audience could only catch a few high ones like "a burning shame to our community" "these wild young people" and "should be more representative as our future ruling class." Then she sat down, trembling at such a rash thing as a lady like herself speaking to a semi-public, as it were, audience. After which the chairman, who was the judge himself, got up and gargled a few comments on our respected community, our flag, and Merry Christmas.

That is how it sounded to me on account my mind was already on the speech I was going to make my own self, and with it sticking in my throat and crawling hot and cold up and down my back and making my ears feel red and all other normal symptoms of incipient amateur speech-making, why of course it was pretty near impossible for me to hear what the others had to say.

One speaker I did get, however, and that was when Mrs. Bone Dry Wainright got to her elastic side-wheelers and commenced one of those noble clubwoman speeches.

"As I understand it," says she, "we are here tonight to discuss what can be done toward changing the attitude of the younger members of this organization. There is no question but that a great deal of drinking has been going on among our débutantes and the boys of their age. And other objectionable features have arisen as a result. I think I need not go into too many details. We all understand the situation and that it cannot be permitted to continue. I, for one, suggest that the house committee post notices to the effect that no couples be permitted to leave the ballroom between dances."

She sat down, amidst a light sprinkle of applause, and no sooner had she than Mrs. Newton, one of our most rejuvenated matrons, with three daughters on the market, popped up to protest.

"That would never do!" she said. "It's an insult to our daughters. The club will never stand for it."

"I propose a committee on behavior be appointed," says a deep voice behind a long white double beaver at the rear of the hall. "We will draw up a strict set of rules and see to it that these young people obey them!"

Everybody commenced buzzing out of turn, then, and the fight was on, one suggesting more chaperons was necessary, and amidst all this our president and his wife was particularly under the spotlight of righteousness, and I was under the necessity of speaking my piece pretty quick or bursting. Finally I caught the judge's eyes, and he give me the high sign, and while a terrible silence come over the room, I stood up.

"Our distinguished new member, Miss Marie La Tour, has the floor," says the judge, and they all give me the abstract once-over like I was on the screen and couldn't feel it. But I have made many a personal appearance, coming out before theater audiences at the end of a big new feature and saying dear friends, I love you all so much, I thank you for this warm reception—so I was not entirely nervous. Only this time a warm reception didn't even enter into it, and as I went on talking I commenced to wish I had brought at least a light wrap.

"Mister Chairman, ladies and fellow members of this association," says I, "this business of a lot of drinking and general bad behavior among the young folks is no light matter, nor one we have any right to kid ourselves about. Not alone do the debs pull a rough line, and the boys, too, but the little ones—the small kids from six to sixteen are pulling a altogether too realistic parody on the bigger crowd. This sort of thing, well, it is certainly a serious business and it ought to be stopped. What is the use in us sweating to earn a fortune for our children if we don't bring them up good, clean citizens on that money? None! This loose living is all wrong, and unless we stop it, and clean up, the radicals will have a mouthful to say about us, and we will have no come-back!"

This got a pretty good hand, and when the enthusiasm had died down I went on, real earnest now that I had, as I thought, the crowd with me.

"But where does the whole trouble come from?" says I. "These kids don't get that way out of their own heads. They pull that line because they see us doing it, that's why! If we look at the matter perfectly honestly we will admit that we, the parents, are to blame, and that most of our kids have got something on us, one way or another. Ladies and gentlemen, if such we really are, a parent's good example is just as valuable today as it ever was, and most of our children are not getting it. Our boys drink because our men drink—right here in this very club, and we all know it! They gamble because we gamble—we call it playing bridge for money, to be polite—but it's gambling just the same, and the nicest mothers of the nicest girls are doing it. Some of us flirt and pull a rough line of stories after a few of our illegal drinks—and maybe our kids don't know that, either! How can we bawl them out unless we ourselves first get in a position to do so without a come-back? I'm in favor of a house-cleaning in this club, and I'm in favor of getting right down to fundamentals and beginning with ourselves. Let's cut out Lew, our bootlegger, and take a good look in our mirror. And then let's draw up a new set of house rules and enforce them with no exemptions. This club is the natural center for our social lives. Why not make it safe for our kids by making it sanitary for ourselves?"

Well, the burst of silence which greeted these few well-chosen sediments could of been noticed at Times Square and Forty-second Street. I had been talking so fast and earnest I had forgot the audience. And for once I give a performance and was the only one there who enjoyed it. I stood in the quiet like a lone pine tree or something, and then sat down and let the storm break. A lady I didn't know got up at once, her voice trembling.

"I—I consider the remarks which have just been made an insult to every mother in the club!" she bleated.

And then the buzzing began, folks whispering refinedly but indignant, and slipping me a few dirty looks.

"If Mrs.—or is it Miss La Tour—means to insinuate that there is anything alcoholic being sold in this club," says Mrs. Newton, arising to a tower of wrath, "I must say I simply cannot imagine what has given her such an absurd idea. Personally, I have never seen anything of the kind."

"I didn't insinuate it," says I quickly. "I merely stated the fact."

"Ladies, ladies!" says hizzoner, getting up and raising his hand—a four-flush, and maybe I didn't know it! Well anyway, "Ladies," says he, "don't let us have a scene we will regret! Can't we look at this thing quietly and reasonably? A member has made a grave charge. I think she is mistaken in the matter, but never mind that, for the moment. Supposing that a—er—certain—er—amount of alcohol is consumed by the older members of this club whose maturity and good judgment perhaps permit them to do so with dignity and discretion—why, surely there is a vast difference between that sort of thing and allowing the young people to do the same. I cannot see that the two situations have anything in common."

"Mister Chairman!" says I. "It's against the law, in either case."

"Ahem!" says he. "My dear Mrs. Smith, don't think that I haven't a proper appreciation of your zeal. But allow me to inform you that cleaning up the illicit sale of liquor at all times and places is a difficult matter. You say you know it is being sold in this club, but I suppose you will admit only a moral certainty, and even I would be powerless to act under such circumstances. The evidence must actually be there—the dealers caught with the goods, before an arrest can be made. The matter had—er—perhaps better be left to—er—people who are experienced in the running of an organization of this type."

"Judge," says I, "if I get the evidence on Lew, will you do anything about it?"

"My dear lady!" says he, shocked. "What a question!"

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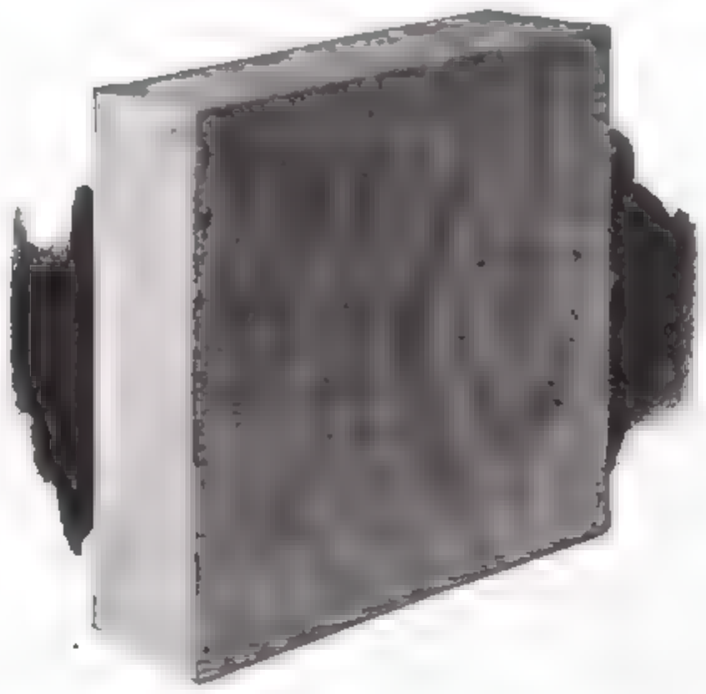

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CULTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL BUMP

(Continued from Page 60)

"That's what I thought," says I, gathering up my wraps. "Well, I'm going to catch him. I'll act in the matter if the club won't. I'm sorry I spoke, and I think my husband and self had better resign our membership here. I realize I'm not doing it right, but I may as well speak now as write you later. This club is, I frankly admit, too hot for mere working people like ourselves. And now that I am thoroughly in wrong with you all, I may as well add one last word. You are making a big mistake, friends. This business of claiming exemption from the laws made for folks who have no country clubs or money to join them, grows a contempt for you in the minds of the big mass of the people. The well-known common herd of which I am admittedly one, will get the idea that Bolshevism or monarchy are maybe not as bad for the country as you are. And the real, important part of it is that you are educated people—college boys and girls, and so forth. For if the mob sees educated people show contempt for the law when it interferes with their pleasures, sees them take no proper care about raising their kids, gambling for money and protecting bootleggers, why the common people get a contempt for education itself, and that's a serious thing. I don't want to hang any unnecessary crape, but I'm just warning you, that's all. And now good-by, and I hope there is no real hard feeling on either side."

Well, I took up my toga and started to go home then, with the annual meeting whispering and sniggering and staring. I'd done it all wrong and been pretty raw, but at least it was off my chest and I had told it right to their face.

I was making for the door, my head high and my face burning, when all at once a surprise was served by Mrs. Van Horne getting up very conspicuous and coming toward me. Right in front of everybody she took me by both hands.

"My dear," says she, "I think you are absolutely right. We older people are to blame, and I, for one, sincerely hope you will reconsider your resignation and help us do the necessary work. We are really not so bad as you think us—only grown rather lax with too much prosperity."

"Thank you, Mrs. Van Horne," says I, completely floored.

"At any rate, let me drop in and talk to you tomorrow, may I?" says she. "I am sure you and I are going to be friends."

Well, I went home tickled by the notice Mrs. Van Horne had taken of me, but more than sick at the same time about the club To think of old Judge President pulling a line like that after what I knew about him! Of course he didn't know I knew, but still, that only made it more so.

All night, pretty near, I ramped around, boiling mad, distressed, without the foggiest idea of how to start my job. Jim was sleeping loud and heavy in the next room, and the sound give me moral courage. My main thought was to catch Lew on account that was something definite, at least. And so at last I went to bed all wore out with having appeared a fool to no avail.

Well, I have often noticed that when a person is sincere and truthful and wants the right thing, they generally get it. Also, that most of our troubles are wished on ourself. Such, for a sample, as Jim's hangover the next morning. He woke up with a head like a balloon and a tongue like a piece of old shoe leather, or so he claimed.

"Never again!" says he, struggling out of bed. "I'm off the stuff for life."

"Well, James Smith, I hope you mean it this time," says I coldly. "You got it memorized pretty good, anyways!"

"I'll say I mean it!" says he. "Oh, baby! What a head. Where's the ice water?"

"Here!" says I weakly, bringing him some, but speaking indignant. "Not that you deserve it."

"I don't deserve a thing but a good swift kick!" says Jim sadly. "I'll be O. K. soon's I have my bath."

"You'd better had!" says I.

There followed a silent sequence of about a hundred and twenty feet showing the morning life of the estranged couple, and then Jim broke out in a rash of truthfulness.

"I got to have a drink!" says he.

"Nix!" says I. "Don't pull that one again. You'll just plain quit, see? And today is a nice day for it!"

"Huh!" says he. "You don't know how I feel, Marie. I'm dying on my feet. Just a little one—please!"

"I haven't got a thing in the house!" I says firmly.

"Well, I have," says he, brightening as a sweet memory come over him. "I hid a bottle some place last night. I wonder where that was."

"Jim, you make me sick!" says I.

"Believe me, not as sick as I feel right now," says he pulling on his pants and bathrobe. "I'm going around and locate that liquor before I die of what ails me."

Well, he beat it at that, and with a sigh of despair I, being by now all dressed, went down to breakfast, which while I ate what little I could of it, a card was brought in to me by Pie-Face, our second man and of all people who would be calling but old Judge Watterson himself!

I left my raised biscuits flat and went right out, and there was the judge all pink and shaved and looking like a big schoolboy who had been sent to see the principal.

"Mrs. Smith," says he the minute I got in the room, "I have come to tell you that you are right. I'm ashamed of myself—blind old fool that I am! Your impulsive speech last night was like a clean wind blowing freshness and sweetness into a stuffy room. A lot of us over at the club have been pretty stupid about our behavior for somehow or other this—this—er—prohibition doesn't seem to be taken as seriously as it should be. We have been at fault, but I'm with you from now on, and you can count on me in every way!"

"Thanks, judge," says I, pretty near ready to cry, I felt so good. "Do sit down and let's talk a little."

"I can only stop a moment now," says he, "as I am on my way to court. I merely had to come and confess. But I'll drop over this evening if you say so. We want to get after this business without any delay."

Well, little did he realize what a mouthful he was saying at that minute. But I begun to feel that something was going to happen, the way a person who is as psychic as myself does when a premonition or something is near. Next moment I looked over the judge's shoulder into the room beyond, and there to my horror was Friend Husband in his bathrobe, bottle hunting. He had give up the curio cabinet in despair, ignored the record cabinet, and was making for his good old stand-by, the fireplace with the gas logs.

He reached it in another minute, put in his hand, pulled out a bottle, and then, dropping it with a horrible yell that rang through the house, give one mad dash for the window at the far end of the room.

"Good heaven, what was that?" says the judge.

"Jim!" I shrieked, running after him, the judge close behind me. "Oh, what is the trouble?"

We was all three running like the very devil by then, Jim with a big start ahead of us. But fast as we clipped I had time when we passed it, to see the bottle he had dropped but fortunately not broken, and it was ma's bottle with the two unburied snakes in it belonging to her friend Luella. Then I saw Jim on the windowsill and forgot everything else.

"He's going to jump!" I screamed. "Oh, save him, save him! Jim honey, don't jump! The snakes is real!"

But my words come too late. Jim give a flying leap and disappeared. From outside come a crash of glass, a shout in another male voice, then Jim's voice cursing, and a general row. I reached the window next, but not much ahead of Judge Watterson, and looking out we saw a fine sight, because Jim had landed square on top of Lew, the bootlegger, who had evidently been on his way to the back door with a little package which was now dropped on the gravel and broken and smelling to heaven while, as you might say, the merchant and his customer rolled over and over. Lew got to his feet first.

"I thought it was the bulls!" says he. "Say, Mr. Smith, you'll have to pay for that stuff as well as for what ain't broke!"

Jim scrambled to his feet and wiped his face with shaking hands.

"Take it away!" he says in a hoarse voice, backing off and waving, frantic. "I'll pay you—but take it away. So help me, I'll never drink another drop as long as I live."

"Pay him, Jim, and take one bottle!" I yelled, as he looked up, kind of dazed.

I guess Jim was too dumb with fright to realize what he was doing, but he obeyed, luckily having a few dollars in his pants pocket. And as the deal was made I grabbed the judge by the arm.

"Evidence!" I whispered. The judge leaned out the window.

"Hey, Lew!" he called. "I'm on my way to court—and I think you might as well come with me."

About an hour later I burst in on ma in her pink flannel wrapper and private sitting room, which it is the truth she keeps it like a pigsty.

"Ma!" says I. "Where is that free illustrated booklet about cruising around the world? Because we are going, all of us, as quick as ever I can cable Brummer and tell him the glad news I and Jim are going back to work. The tour of the Orient is on!"

"No daughter of mine shall ever do no Oriental dancing!" says ma in righteous wrath. "So if you are thinking ——"

"I'm all thought out!" says I. "Where's the free pamphlet?"

"I don't know where it is this minute," says ma, looking hopelessly around the room at her piled-up junk. "I don't see what you want to make such a fuss over a little thing like going around the world for, anyhow, when I got such troubles on my mind. Here's Luella coming this very day to give them snakes decent burial, and I can't even find the bottle. I've looked every place, but I can't remember where I hid it, and all I could find was this quart of gin that Jim had parked in the parlor fern stand!"

"Well, let Luella give the gin decent burial, instead," I snapped.

Ma smiled delightedly.

"Why, that's very sweet of you, dearie," says she. "If there's an orange or so in the house, I'm sure we will be glad to."

FRIED EGGS

Continued from Page 18

"She's too honest, confound her," grumbled Sapp. "Say, I wonder if the old boy's going to stand around all through this test."

The old boy did! People with important business hunted him down and went away with it undone; Izzy tried to agitate him with Sam Black and Zeismann; and Strathers, pondering his insults, sent him a resignation on the set; but all these things were trifles light as air compared to the testing of Doramay. The Old Man supervised the job himself; a clever little bit of backlighting here, a baby spot touching the edges of the curly brown hair, another where it would show that pretty turn of her neck, a shadow in the sockets of the eyes. He knew all the tricks, did old David. Some of the lights he placed himself; and it was he who told Benny when to crank and when to stop; he who told Sapp what emotions and what poses to try her in, and watched the filming of each foot like the wise old owl that he was.

And when the test was over he allowed Doramay to take him by the arm and lead him gayly off the lot for a shopping trip; while business, important business, which had awaited his coming, could wait, or do anything it liked. He was young again, was David Schusshel!

"Well," said Izzy Iskovitch, "I only got one hope", and he headed for the laboratory, where Doramay's splendidly filmed photography would be developed. The boss of the laboratory owed his job to Izzy, and the man who owes his job to somebody must always be prepared to take the chance of losing it—for somebody.

IV

IN the low-lying part of Los Angeles there are streets so narrow and crooked and squalid, and so teeming with men and women of many mingled races, that there is quite an Old World flavor down there; and in one of the narrowest and dingiest of these streets, in the narrowest and dingiest little pawnshop to be found anywhere, sat Uncle Solomon Iskovitch, in a black skullcap, with a black glossy beard and a red nose; and through the spectacles he peered in slow speculation at the smartest member of the Iskovitch tribe.

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 62)

"Zeismann?" he said in that low, smooth voice which brought him so many customers. "Zibeon Zeismann? I don't remember any Zeismanns, but I'll ask my son Leon, and he's got plenty of friends in New York that he can write to; and I'll tell my son Morris to ask all his friends in the real-estate business; and I'll write to my daughter Judith to ask around in Chicago. She knows lots of people in the music business that meets everybody. And Abie, out at the race track in New Orleans, has maybe two or three hundred people that he asks about their families. And maybe Enoch can pick up some news at that school he goes to to learn radio. And Esther's husband in St. Louis meets all the people in the theater business. So I guess maybe we find out something about this Zibeon Zeismann that's a stone in the road of your business, Izzy. Where did he come from in the old country?"

"I don't know," returned Izzy, smiling, for already his avenues of information concerning Zeismann were spreading out like the slats of a fan. If each one of Uncle Solomon's six children were to make inquiries from ten people each, that would be sixty; and if each of the sixty were to make inquiries of, say, ten more ——

Uncle Solomon shook his head slowly but continuously from side to side as he pondered.

"I'll ask my old friend Jubel Heimhocker. He knows everybody that ever emigrated from Poland, and his wife knows everybody that ever emigrated from Rumania. I'll go right over and see Jubel now."

So saying, Uncle Solomon, with that generous teamwork which made the Iskovitch tribe a solid entity to be reckoned with en masse when any member of it was in trouble, or in prosperity, led the way out and put in his window a little card, "Be back in one hour," and locked the door of his shop and went trudging flat-footedly but majestically down the street like the patriarch he was, his long coat tails spreading broadly in the breeze, while his nephew, with much business still to do, hurried away in the other direction.

Uncle Abraham Iskovitch had sandy whiskers that became his rusty business, for he was a junk dealer, and all day long was surrounded by old iron. Fairly prosperous was Uncle Abraham, for he had four wagons out, ramshackle affairs drawn by bony horses, jangling wabbly bells; but he did the sorting himself, for none had the eagle eye that he had to detect a stray cogwheel or a usable machine part amid the cast-off stuff, and none could figure so deeply into the intricate fractions possible in a cent.

"Zeismann?" he said, throwing into a yellow heap a cracked nut and slipping a whole one in his sagging pocket. "Zibeon Zeismann? I never knew anybody that's got the first name of Zibeon. I don't know any Zeismann, either."

"It ain't what you know; it's what you can find out, Uncle Abe. Who all can you ask, besides your Frank an' Marcus an' Edom an' Festus, an' Eva an' Elsa an' Beth's husbands?"

"Well, there's all the cousins of my boys' wives and my girls' husbands," considered Uncle Abe, separating his sandy beard into two convenient ropes and hanging to them with his heavy hands while he thought. "Then there's my four junk collectors and their families, and my wife Bertha's coffee-klatch crowd, and I guess maybe it'll be a hundred I can ask, Izzy."

Uncle Julius Iskovitch kept an installment furniture store, and in a narrow aisle piled to the ceiling on each side with dust-grimed and cobwebbed chairs, high, low and rocker, Uncle Julius took on his share of the trailing of Zibeon Zeismann. His whiskers were brown and short and sparse and curly, and grew in patches, with bare spots between. He was not a patriarchal-faced man like Uncle Sol, not a bumpy-featured man like Uncle Abe, but a thin-faced man with dyspepsia and a stiff neck, and a long-tailed cutaway coat that wrinkled like a washboard from the middle of his back to his collar.

"Well, I ain't got so many children like Sol and Abe; but I guess my son that's a rabbi and my son that's a clinic doctor can get as much gossip as them. Then there's my two lodges and my pinochle club and my burial association that I've spent money to help bury more than fifty people and ain't had a death in my own family yet. Somebody has got to know a few Zeismanns, anyhow. Say, Izzy"—and he put his hand on the shoulder of his favorite nephew, who had made each of the Iskovitches 300 per cent on Ernest Sapp's picture—"little Izzy, Joseph's boy, it's too cute for anything. He says, 'Say, gran'pa, when I grow up can I go in the picture business like my Cousin Izzy, and be a rich man also?' Say, Izzy, when you got your own producing business I guess you might find a place for little Izzy, ain't it?"

"You bet you my life!" promised the potential magnate. "When I get my producin' business there'll be a place in it for every Iskovitch that can make good, an' if they don't make as good in it as anybody else, out they go!"

"Sure!" agreed Uncle Julius, well satisfied.

So spread the net, until every Iskovitch was enlisted; Uncle Isaac, who had whiskers that sprouted straight out from his chin, and who kept a delicatessen store with more kinds of pickles and pickled fish than could be found anywhere else in the world under one low roof; and Uncle Nathan Iskovitch, whose whiskers bulged sidewise, concealing his ears, and who was the literary member of the family, keeping a secondhand bookshop and reading industriously, between customers, all day long; once he had waited twelve years to finish a book that a customer had bought in the middle of his reading; and there was Uncle Eli Iskovitch, who kept a little secondhand clothing shop with a ghastly blue front, and whose fiery red whiskers depended long from each side of his face, but were short in the middle. They were the whiskers of a big man, though Eli was small, and he was most amazingly stupid for an undersized person. He knew a man once who had killed three children and hid 'em in his cellar, but his name wasn't Zeismann, it was Abelwatz; and he knew another man once who had a wart on his ear and stole fourteen dollars from a blind man; but his name wasn't Zeismann, either; it was Mengelfeld. Eli narrated this evidence with a stolidly flat eye of China blue; while Aunt Sadie, with an equally stolid flat eye of China blue, listened with open mouth, corroborating Uncle Eli with nods of her head at every comma; but both Eli and Sadie had mouths with which to ask, and children and friends and customers. Last but not least was Uncle Mosche, a little fat man like Izzy's father had been, the only one of the tribe without whiskers or children, a gentle, smiling little fellow who sat cross-legged all day long in his tiny pants-pressing shop, and who, like Aunt Hannah, equally little and equally fat, adored Izzy, and would go to any lengths to serve the boy. All set and working before Izzy went to bed up over Uncle Mosche's shop; and by the time all the slats of the Iskovitch fan got working, and spread out and out in a swiftly multiplying fan tracery, it would make a net through which Zibeon Zeismann would have to shrink himself smaller than a gnat to escape.

V

YOUTH, ah, youth! David Schusshel had it; and it took the form, in him, of checkered spats and patent-leather shoes, a fancy vest, a new, narrow-brimmed panama slanted down over one eye, an amber cigar holder with a gold band, and a little rattan walking stick, all these and sundry being the result of one afternoon's shopping with Doramay, who got only a jeweled cigarette case. The entire lot strolled casually up front to get a peek at the reissued David, and those who were entitled to speak to him told him how young he was looking and went away to snicker; for if there is any one aphorism on which all peoples have agreed with no dissenting vote, it is that there is no fool like an old fool.

The tributes to his youth pleased the Old Man, and flattered him; but there was one stern eye before which he quailed. Between himself and Izzy Iskovitch, since the day that gangle-shanked boy had come on the lot to be his lowly lobbygow, there had been a candor that disdained camouflage. This was the only truly honest eye into which David could look, and now its frank disapproval could only be fended by resentment. After all, he was the boss.

"Is that test of Miss Bernhardt ready yet?" he demanded in a bad humor which was enhanced by the fact that his feet hurt him. He hung up his immature hat and flopped down at his desk; and, finding that stern eye still on him in cold judgment, snapped, "I asked you a question! Why don't you answer it?"

"Yes!" snapped Izzy. "Say, you look awful tired. I heard you was tryin' to dance them fancy new steps out at the swell road houses last night till three o'clock, an' you ain't used to it. You look old around the eyes."

"I don't!" repudiated the boss indignantly. "I'm full o' pep. Everybody says how young I look. Tell them to put that test on right away."

"It's waitin'."

"Why didn't you say so?" And David jumped up abruptly, paying for it with a wince.

Izzy followed slowly to the projection room. The boy was half sick with disappointment. Not once since Schusshel's arrival had he seen that frank, open friendliness that had so attached him to the Old Man. Glumly they filed into the projection room, but with the first click of the machine the Old Man sank back comfortably to enjoy the sweet young charm of Doramay. As the little lady appeared on the silver screen, however, Izzy, in the darkness, suppressed a snicker; for David suddenly stiffened and sat forward and grumbled unintelligible grumblings in his mother tongue. Instead of the young, young thing who had been so carefully lighted, here was a creature with hollows in her cheeks, vague suggestions of lines around her eyes and most unpleasant curves at the corners of her mouth! Great are the wonders of science, for the sabotage that had been wreaked on the fair countenance of Doramay Bernhardt was artistic, elusive and deadly. That laboratory man had proved himself a wizard in bringing up foggy films, in brightening dead ones, in making a softness as good as a soft focus in concealing unpleasant lines of age and character; and now he had worked it backwards, so that David Schusshel's find had twice her age and half her charm. Moreover, having been a photographic retoucher before he went into motion pictures, he had most deftly retouched parts of that film by hand. It was a new one on David, and it puzzled him.

"By golly!" he growled. "If I hadn't supervised it myself, and knew nobody had an interest in doing it, I'd swear she'd been jobbed. But how as sweet a little girl as that can take a test so rotten I don't see!"

No comfort in the voice that came out of the darkness.

"You ought to know it yourself that these stage beauties don't always screen well. It's mostly color they got, an' that comes out whatever way the photography happens. An' she can't act! I guess all she did on the stage was walk across an' roll 'er eyes down on somebody in the fourth row, an' take a bouquet from some old geezer in a box that wants to make a fool of 'imself."

The Old Man looked in Izzy's direction askance, but he dared not betray that the marksman was shooting at him.

"She don't have to act," he declared. "All she's got to do is screen pretty and have appeal, and the cameraman makes her screen pretty and the director makes her appeal, or else I change cameramen and directors until they do!"

"That's out," scorned Izzy. "The baby-face chickens is losin' money, an' the new stars has gotta have ability. They gotta know their business. They gotta have somethin' to give the public besides lookin' sweet in soft focus against a lotta mornin' glories. Now, you take Prudence Joy that's on your lot right now. She's already a hit with the public, an' she's pretty, an' she's got ability, an' she can make 'em cry. If you was gonna hand out a star contract for two years o' leads an' three years o' starring, why don't you give it to Prudence?"

"She's too old, Izzy," said David regretfully. "She's a fine little actress, but she's too old to make a star out of."

"Thisn o' yourn don't look so young on the screen!"

"She gets another test. If that don't turn out good, she gets tests till they do. . . . What do you want, boy?"

"Mr. Zeismann's waitin'," came a scared voice from the door, and David rose.

"Hold on a minute!" begged Izzy. "This Zeismann is a pretty slick old bird, Mr. Schusshel, an' I guess he knows all the tricks. I'm startin' inquiries, tryin' to get somethin' on Zeismann myself, an' ——"

"Dammit!" exploded Schusshel, and Izzy stared at him breathlessly. It was the first time he had ever heard the Old Man swear. "Ain't I the boss of my own plant any more?" And out he stalked.

Zeismann came into the faded old red private office, bowing and cringing and smiling and fawning, with the same grime

A Ford that rides like the "King's Kerridge"

HUMPS, bumps, holes, ruts and the like hold no terrors for the Ford owner whose car is equipped with Hartford Shock Absorbers. No need to slow down—he glides along with the ease and comfort he once envied in Hartford-equipped cars of much higher price.

Hartfords are distinctive in principle and in results. Hartfords exercise a quiet, constant control over both compression and rebound. They keep the natural spring action within comfortable limits, absorbing vibration and smothering jolts and jars.

Hartfords for Fords are easily attached. Clamp-on fittings; no holes to drill. (You can put them on yourself, if you wish.) At your dealer's. $25 per set of four. F. O. B. factory.

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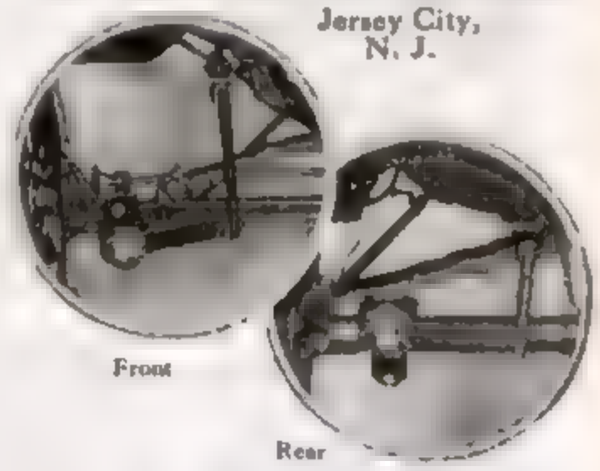

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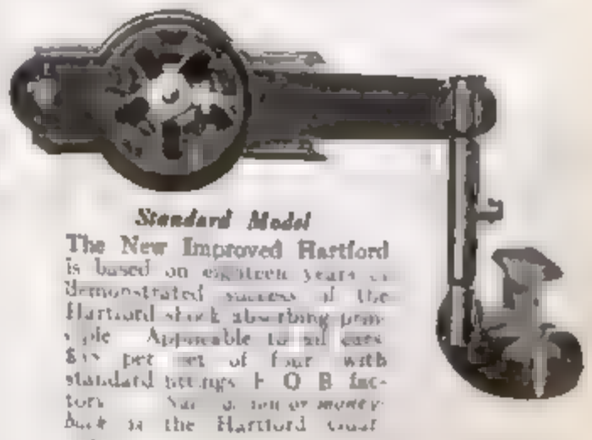

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"Makes every road a boulevard."

THE WORLD'S FASTEST SHAVE

Why slow shaving harms and ages the skin

To keep the face youthful, treat it correctly

By O. C. STACKHOUSE, M. D., C.M.
(Noted dermatologist and director of the Cosmo-Plastic Institute of New York City)

"TO men seeking advice as to shaving and who want to stay young, I invariably prescribe as follows:

"'Shave once over with a super-keen blade for it's a close, clean shave that keeps the skin in healthy, youthful condition."

"I have studied shaving for years in connection with dermatological research. There is a right way and there are many harmful ways.

"I have studied razors and I have observed effects. Too many men mistreat their skin—thus encouraging old age before its time—yet this is the age of young men in business. A youthful face is an asset. Premature age is a handicap.

Not vanity—but good business

"I am particularly partial to the Valet AutoStrop Razor, making this decision after careful investigation. Its efficiency lies in its remarkable blade, the keenest cutting edge I have found, and in the accuracy and adjustment of the blade to the razor.

"Shaving fast, once over, means cutting the hairs with precision, no pulling, no irritation, no scraping, no lugging at the hair roots to invite eruptions and roughness.

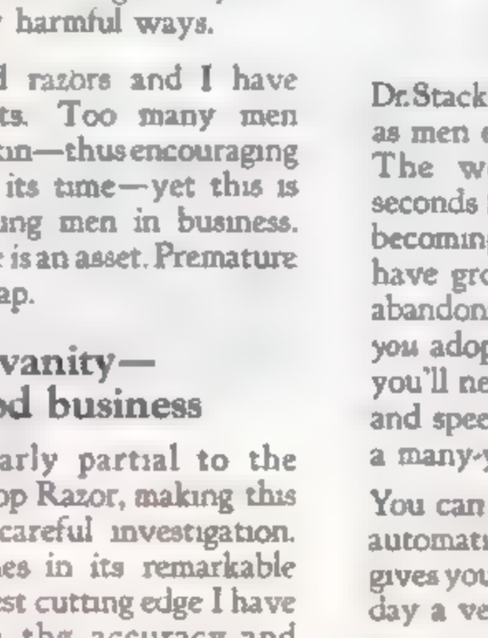
"Slow shaving, over and over the same spot, brings what is called 'pulling'. This first distorts the tiny muscles surrounding each hair, later injuring the muscles of youthful expression. From abrasions come tiny scars which later contract, causing skin irregularities. In addition, abrasions invite infection. For all these reasons, I advocate the speed principle developed in the Valet AutoStrop Razor. It is best for the skin."

Try it—men!

Dr. Stackhouse's advice is authoritative, as men everywhere are discovering. The world's fastest shave—78 seconds from lather to towel—is fast becoming the national favorite. Sales have grown enormously. Men are abandoning slow, harsh razors. Until you adopt a Valet AutoStrop Razor you'll never appreciate how comfort and speed have been combined. It is a many-year development.

You can use new blades or you can automatically sharpen them. Either gives you our super-keen blade. Every day a velvet shave.

Buy a Valet AutoStrop Razor today—for sale everywhere—$1 to $25, according to finish, case and number of blades. Feel the difference on your face—how much smoother! Note how it is restored to healthy condition and stays healthy.



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Enclosed is one dollar ($1.00), for which send me one of the Model C Valet AutoStrop Razor sets complete.

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apparently on his hands that he had worn when he had interviewed Strathers; and he laid his frowzy hat on the corner of Schusshel's desk, almost as much to David's distaste as it had been to Strathers, for David was finicky about personal cleanliness.

"Vell, Mizder Zhuzzhel," said Zibeon, drawing up a chair softly and spreading his coat tails and seating himself comfortably and clasping his hands together, "I guezz maypy they dold you I vand to puy zum of your old gozdume fillums."

"I'm in a hurry, Mr. Zeismann." David eyed him coldly, for no outsider could dislike Zeismann so much as one of his own people. "You want to buy my Romeo and Juliet, and you want to sell me Sam Black's Evangeline. How much?"

"Vell, Mizder Zhuzzhel, Mizder Plack's Effancheline is a fery vine fillum, and ——"

"It isn't worth as much money in the market as my Romeo and Juliet with Rodolf Armand," interrupted David, his eyes beginning to narrow and his lips beginning to relax in spite of his dislike of Zeismann; for bargaining was an abstract idealism, a game for high stakes, with dollars as the counters, a thrilling pursuit, an occupation as absorbing and as breathless to some men as the pleasures of the chase to others. "If we were to trade even, Mr. Zeismann, I would be the loser."

"You vill have your leedle zhoke, Mizder Zhuzzhel," and Zibeon opened the gap in his whiskers to emit a perfunctory cackle. "You know this is my biznezz, and I pought Effancheline to maig a brofit. I maig vifty touzand if I tistribute it, and I maig vifty touzand if I zell it to you, or vy should I zell it?"

"Because whatever little you can get out of me is sure money, and your fifty thousand is a gamble," grinned David. "I guess maybe we'd better go at it from the other end, Mr. Zeismann. How much is your first offer for Romeo and Juliet?"

"Vell, if you had a touzand tollars for thad old fillum thad's only usin' up vauld zpaze it could pe a touzand tollars bedder than vad you got now, yez?"

Izzy, outside the door, strained anxiously to hear that conversation; but since neither Mr. Schusshel nor Mr. Zeismann was excited over this bargaining, preferring to take it leisurely and enjoy it, their voices were only a confused mumble for five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen; then Izzy heard Doramay's cheery chatter at the outside gate and went straight in.

"Excuse me, Mr. Schusshel, but Miss Bernhardt is comin'."

David nodded briefly at him. The creases of contest were still on his brow and he was wiping his chin with a fleecy white handkerchief, whereas Zeismann was grinning.

"You are jusd in dime, my younk vriend," said Zibeon, extra hawklike of down-hooked nose and beady eye and pointed crest. "You gan pe a vidness do our ferbal gontract. Yez, Mizder Zhuzzhel?"

"His negative of the Earthwide's Evangeline is in New York, Izzy," David curtly explained, again out of patience, for he felt that he had lost a point or two with Zeismann. "As soon as he delivers me that negative I am to pay him thirty thousand dollars—twenty-five thousand cash, and my old Romeo and Juliet at a valuation of five thousand. Does that satisfy you, Mr. Zeismann?"

"Yez, Mizder Zhuzzhel." Taking his frowzy hat at last from David's clean desk, Zibeon bowed and bowed his acquiescence. "You hear it, my younk vriend?"

"Yes, I hear it," reluctantly admitted Izzy. "The negative's in New York, an' it'll take anyhow several days to get it here." Whereupon he opened the door wide for Zeismann, who bowed himself out.

"Well, Izzy," said David, "you'll have to cut the corners close now on Evangeline to hold down the cost."

"Not another nickel! If I was the kind of fellow that could have maybe thirty thousand dollars leeway on a picture, I wouldn't be any good. Evangeline's figured to the lowest cost that'll make a good picture. If I skimped it like Bert Hodges used to do, then they'd say a coupla years from now when they looked at the books, 'Why, this Evangeline cost two hundred thousand dollars! Where did the money go? It ain't in the film! Who was lookin' after the costs? Izzy Iskovitch!' I lose any way you fix it."

Just then, to add to his gloom, Doramay came breezing in, amid billows and billows of pale-canary georgette and platinum fox: bright color on her cheeks, bright sparkle in her eyes, and looking sixteen from her trim ankles to her curly brown hair. As David Schusshel gazed at her the vexations of the morning dropped away from him. He stepped blithely forward to greet her without a trace of a wince, and as she took his arm she cast up at him a smile that dazzled and bewildered and electrified him, though not the gloomy onlooker.

"Come on! You have to take me to luncheon, and then there's a thé dansant and —— Oh, I forgot! How did my test turn out?"

"Not so good"; but as the pout came on the curving lips of Doramay and her child-like eyes showed the deep, deep hurt, David patted her on the smooth shoulder and added hastily, "But it's all right. You get more tests till they do turn out good."

"Then do I get that contract?" she asked him with charming exhilaration while she retied his crinkle-edged bow, and as her soft fingers touched his chin he grinned like an imbecile.

"Sure!"

"Do you hear that, Izzy? Mr. Schusshel has given me that starring contract!"

"Yes, I heard it," the loser grudgingly confessed, jamming his fists deep into his pockets; then Doramay took down the Old Man's saucy little hat and set it on his head with much admiration of his debonair jauntiness and dragged him straight away from his nassy old business.

"Dammit!" said Izzy Iskovitch, and it was the first time in his life he had used the phrase.

VI

WHEN Dixie Day gave a party you came at whatever hour you chose, in whatever kind of clothes you happened to have on, and you told your chauffeur to come back before daylight and stick around. Not that there was anything so particularly thrilling about Dixie's parties, but she was such a hearty soul that a good time was bound to be had by all. Lots of room in her big house, plenty to eat and drink, the guests owned the place, and along about midnight they slipped Three o'Clock in the Morning on the electric phonograph and let Dixie stop the music when she turned off the lights at sunup. Practically everybody on the lot above a certain salary grade was invited, for Dixie played no favorites; and if her house had been larger she'd have lowered the entrance requirement.

All aglow was the festive scene, with pink and purple lights, and pink and purple and scarlet costumes, and blue and green and yellow. Six or seven couples were dancing round and round, with extra bobs and dips whenever the music hit the clock-chime motif, while on every softly cushioned couch and around every softly cushioned chair were groups talking shop. Somewhere in Hollywood there might be wild doings, and probably were, as in Greenwich Village or Central Park West or Michigan Avenue or Hyde Park or the Champs-Elysées; but also all over Hollywood there were parties just like Dixie Day's this night, where the gin and orange juice might flow, but was sluggish as compared to the tireless dissection of who flopped, and why.

Leave it to Doramay Bernhardt, David Schusshel was there in the very midst of all the gay gayety, for Doramay was doing a thorough job of it. She was giving him the time of his sweet young life, and holding him up when his feet gave out. A little fagged, the Old Man looked, for he'd been doing this sort of thing for four solid days and nights now, and the M. P. C. had seen no more of him than if he'd been on a trip to Europe. Also, his eyes were contracted to two keenly shining little topaz points: but ever on his countenance there was the beatific smile of one who has arrived at the height of earthly bliss, where nothing could disturb or jar, and nothing mattered.

He was a sensation, was the rejuvenated David; the beau of the ball, the focus of all smiling eyes and the pivot of all jovial tongues; but there was one who sat back quietly in her cushioned group and watched and waited with the same marvelous patience by which she had made her steady upward climb—Prudence Joy, and in her clear blue eyes there was a trace not only of worry but of indignation.

The phonograph was telling the correct hour for the first time that night when the watchful waiter, talking learnedly about Longfellow with Hartley Danforth, who was doing The Deerslayer and could only discuss James Fenimore Cooper learnedly, noticed symptoms in old David. He had been slowing down for the past half hour, the topaz points were dulling, and there was

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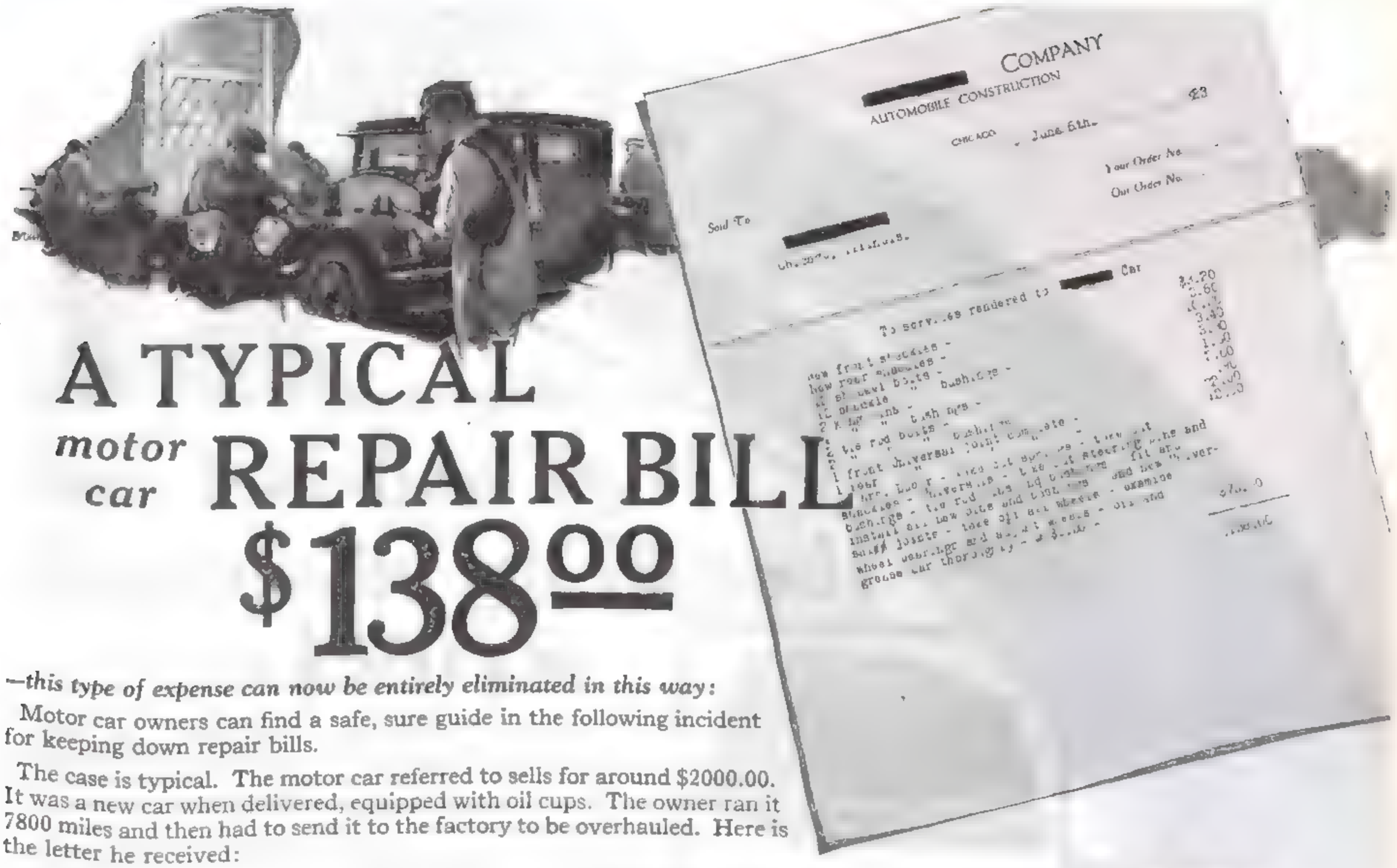

A TYPICAL *motor car* REPAIR BILL $138.00

—this type of expense can now be entirely eliminated in this way:

Motor car owners can find a safe, sure guide in the following incident for keeping down repair bills.

The case is typical. The motor car referred to sells for around $2000.00. It was a new car when delivered, equipped with oil cups. The owner ran it 7800 miles and then had to send it to the factory to be overhauled. Here is the letter he received:

May 1, 1923

Dear Sir:

"The car owned by Dr. . . . . has been received here at the factory. We have noted the contents of your letter very carefully, the matter has been handled by our shop superintendent, and he reports as follows:—In the chassis, the shackles are loose and worn, the universal joint sloppy, wheels loose, and chassis as a whole rattles badly.

"He puts an estimate of $60.00 as necessary material to condition the chassis. There will also be approximately 50 hours labor on the chassis. In addition to labor charges there will be a 5% tax levied on material.

"Of course, there may be some difference in the final bill—but we assure you we are not trying to make money on service work here at the factory, but are merely trying to deliver the very best service possible, and we always hold these jobs down to a minimum. Yours very truly,"

Charging labor at the ordinary garage rate of $1.50 per hour, this bill amounts to $138.00.

This type of repair bill should be entirely unnecessary now. Fleet owners, who keep careful records, have proved this.

Take 15 minutes every 500 miles to lubricate your car with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System, and you will cut your repair bills in half. The Yellow Cab Co. of Chicago cut their operating cost 1¾c per mile by putting in a system of regular lubricating and inspection. (Total saving of about $1,000,000 per year.)

Every Yellow Cab is equipped with Alemite, and an inspector checks over every fitting every day. If a single one is missing it *must* be reported and replaced as promptly as a flat tire.

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You cannot minimize the importance of this. Just apply Yellow Cab savings (1¾c per mile) to your own mileage. It will save you from $70.00 to $180.00 per year. Just as it would have saved the $138.00 repair bill above.

On Your Car?

Most good cars come equipped with Alemite. The manufacturer has put it on to save you just such repair bills—and it will if you use it.

Lubricate your car thoroughly every 500 miles and note the difference—not alone in repairs—but also in easy riding and in elimination of squeaks. You can lubricate your entire car, in a few minutes with Alemite and you know it is done thoroughly.

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Under the average running conditions, Alemite will save its cost five times over in a year.

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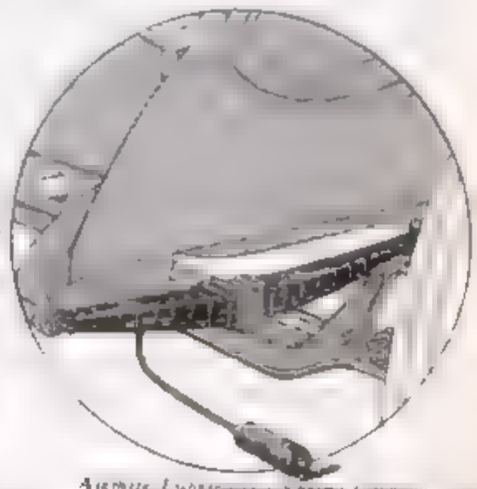
The Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System can be used with either oil or grease. But for best results we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure solidified oil especially adapted for our System—has all the virtues of oil, but is sufficiently solid to "stay put"



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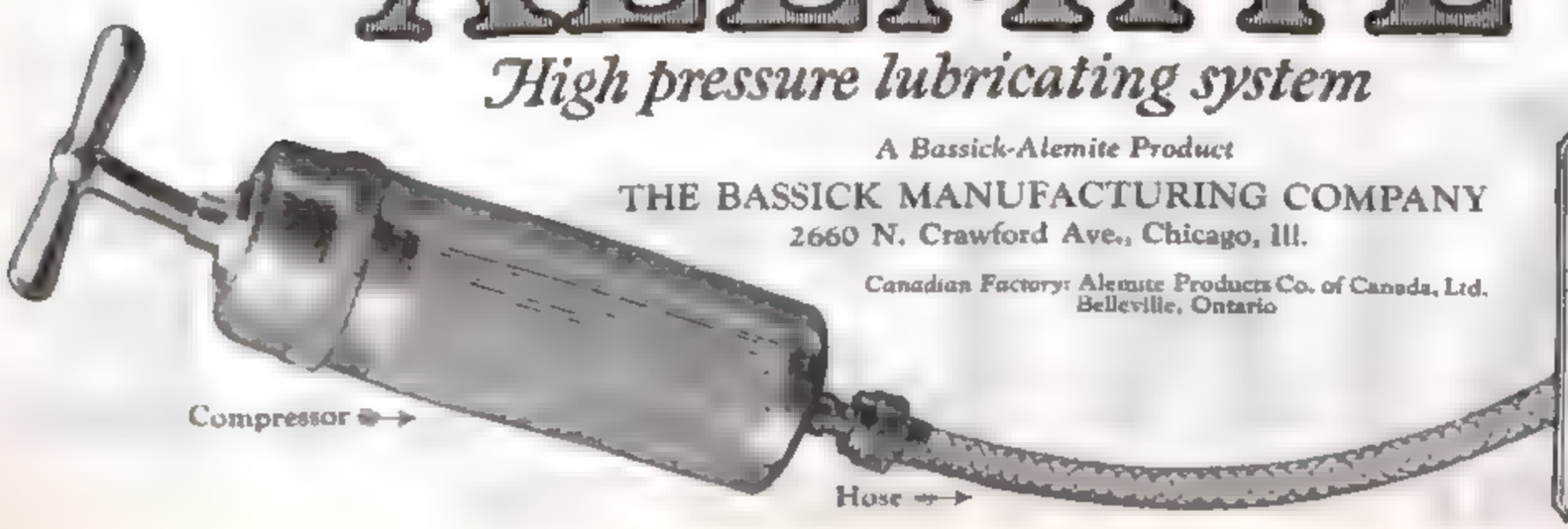

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Dealer's Name _____

Note the patented, spear-head shape of the center core in the Kelly Aircore. This gives exceptional resiliency yet because it offers the same support when deflected as when the tire is in its normal shape, it does not lessen the tire's durability.

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Many unsuccessful attempts have been made to combine all these qualities in the same tire.

In the Aircore the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company has developed a tire which has practically the resiliency of a pneumatic with less of the pneumatic's destructive rebound and which at the same time will withstand punishment and wear as well as does a solid tire.

How the Aircore gets its resiliency

This tire, the Aircore, differs from the ordinary "garden hose" type of cushion tire principally in the distinctive shape of its hollow center. Instead of being round or oval so that the sidewalls "squash" under load, the hollow of the Aircore is shaped like a spearhead with the point up, as may be seen in the inset at the left.

When under load a part of the rubber flows into this hollow center and a part into the deep traction notches, producing instant action and recovery of the tire as obstacles are passed over without the extreme flexing of the sidewalls which would necessarily occur if the hollow were of circular or oval cross-section.

This scientific design gives the Aircore practically the resiliency of a big pneumatic—in fact under some conditions its resiliency is even greater—without any of the big pneumatic's disadvantages. It is not subject to punctures or blowouts, it does not break down under hard usage, it gets traction on almost any kind or condition of road and it delivers long, economical mileage.

The Aircore is recommended for:

1. *Front wheels of all trucks.*
2. *Rear wheels of light and medium capacity trucks.*
3. *All four wheels of high speed trucks.*
4. *All four wheels of moderate capacity trucks running over rough roads which have heretofore occasioned excessive truck repair expense.*

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KELLY SPRINGFIELD AIRCORE

THE DOUBLE-CUSHION TRUCK TIRE

(Continued from Page 66)

a drawn downward turn to the beatific smile. Now he suddenly stopped in the middle of the floor, totally unresisting while three couples bumped him, then he painfully hobbled to the great soft divan in front of the flower-decked fireplace and sank into it, panting.

"Gee, my rheumatism's killing me!" he confessed to his still-fresh partner, and rubbed and rubbed at his rebellious knee.

"Now, now!" chirped Doramay, fluttering down beside him in her billows and billows of cherry chiffon. "Where's your knotted string? Never say die! Up and at 'em, boys! We're a short time living and a long time dead! Have a little drink!"

"I don't want a drink," protested David, and the bantamlike vibration of his voice was gone. In its place was a quavering pleading, for insulted Nature had reasserted herself and Old Man Time had tagged David playfully on the back, reminding him that time is fleeting. "I'm tired and I'm hungry. I wonder could we get some fried eggs, maybe?"

Doramay laughed.

"You're still several hours away from fried eggs. There's some lovely crab salad out on the buffet, though, and some peanut-salad sandwiches and some *pâté de fois gras* and ——"

"I don't want any of that fancy junk. My stomach ain't used to all this delicatessen that I been having ever since we come to California. It was raised on food. I want some fried eggs."

"I don't think there's a chance. Dixie's maids have gone home, and she's out on the terrace with her first and second husbands getting the air, and I think she needs it. Have a little drink; you're running down."

"I want some fried eggs!" reiterated the Old Man with stubborn petulance; "fried in butter, with a little olive oil." And now he turned to her with a hopeful smile—"maybe you could fry 'em. They'd taste better if your pretty hands cooked 'em."

Alas, David Schusshel had trod on sacred ground. There are underlying principles in everyone, and Doramay's underlying principle, to which her Broadway was well inured, was that no man must ever believe that she could by any possibility perform any menial labor, or he'd be likely to make her do it; so no man had ever seen the stains of cooking on her lily-white hands or detected the odors of cooking in her curly brown hair. That was out!

"I'm sorry, but I don't know the slightest thing about frying an egg; not even what you open it with."

For a moment there was that awkward silence when two highly friendly persons have each established an ultimatum and neither wishes to be nasty about it. Doramay sat with her daintily shod feet crossed in front of her on a silk cushion and her lily-white hands crossed amid her billows of cherry chiffon. Old David, nestled limply back in his corner, stared moodily at the flowers in the fireplace, with his under lip protruding; while in his midst was a void that yearned and yearned for fried eggs.

Prudence Joy, listening quite perfunctorily to the encyclopedic information concerning James Fenimore Cooper, laid a slender white hand on Danforth's arm at this moment and whispered, "Hartley, go over and get Doramay and dance her a few miles."

Danforth, the flannel-shirt hero of the M. P. C., and a big, good-natured, comfortable, homelike fellow, glanced over at Doramay with but slight enthusiasm. Time was when a feathery chick like her might have excited curiosity in him; but he had married one of them.

"I don't want to dance," he protested; "I'm tired."

"Have a heart and lend a hand." Prue's eyes were sparkling, and Hartley, looking from her to the tableau on the divan, got it, and responded to the call of the close clan that exists among the regulars of every lot. He slouched across and into the strained situation at the divan; and, tall and handsome, reached down his strong right arm, took Doramay by the elbow, raised her to her feet, turned her gently but firmly into position, pushed her into step and swung her into the open space, smilingly humming with the music, "At three o'clock in the morning, we've danced the whole night long." Doramay looked up at him with a grateful smile, leaned her head on his broad shoulder and half closed her eyes. It was glorious to dance with a tall man who didn't have to be carried!

David Schusshel, nursing his knee and yearning for eggs, suddenly found a familiar figure beside him—Prue, slender and graceful in clinging gray, with a pink light on her spun-gold hair.

"Why, you poor old dear!" she smiled. "You look all in."

"I am. My rheumatism's killing me. I'm tired and I'm hungry. I want some fried eggs."

"Hush!" she snickered, reaching down for his hands and helping him up. "We'll do a sneak for the pantry."

The Old Man gave a sigh of deep, deep content as they entered the snowy white kitchen with its rows of glittering pans and its well-stocked shelves, its cozy little white-and-blue-enameled table over in the corner, with cozy benches each side of it. Also, there was the cook's rocking-chair, a decrepit and sagging thing that promised comfort in every creak; and in this Prue placed her first-aid patient, close to the range. She lit the gas in the oven and opened the door.

"Draw up and bake your knee—daddy."

She added this last with a giggle and was rewarded with a chuckle; then she ran across the back court to Dixie's bedroom suite, which, like the rest of the house, was wide open to all comers, and returned with a pair of broad, comfortable old bedroom slippers. Down on her knees she sank, pulled off David's tight dancing pumps and put the slippers on his feet; and the blessed relief that sprang on his benevolent face was good to see. In another instant she had on a gay bungalow apron and was clattering among the pots and pans, while David's eyes followed her affectionately. She was like home folks. There was something about her that just warmed a person's heart. Presently the tantalizing aroma of steaming coffee perfumed the air, from a skillet arose the appetizing sizzle of fresh butter and sweet olive oil, there was a dainty blue-and-white-checked tablecloth on the little table in the corner, a pile of snowy bread, some crisp green-and-white spring onions; then a great blue-and-white platter of snowy eggs with big glistening yellow eyes.

With the heat of the oven baked well into his knee, old David hurried across to the table quite spryly and slid into one of the benches; while Prue, with the steaming coffeepot, slipped into the bench opposite, where the light shimmered on her spun-gold hair. In her clear blue eyes sparkled splendid comradery, and, with his first mouthful of egg, something of great, warm, expansive human sympathy lightened the soul of David Schusshel.

"Say, Prue, how old are you?" he asked, shaking a little pile of salt on the clean tablecloth and dipping into it the end of a crisp onion.

Prue caught her breath and hesitated, but there wasn't a chance that she could get away with an equivocation, for her history was too well known; so she was perfectly honest about it.

"I'm almost twenty-two."

"What a pity!" he frowned, and there was very genuine regret in him as he finished an egg and wiped up its yellow evidence on his plate with a bit of snowy bread. "Five years from now you'll be twenty-seven."

"Mercy, no! Five years from now I'll be almost twenty-two!"

David, cutting happily into his second egg, laughed, and stopped to reach over and pat Prue's well-manicured white hand; then he finished his second egg and helped himself to the third, and frowned and protruded his lower lip.

"Any girl that's been in the show business can fry eggs," he decided irritably. "I'll bet that Doramay's fried many an egg over a gas jet."

VII

IZZY ISKOVITCH, somber with the gloom that had settled on him in these past few days, hesitated outside the private office of the boss with a letter in his hand; a very vital and precious letter, one which under other circumstances might have given him great joy. As it was, he thrust the thing into his inside pocket almost despondently and opened the door. On the threshold he stopped and stared.

At the desk sat a little old man in comfortable sloppy clothes, who had a kindly light in his eye and a benevolent smile as he said "Hello, Izzy!"

The boy could scarcely speak. David Schusshel was back—back in his good old friendly self! Izzy gulped, and moisture sprang into his dark-brown eyes; then he came forward to the desk with all his old-time youthful eagerness, and on his cheerfully grinning lips there was again the youthful curve.

"Say, looky, Mr. Schusshel! Will you gimme halfa all I save you on your dicker with Zeismann?"

"If you're saving anything with the firm's facilities, no," returned David, beaming affectionately on the boy. "But if you have a way to save me some money that's outside the business, then I'll talk with you about your getting some of it."

"Looky, Mr. Schusshel!" declared Izzy indignantly. "If it was with the firm's facilities I wouldn't be talkin' about a split. All I want you to say's this: If I show you the way I dug it up myself, do I get half?"

"Well, some," grunted David. "Maybe not half. What you got?"

"Listen! Y'know, I been chasin' this Zeismann down, an' he's the smartest cuckoo that ever got in the picture business. There ain't a legal hook on 'im any place."

"Sure, I know that myself. From the time Zeismann landed in New York till now I got his history, but it don't do me any good."

"Sure not!" laughed Izzy. "But I bet you never got the history o' Zaddeus Zissemachaiah. Listen! I got a special-delivery letter last night from Jubel Heimhocher's Cousin Abel's wife's brother-in-law, Haggai Goshen, an' it'll give you a laugh to read it."

He handed David the letter with great glee and read it with the Old Man, over his shoulder, both chuckling from line to line.

The timid office boy came in.

"Mr. Zeismann's here," he announced.

"Show him in quick!" ordered David, slipping the letter into his pocket and slapping the pocket affectionately.

Then in came Zibeon with the accumulated grime and odors of days past on him, and he bobbed his way across the room and put his frowsy hat on the corner of David's clean desk and set him a chair softly, and clasped together his grimy fingers.

"Vell, Mizder Zhuzzhel," he said in a tone of hearty congratulation, "I prought your fillum."

Mr. Schusshel stared at Zibeon Zeismann in mild surprise.

"My film? Have you a film of mine?"

"Effancheline, Mizder Zhuzzhel, vod I pought vrom Zam Plack"; and Zibeon opened the black-and-red-and-yellow grin in the middle of his whiskers.

"Oh, yes, you did want to trade me that film for my Romeo and Juliet," considered David as if it were a trifle that had escaped his memory, and he rubbed a broad forefinger along the bridge of his nose. "Oh, yes, I remember now; and I told you that it wouldn't be in the good ethics of the business for me to do dirt just because another man did. And I wouldn't do it. No, Mr. Zeismann, I wouldn't do it."

Zeismann stared at him with his beady eyes deadened to two fixed little high lights.

"Vad!" he suddenly shrieked. "Vould you rebudiate your gondract? Ain't there anybody in this biznez vad's zguare?"

It was very rare, indeed, for David Schusshel to lose his pleasant suavity or give way to wrath; but now his honest indignation got the better of him, and he pounded his fist on his desk six separate pounds as he said in an angry voice, "Mr. Zeismann, I do not allow people to talk that way to me in my office! If I had made a contract with you, I would keep it. Where is that contract?"

"Ferbal!" yelled Zeismann, so tensed that he drew himself up in his chair and let himself down with quite a spank. "Ferbal! It vas a ferbal gondract! I got a vidnezz! Here! Here he iss!" Lifting himself in his chair he screwed himself around to where he could see Izzy leaning negligently back against the door jamb, and with a jerk of his head motioned the boy to come forward, then let himself down with another spank. "Thiz poy vidnezzed id! You had him agnowledge id! Poy, zay id!"

"Say what?" inquired Izzy, advancing to the end of Schusshel's desk and staring down at Zibeon Zeismann with indignant wonder.

"Vad?" Zibeon's voice rose to a shrill shriek. "Now hzden, poy, and you anzwer me lige if you vas on a vidneza ztand, vich maypy you'll pe. Dit you oder dit you nod hear Mizder Zhuzzhel zay thad he akreed to puy my Effancheline for thirdy touzand tollars, dwendy-fife touzand gash and fife touzand allowanze vor his Romeo and Chulied vich he vaz to gif me. Dit you oder dit you nod?" And panting, Zibeon waited for the answer.

"I did not!" returned Mr. Iskovitch from a vast height of ethical superiority. "I was in the room at the time, an' I heard 'im call you a dirty bum for proposin' the thing, an' I said you was the same myself. Shall I toss 'im out, Mr. Schusshel?"

"Vad?" screamed Zeismann. "Vad?" He jumped out of his chair. "Vad?" He grabbed his hat. "Vad?" He trotted with his queer bobbing motion to the door, and there he turned and shook his two quivering fists at Mr. Iskovitch and Mr. Schusshel. "Thiz whole bigture piznez is full of shyzders, bud the rest of the shyzders is chentlemen to vad is in thiz room! I zue you! I zue you, remember my vurtz!"

With this he ran out, slamming the door behind him, and when some minutes later Doramay breezed in amid her billows and billows of rose taffeta, as pink as the morning, and as fresh, she found the precious pair limp from laughing.

"Morning!" she called in her clear and crisp young voice.

The old man turned toward her, beaming kindliness out of his eyes and benevolence from his lips, but Doramay gazed at him in pretty sternness and shook a warning finger at him. "Why, what has he been doing to himself? He has on his nassy old-man clothes!"

"Sure," grinned David, wiping his eyes. "I have to get to work again. I been a giddy young sport long enough. Sit down, Miss Bernhardt, I want to talk a little business with you." He placed a chair for her with great politeness, but as he sat at his desk he found the clear brown eyes of the Broadway chorus girl fixed on him with no childlike *naïveté* whatsoever. "It's about that contract, Miss Bernhardt," went on the Old Man just as suavely as if he had not noticed the change in her. "I been holding a conference with my managers and we've decided not to make a new star right away."

"I see," returned Baby pleasantly. "In other words, you never told me that you would give me that contract, and this young yes man of yours never heard you say so. As a matter of fact, he distinctly heard you not tell me that you would give me that contract. Is that it?"

The experienced showman looked at her speculatively for a long moment, with his broad forefinger rubbing the bridge of his nose, and the gangling boy waited with pained uncertainty.

"Say, Izzy," suggested the Old Man by and by in his softly unctuous tone, while he peeped in a drawer of his desk to see if his private check book were there, "I guess you better run over to the laboratory and find out if they're ready with those dailies on Evangeline. I haven't seen any rushes since I got here."

VIII

THE Federal Trade Commission is, in its scope and intention, one of the most equitable branches of the Government, and its members strive with somewhat unusual earnestness to keep that branch as near to its scope and intention as is humanly possible. It was designed to protect the rights of the little man as well as the big man, and its deliberations in the cases against Zibeon Zeismann, brought simultaneously by the Climax, the Eagle and the Magnificent Pictures concerns for unfair competition, were marked by a very pretty freedom from the prejudice which the defendant might reasonably be supposed to create against himself. Its findings were not yet completed, but it was clear to see from the drift of its questions and the testimony for which it asked from time to time, that it was inclined to look on Mr. Zeismann as a man legitimately engaged in the purchase of old picture films and the sale of them through certain state exchanges of equal grade with himself. If among the numerous picture films which he handled he chanced to purchase some that came into competition with current issues, the Federal Trade Commission was inclined to look on those purchases as being in the normal average of things, and it clearly recognized, by the rights of priority, that these old picture films, having been made in good faith, were properties for legitimate barter and sale, so long as a market could be found for them, no matter if this did cut into the profits of newer and more expensive picture films. The makers of these newer and more expensive productions had it incumbent on them, as experienced factors in the business, to have determined that these prior picture films

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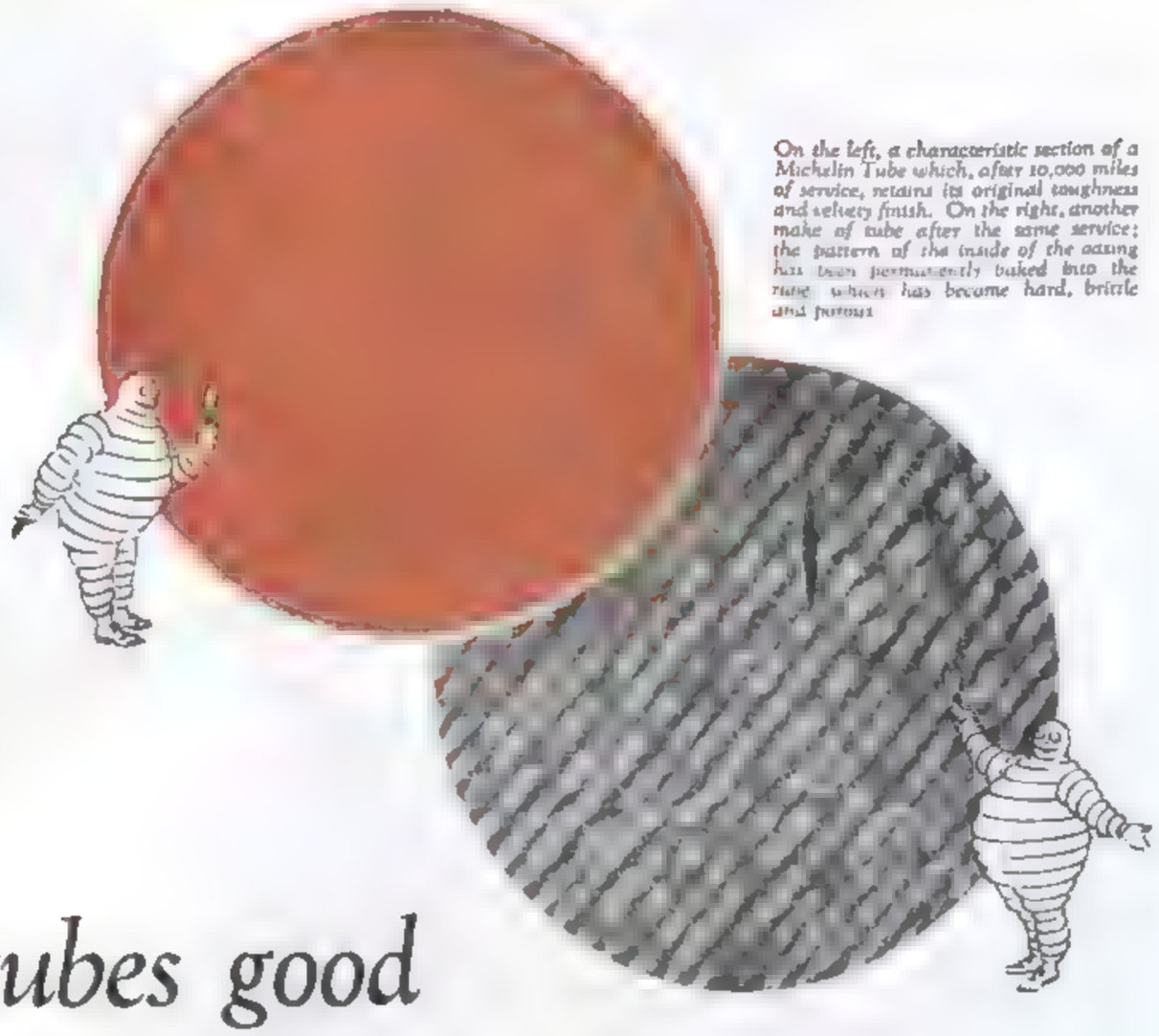

On the left, a characteristic section of a Michelin Tube which, after 10,000 miles of service, retains its original toughness and velvety finish. On the right, another make of tube after the same service; the pattern of the inside of the casing has been permanently baked into the rubber which has become hard, brittle and porous

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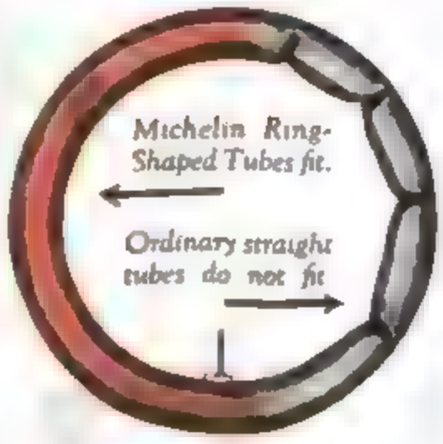
If it is an ordinary tube it will clearly show the pattern of the cords or fabric which lines the inside of the casing and will have a hard, lifeless feel. Such tubes can seldom be put into a second casing without inviting disaster.

But Michelin Ring-Shaped Tubes, even after they have outworn the best of casings, still retain their original toughness, smoothness and velvety softness. This characteristic difference is due to two things:

1st—The Unrivaled Composition of Michelin Tubes. Chemists everywhere use sections of Michelin Tubes as their standard in measuring rubber for such qualities as "life" and elasticity.

2nd—The Superior Fit of Michelin Tubes. Ordinary tubes are simply pieces of straight tubing bent to conform as nearly as possible to the ring-shape of the tire; but Michelin Tubes are *built* ring-shaped and hence are not subject to unnecessary strains when in service.

For economy and satisfaction use Michelin Ring-Shaped Tubes. They are as good as Michelin Cords.



This composite tube illustrates the superior fit which gives Michelin Tubes their greater life and economy

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, MILLTOWN, N. J.

Branches in 30 cities *Dealers everywhere*

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were in existence, and accordingly to take them into their calculations.

As a matter of fact, however, the plaintiffs in the cases of David Schusshel and Tim Barney and Jacob Wolff against Zeismann had taken all these things into thorough consideration before they began their suits; so thoroughly that they did not expect to win, though this did not come out in the testimony, and though they had spent large sums in telling the trade to keep its fingers off Zeismann's films if it did not wish to make trouble for itself.

All this might seem to be a very foolish procedure, but these three men were not commonly accounted foolish. Why, then, had they brought these suits which they were certain they must lose, as it was now clear that they must, when the Federal Trade Commission should render its decisions in another month or so? Why, indeed?

Zeismann himself wondered about this; and when David Schusshel sent for him one crisp autumn day, he went up to the New York offices of the M. P. C. prepared to make old David squirm. He was not shown into Mr Schusshel's office, however, but into the office of Andy Lochlaren, the solemn Eastern manager of the M. P. C., who sat behind his desk with the light of the distant East River glinting on his egg-shaped head, and with that in his solemn blue eyes which in another man would have been humor.

"Just be seated, Mr. Zeismann," said Andy, pressing a button. "Mr. Schusshel will see you after you have concluded your other business here."

"You dell Mizder Zhuzzhel thad I vill nod dalk biznez vid anypody pud himzelv!" ordered Zeismann, putting his frowzy hat on Andy's desk and spreading his coat tails and seating himself comfortably in a big chair. "And dell Mizder Zhuzzhel, zo I vill nod haff to dalk zo much, thad iv he vands to gombromize vid me he has got to have blendy of gash in his hand. Vor I am going to zue him and Tim Parney and Chacob Volff for gonspiracy jusd az zure az my name iz Zibeon Zeismann!"

"Very well, Zaddeus Zissemachaiah."

At the mention of that name a cold paralysis seemed suddenly to grip Zibeon. His mouth gaped open, there was a gurgle in his throat, he slipped back in his chair, and through his short curly whiskers a fish-white pallor shone. He was still staring in that frozen fear when the side door opened and in walked, first, Isidor Iskovitch in a new suit of clothes and a pair of new shoes that squeaked for all their money's worth, and he grinned most cheerfully on the droop-crested crow in the chair. Then came a young man of about thirty, nattily dressed in black broadcloth, and an Iskovitch from his marked family resemblance to young Isidor. So far Zibeon only stared with the paralysis of that blow that Andy Lochlaren had dealt him; but as the third person came through the door he stiffened convulsively, as if his chair had been electric and a bolt had shot through from a metal skullcap to the contact on his shin; for this third person was a short little pumpkin-shaped woman with a faded old cashmere skirt of many colors, a tattered old varicolored shawl on her head and fastened under her chin with a huge safety pin, and on her apple-red face the furrows of many years of apathetic drudgery. Then came a fourth person; a stupid-faced boy of about fifteen, with his neck thrust forward and his nose wrinkled up and his tiny eyes half closed and his head running back to a point, his tattered coat sleeves halfway to his elbows and his faded trousers halfway to his calves. A fifth person, a slattern girl of about fourteen, with a shawl like her mother's on her head, a girl who stood sidewise with all her weight on one foot and with that hip humped high. Another, a slattern girl exactly like her, only one size smaller; a boy a year younger; a smaller boy, and still a smaller; then an apple-faced little girl of about seven, and she completed the display—eight Zissemachaiahs! The room seemed filled with them. They all stood in a straggling semicircle, each a half head shorter than the next, and gazed blank-eyed and with a strange impersonality at the stupefied little black-whiskered man in the chair.

"Here is your family just landed from Rumania, Mr. Zissemachaiah," said the potential magnate with the sparkle of great gratification in his dark-brown eyes. "And this is my cousin, Leon Iskovitch, junior member of Finkle, Fenstein & Flaskmann, attorneys. He is Mrs. Zissemachaiah's legal adviser. Leon, this is Zaddeus Zissemachaiah, alias Zibeon Zeismann."

So saying, Mr. Iskovitch strode from the room, followed by Andy Lochlaren; whereon Leon Iskovitch, a most brisk and capable young man, seated all his eight charges in a row of chairs straight across the room from Zibeon, then seated himself at Andy Lochlaren's desk.

"We shall be very brief, Mr. Zissemachaiah, because I may have to swear out a warrant for bigamy before the courts close. I must advise you that I have no right to compound a felony by allowing you to stay out of jail; but humanity is a consideration sometimes higher than the duty of mere legal technicalities; and since your proper wife desires earnestly to acquire sufficient estate to return to Rumania and support your mutual family in reasonable comfort, I have consented to allow her to negotiate with you to such an end, although I cannot take any part in the transaction. She will compromise for fifty thousand dollars and return to Rumania on the next boat—if the cash is paid to her at once. Are you prepared to pay her that amount immediately, in cash, or shall the law take its course?"

"Hannah!" feebly pleaded the voice of Zibeon; but Hannah looked at Leon Iskovitch. That keen-eyed young man glared at her sternly, and she pinched her lips shut until they turned white.

Twenty-seven minutes later a broken man bobbed his way into David Schusshel's broad, low-ceilinged office, with its Turkey-red carpet and its big carved mahogany desk and its distant broad views of Brooklyn and Central Park, and laid his frowzy hat on a corner of David's desk; but he drew up no chair. He stood, humped, rubbing his grimy hands together.

"Mizder Zhuzzhel, gread iz my avvligtion in thiz day of my woe. You got all the exhibidors scared vid your bublizidy on these zuits, and I gan't raise a niggel on my fillums. Zee? I throw myzelf on your merzy."

"You came to the right place, Zeismann," said the Old Man dryly. "What do you want?"

"Gash!" wailed Zibeon. "Gash or I go to chail! And it's a derrible blace! My bardner vad vend to the Vederal brizon iz a dead man soon vid dubergulozig! Oie!"

That keen wail penetrated to the heart of David Schusshel and there was softening in him, but just in front of him glittered the dark-brown eyes of Izzy Iskovitch, and if ever virtuous Justice cast an aura around any human being it was at that moment, and the being was Izzy. Swiftly David conquered his weakness, for he owed something to the boy.

"All right, Zeismann, I'll give you a cash deal. I'll buy out your business, including all the films you own, for fifty thousand dollars."

"Vad?" The cringe was out of Zeismann in an instant, the voice that had whined was rasping with rage, and there was no further need for mercy. "You zhyzder! You robber! You—you—you ——" Grabbing his hat, he rushed for the door and sent from there his parting shot. "My vife Panzy has got enough diamonds and bonds thad I gif her to pud me oud of thiz zgrape, and then you vatch vad Zibeon Zeizmann does to you, old David Zhuzzhel! Ven you gome to derms vid me again, id vill pe me vad puds on the zgrews!" And out he dashed, Izzy after him to call the police if need be.

In an hour Zibeon was back, with one eye completely closed and several livid red patches amid his black whiskers, and all the fight was out of him. He was a business man now, and making a business man's compromise between liberty and jail.

"I daig your offer, Mizder Zhuzzhel," he said, laying his frowzy hat on a corner of the desk and seating himself softly in a chair to wait for the money. "A vella gan pe reech in Rumania vid vifty touzand tollars."

A laugh from the door where Zibeon Zeismann's gangle-shanked Nemesis stood on sleepless guard.

"Say, Mr. Zeismann, if you put your nose inside Rumania it's all fixed that you'll be tossed in jail the minute they can drag your feet across the line. Your family's gonna keep that fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Zissemachaiah. It'll be the only good you ever done 'em, you dirty bum!"

There is a thrill in one's first visit to New York, particularly when one comes flushed with dawning success; and Prudence Joy, who was East to celebrate the signing of her five-year contract, and to meet the sales and publicity force, and get her first big personal exploitation, and such a black velvet and chinchilla costume as she had never worn, looked about her in Delmonico's with great satisfaction; but presently she turned to her table companions, David and Izzy, a slight disappointment on her fair young brow.

"Why, I might almost as well have stayed in Hollywood, for I've seen at the studios and on the lots half the faces that are here."

"Sure," chuckled David. "Delmonico's has become the Rialto of the movies, at noontime. You can find anybody in the business here. Look! Here comes the fellow I wanted to see."

The fellow David Schusshel had wanted to see was an aggressive-looking man. He was about the same age as Schusshel; but where David's eyes were kindly, the other man's were sharp and hard; and where David's lips were benevolent, the other man's were thin and straight. He threaded between the tables on his way out, with his hands in his pockets and a princely air of owning everything here or, if he didn't own it, of not wanting it. There came a glint in his hard eye as he neared David's table, for he was Sam Black; and these two men had between them as their most active recreation the best developed enmity in the business.

"Hello, Sam," hailed David cordially, and rose to shake hands, beaming with such extra benevolence that Sam looked askance at it. "I want you to meet my young friends." And he introduced them.

Black shook hands negligently with Izzy, studied Prudence with a professional eye, and complimented her pleasantly on her work; then David politely pulled out a chair.

"Sit down till the waiter brings my change, Sam. I want to tell you about some new lithographs that I'm having printed for my reissue of Romeo and Juliet that Rodolf Armand played in. You ought to see those twenty-four sheets, Sam! They're the most beautiful works of art that was ever pulled off on stone!"

Three grinning faces were in the momentarily blurred vision of Sam Black—a young girl's face, a young boy's face and an old man's face, and their grins were much alike.

"Why—why—why, I thought that old Romeo and Juliet film of yours was burned in your Eastern laboratory fire! It was published as among the destroyed ones."

"No." How unctuous was David's voice! "I had just moved all those films to my west-coast vaults, but it was a good item to have printed and it got us a lot of publicity. You want to go to see that film when it's exhibited, Sam. We used to make fine work in those days, when we were doing the classics in a couple of reels."

Sam Black eyed the end of his cigarette reflectively, and flicked off the ashes and eyed it again, but it hadn't changed much.

"Say, Dave, suppose you have dinner with me tonight and we'll talk it over. There are some other things we ought to discuss. You know, I didn't sell those films to Zeusmann deliberately or in person. I just gave the boys orders to clean house."

"Oh, yes, Sam; oh, yes; but Barney and Wolff and I were just over Zeismann's books, and we find he paid more for Evangeline and Camille and Faust than he did for the cheap little ordinary films, a lot more, so whoever cleaned house for you cleaned it good." The waiter brought his change. Schusshel left a tip and rose, and the ancient enemies started out together. "And I haven't time to make any gentlemen's agreements with you tonight at dinner, Sam, for a little friend of mine over at the Follies is giving a party for me tonight. And the price of that film, Sam, is going to include what your Evangeline cost me, and what I have to pay my young friend Izzy here, and what I spent getting young once and the settlement for it; and if you don't want to buy my Romeo and Juliet, I'd just as leave exhibit it. Sixty thousand dollars, Sam."

They stood silently for a moment on the steps where more digestion has started on its pleasant course than on any other steps in New York, perhaps, and presently Sam observed:

"All right. But remember this: I'm only lending you the money, and I could be arrested for usury for the interest I'm going to charge you."

"Well, that's your old business," grinned David; "and if you can get it you deserve it, and I deserve to lose it."

HOW the ELLIOTT FACTORY
(at Cambridge, Mass.)
keeps pace with the growing demand for
ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINES

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Adding two more floors—1916

Extension Added—1919

Extension Added, 1923

Machines for Every Need — From Ten Dollars Up

Stencil Stamp—$10

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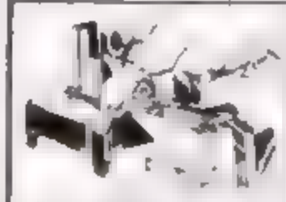
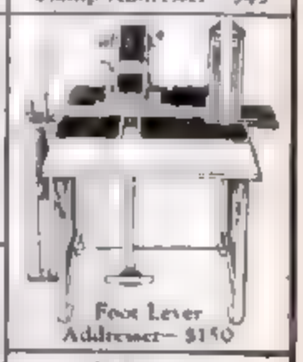
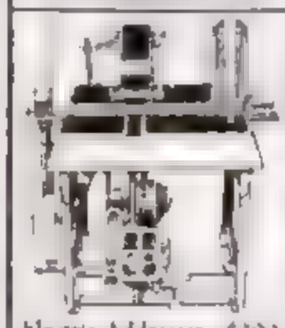


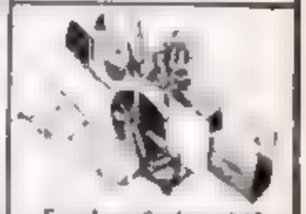
Rotary Addresser $75



Foot Lever Addresser—$150



Electric Addresser—$300



Envelope Sealer $45

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Chicago, 1315 S. Wabash Ave
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Denver, Capitol Theatre Bldg.
Detroit, Ford Motor Co.
Indianapolis, Dudley & Van Auken
Kansas City, 924 Baltimore Ave
Los Angeles, 116 Henne Bldg.
Memphis, 766 Randolph Bldg.
Minneapolis, 30 Eighth St.
Nashville, Williams Print Co.
Newark, N. J., 45 Clinton St.
New Orleans, Title Guarantee Bldg.
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Norfolk, Va., Carnegie Office App. Co.
Oklahoma City, Office App. Co.
Omaha, Conley Bldg.
Pittsburgh, Arrott Bldg.
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St. Louis, 906 Pine St.
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San Francisco, 114 Sansome St.
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Seattle, 71 Stockton St.
Sioux City, Iowa, Office Co.
Toronto, 70 St. James St.
Utica, N. Y., A. S. Hardwick Co.
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For Sunburn

At home—mosquitoes

On the road—barked knuckles

In fields and woods—poison ivy

Camp-fires—burns and scalds

Boys everywhere—First Aid

"It Hurts"!

Unguentine—*quick!*

OUTDOOR life in summer should be all fun. But it isn't.

At the "ol' swimmin' hole" in Indiana or on the beach at Newport, sunburn *always* hurts.

You change a tire and "bark" your knuckles. That hurts, doesn't it? Or you take the children for a picnic—poison ivy. Poor little hands and faces.

Even at home the fiendish mosquitoes sometimes take the joy out of life, don't they? Whatever the cause, this is common to all—"It Hurts"!

Right then—Unguentine—*Quick!*

You will find it a true friend in need. For over thirty years Unguentine has been soothing and healing skin accidents and irritations.

For its purposes it is unsurpassed. To keep a tube on hand is wisdom. Get it at your druggist's—he knows what Unguentine will do. Price, thirty-five cents.

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO.

Laboratories—Norwich, New York

New York Chicago Kansas City

Norwich

The name "Norwich" on a pharmaceutical preparation stands for purity of ingredients and extreme accuracy in control of preparation. Rely on this name in drug store purchases.

PLAYING FAIR

(Continued from Page 32)

fifteen minutes, since Mrs. Jennings was having a confounded tea tournament at the ranch and they were obliged to return.

"Bunch of friends ran out from Chicago for the week-end," he casually explained.

June's one trip to Chicago had been the event of her life, so that this remark made its impression. Yet there was something about the two men—a simplicity, a genial poise—which made her feel perfectly at ease, and brought the qualified compliment later from Mrs. Brown that "they might as well have been sheep herders, for all the airs they put on."

Blaine was immediately insistent on having Laurin see June's pictures, so, sitting on the doorstep with Blaine's gift easel in front of her, June exhibited half a dozen Western scenes, all of them landscapes free from any touch of man's meager handicraft, except that in one of them an inadequate barbed-wire fence straggled possessively down a hillside.

Fifteen minutes!

Yet in those fifteen minutes June journeyed forth to fields Elysian and fed her soul on the raptures of appreciation. For Pierre Laurin, temperamental, effusive, eloquent, lost himself in enthusiasm.

"They're splendid—immense! You've put the feeling of mystery, of future, into these undeveloped hills that no one else ever has—their mightiness, their secrets—and all so simply done! Lord! I haven't vocabulary to touch 'em!" Gesticulating and talking vividly, he darted here and there like a dragon fly.

June grew pale under his words, but through it all she was keenly conscious of Blaine's cool, measuring gray eyes watching her. There was something as tangible in his look as if his hands touched her desiringly. She flushed slowly, and he smiled.

"I must have this one—yes, I couldn't possibly leave without it," Laurin was saying. "It's little enough to offer, but I hope you'll let me have it for five hundred dollars. It's just what I've been looking for, only far finer than I'd hoped to find."

"Wha-at?" said June.

He laughed at her expression, and Mrs. Brown spilled precious lemonade, looking at him. Blaine laughed too. For a sickening instant June thought they were making fun of her. But they were not.

Dazedly she found herself holding a check for five hundred dollars, while Mrs. Brown wrapped up the three hills and the inadequate fence in a piece of the Sage City News and tied them briskly round with string. If such miracles were in the happening, surely it was wisdom to seal the bargain as speedily as possible.

But earth-given glimpses of heaven are brief, and June's vision of it was soon dulled by a harsh reminder of the worldliness of mortal man.

As they were rising to leave Blaine asked one further favor—that she show Laurin the sketch of parent in the rain, the thing which had shown him her genius. June went round the corner of the house to her tent entrance, while Mrs. Brown departed hastily for the spring in order that the lemonade might continue to exalt the magnitude of the occasion. So the two men were left alone.

But the sketch was not where June had thought to find it—on the top shelf of the cupboard John had made her; so instead of returning as she had come, she went through the back door of the shanty, remembering that the picture was on Mrs. Brown's bureau. Noiseless in her rubber-heeled white sandals, she came close to the open window, into direct range of words which petrified her to the spot.

"I guess you don't think I'm such a lunatic now," said Blaine's cautious, peculiarly satisfied voice.

"Worse—to aspire so greatly. Why, Blaine, you poor fool, the girl is a genius! The picture's worth the money! Oh, but you're the boob! You needn't reimburse me; not on your life. You can buy another one. I'll keep mine. She'll be known the world over some day. As for your mother raising hell—why, she'd better kidnap the girl and make her marry you! Lord, I'd marry her myself if I could get rid of Charlotte! A genius, with laughter in her eyes and hair like an Egyptian princess—wonderful! A female genius usually looks like a wastebasket. But ——"

"Talk lower, you ass!" warned Blaine. "We aren't alone in a desert. That stuff all makes music to me—but you know mother! She'll see a designing sagebrush school-teacher in a ten-cent-store dress—just that, and nothing more."

"Yep; it'll be another 'primrose by a river's brim' with mother," Laurin discouragingly agreed; "but surely a girl with her looks must have a few creditable ancestors. And then we'll feed mother on fame. We can have this girl on the top wave in a year."

"A ye-ar?"

"Oh, bear up! I've seen you suffer before. You'll probably convalesce in six weeks, just as you always do. I hope you do. I'd like an Egyptian princess myself. But where do we tell the bunch we got this picture? Or do they ever see it?"

There fell a small silence of deliberation in which June finished her descent from rapture's peaks to the disillusioned depths of reality. Then Laurin's slow, speculative voice: "We'd better produce it, I guess, and start the ball rolling. Why can't we say we ran across an artist at the Western Hotel in Sage City—out here for atmosphere? She and I might have mutual friends in New York. No, better say London, I guess. We'll have to go slow, because ——"

Mrs. Brown was returning with the water. June seized the sketch and joined her two callers by way of the back door and north end of the house, whence she had come.

While Laurin went into polite enthusiasms over parent, Blaine took occasion to say, coming close to her, "May I come round to your temple of learning on Monday night and drive you home?"

"Yes, indeed," she assented cordially; "and won't you bring your mother, Mr. Blaine? I read in the last Art Advancement that she's greatly interested in struggling artists. So she might be interested in me, don't you think?"

An alarming cough tore from Laurin's throat, but Blaine ignored it.

"Mother isn't—exactly well just now, Miss Cameron," he regretted politely. "But I'm anxious to have you meet her. Perhaps next week I may drive you over to the ranch, if you'll permit me. I think you and mother'll get on famously."

"Oh, I know I'll adore her," she agreed sweetly, including Laurin in the surety of her smile. "I think it's so wonderful for a mother and son to be such pals—and I've always loved sweet, elderly women. She looks so dear and motherly in her picture."

Laurin's fluent features looked as if an inward whirlwind might be playing havoc just behind his face. He was in a passion of pleasure. Blaine gave him a venomous glance.

"Mother has her motherly points," he conceded, laughing a little, and increasingly eager to be off. "Monday evening, then."

Again it was perhaps the thing called coincidence that caused June's eyes to alight, just as they drove away, on a certain large advertisement in the newspaper with part of which Mrs. Brown had wrapped Laurin's picture. The advertisement featured a colossal bread mixer, headlined by colossal black letters—John Shepherd Offers a Miracle to Housewives

For John believed firmly in personal advertising.

Mrs. Brown, standing beside June as the shining roadster drew away, saw it too.

"Humph!" she said. "Miracles seem to be gettin' thicker'n horned toads. It'll be a miracle all right if mother's son don't fall head over heels—out of mother's lap—pretty soon."

"Well, he's old enough to stand alone," June replied, laughing.

"Old enough, maybe, but I wouldn't bank on it much. He'll be lookin' out for somebody else's skirts to hang onto. That man'll never last till Monday; he'll be sittin' on this doorstep again tomorrow, if I don't miss my guess. Don't I know that look in his eye? My second husband had it exactly—fast and furious and a quick finish. This is a place where you don't want to lose your head, my girl."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Brown, I'm going to keep my head; and I'm going to keep this check, too!" June added with an odd defiance.

Mrs. Brown looked at her inquiringly.

"What's the matter—think it's phony?"

(Continued on Page 77)

The Finishing Touch in Riding Comfort

HASSLER Shock Absorbers are a complement to the finest car. They impart to its springs just the finishing touch required to make it ride faultlessly, whether on city paving or country roads.

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"One car out of every ten in use today is Hassler equipped"

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Many times purer than steel

The freedom from impurities of a certain brand of iron means economy to every householder and every business man who knows the facts

A LITTLE sliver of wood is, by itself, a harmless thing. If, however, it is embedded in one's finger, blood poisoning may set in and the whole arm be corrupted.

In much the same way, foreign substances cause the decay of metal. When silicon, manganese, sulphur, phosphorus, carbon, or other impurities are contained in iron or steel, air and moisture single them out for attack. Electrolytic action starts, and corrosion sets in. Before long, rust has accomplished its work of destruction.

Micro-photographs showing difference between ordinary steel and Armco *Ingot Iron*

Ancient art and science

Only a short generation ago scientists discovered these facts about iron. Long years before, in our grandfathers' day, wrought-iron nails and hinges were often so pure that they lasted a great many years. And articles of nearly pure iron have come down to us through many centuries lightly touched by the hand of time.

But making pure iron was an ancient art. In modern industries it was something nobody could do outside of a laboratory.

Twenty years ago we set ourselves the task of producing purified iron in commercial quantities. First came extended metallurgical research, then the devising of new mill practices where the metal was treated with great patience and care.

Cutting of the coated Armco *Ingot Iron are economical because they endure*

The iron that resists rust

Millions of dollars were invested in new mills; iron and coal mines were acquired. And today, Armco Ingot Iron, purer even than the ancient irons, is known and used all over the world. Much purer than steel, it contains less than 1-6 of 1 per cent of rust-promoting impurities. It has meant a tremendous saving in buildings, railroads, culverts, household equipment—in the various sheet metal installations that stand the test of exposure and time.

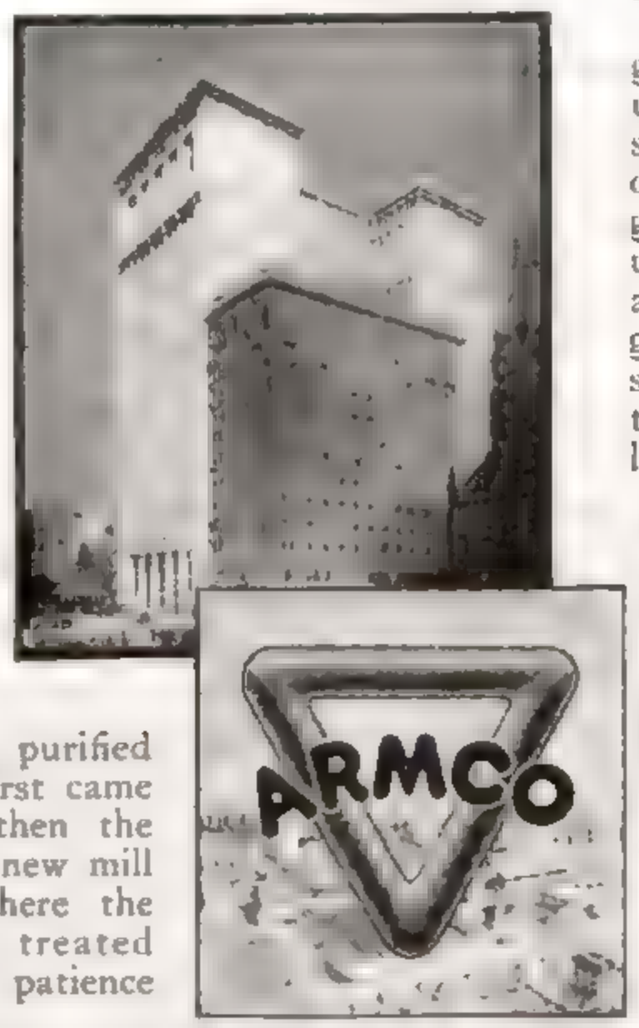
More than a barrier to rust

Resistance to rust is only one of the results that come from the purity of Armco Ingot Iron. It is soft and easily worked by sheet metal men, and has a dense, uniform surface.

These qualities make Armco Ingot Iron the perfect base for zinc coating, which is put on as an added protection—a first line of defense—against corrosion. The zinc coating (often called "galvanizing") unites in a smooth way with Armco Ingot Iron.

More Armco Ingot Iron is probably used in zinc-coated sheets than in any other form. It is a great economy when used for such things as down spouting, gutters, refrigerator shelves, hot-water tanks, and ventilating ducts.

In the Cleveland Discount Building the largest office building between New York and Chicago, the heating and ventilating systems are made of Armco *Ingot Iron*



The beauty secret of enamel

The form in which women most appreciate Armco Ingot Iron is as a base for enameled table tops, stoves, refrigerators, and other household equipment. The smooth, velvety surface of Armco Ingot Iron takes and holds a perfect coating of enamel.

Not only are great industries of all kinds aware of the merits of Armco Ingot Iron, but thousands upon thousands of men and women have learned how economical a thing it is for use in and outside of their homes. It costs but little more than steel and lasts much longer.

How you can identify it

Before the zinc-coated sheets leave our mills, each sheet that is up to our standard is stenciled with the blue Armco triangle. Architects and sheet metal workers know this brand. They will readily co-operate with you in getting Armco Ingot Iron for any building operation.

In buying household articles made of sheet iron you should always look for the blue and gold Armco label. Manufacturers who use so fine a metal are glad to have you know it, and they mark their products with this label.

It is well worth your while to ask for and to identify Armco Ingot Iron when buying anything made of sheet metal.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR
ARMCO *Ingot Iron*

Here are some of the everyday uses of Armco Ingot Iron

WITHIN THE HOUSE	IN INDUSTRY	IN BUILDING
Stoves	Welding	Coping
Washing Machines	Smoke Stacks	Roofing
Garbage Cans	Oil & Water Tanks	Siding
Ash Cans	Acetylene Tanks	Flashing
Pails	Freight Car Roofs	Eaves Trough
Refrigerators	Coal Car Sidings	Down Spouting
Furnace Drums	Drainage Systems	Skylights
Hot Water Tanks	Car Heaters	Ventilating Systems
Table Tops	Gasoline Tanks	Window Frames
Tub Covers	Coal Tipples	Metal Lath
Electric Light Reflectors	Wire Fencing	
	Metal Doors	
	Grave Vaults & Caskets	
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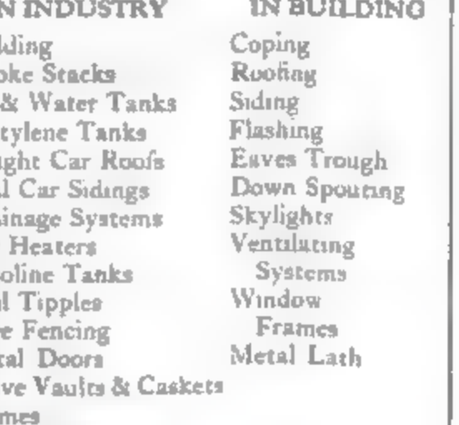
	Cold Rolled Strip	
	Cold Drawn Bars	
	Street Signs	
	Septic Tanks & Toilets	

ARMCO STEEL SHEETS

Armco chemists and metallurgists, working in one of the most complete laboratories of its kind in America, have developed not only Armco Ingot Iron, but also Armco steel sheet specialties for the automobile, electrical, and other industries. Leading automobile manufacturers use Armco steel sheets on account of their exceptional bending and drawing qualities. Armco steel electrical sheets are widely used because of their high permeability, low core loss, and non-aging qualities. The American Rolling Mill Company are makers of high grade special sheets to meet the demands of exacting manufacturers. Technical information will be supplied to any manufacturer as to Armco products and their adaptability to any particular need



When Armco *Ingot Iron is used as a base for enameling, modern household equipment is seen at its very best*

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Middletown, Ohio

ARMCO
TRADE MARK
INGOT IRON
Resists Rust

(Continued from Page 74)

"Oh, no, not so far as the money's concerned," she answered, and hastily diverted the conversation to less involved aspects.

Mrs. Brown's prophecy came promptly true. Blaine arrived early on Sunday afternoon in his soft-singing roadster, and they covered ninety miles of hill country, which distance was as nothing compared with the progress they made in the land of romance. June wore the gray dress and the poppy hat in which he had first seen her.

"Some day we'll have that dress and hat in a glass case as Exhibit Number One," he made provocative beginning; but she had a quiet little bomb to meet it, a bomb timed anxiously for just such a moment.

"You'll be able to make your compliments more convincing, Mr. Blaine, when I tell you that I overheard what you and Mr. Laurin said yesterday about me and about my ten-cent-store appearance—and about your mother and the check."

"The—the devil you did!"

For an instant he looked almost as boyish as John.

"Yes," she continued serenely; "the drawing you wanted wasn't in my tent, so I went into the house to get it. Have you reimbursed Mr. Laurin yet?"

"Why—why"—he gave a short laugh—"why, no, of course not!"

"Don't say of course not. I understand the whole thing, being such a good listener."

"Well, you certainly are the ——" Again he laughed disconcertedly and left her undefined. "Well, there's no need then of further subtleties, I guess, since you already know what I've expected to spend several weeks diplomatically preparing to tell you."

An interval long enough to be awkward inserted itself here, for even sophisticated novels and ambitious imagination were inadequate training for such a swiftly reached situation.

"Do you think there is?" he insisted.

"I'm not sure just what thing you mean; I learned so many things. Let's see; first that you didn't really think I had any actual genius; and second" she began counting off items on her slender fingers "that you felt so sorry for me that you wanted to give me five hundred dollars—of mother's money; and third that you brought Mr. Laurin along to fool me into accepting it; and fourth—which softens the others a little—that he really does think my work has value; and fifth that he wouldn't mind getting rid of Charlotte—I suppose she's his wife; and sixth that he approves of my looks, even if I do wear ten-cent-store dresses; and seventh that mother would be having a fearful fit this very instant if she knew you were riding with a Wyoming school-teacher; and eighth that you'll have to concoct some tremendous fiction about me before mother is allowed to set eyes on me; and ninth that maybe your mother'd be reconciled to knowing such a barbarian if I had a little fame as an artist; and tenth that if I can only maneuver in some way to keep you interested in me for a year, Mr. Laurin will do his best to get me on the top wave; and—but that's all the fingers I have, so we'll stop."

He caught her cataloguing fingers in the firm clasp of his left hand.

"You're cheating. The only thing that matters is that I've lost my head completely over you. Admit now that that's the most important thing you heard, you little eavesdropper."

She pulled her fingers steadily away from him and pushed his hand back on the wheel.

"Lowly schoolma'ams consider it poor form to hold hands. Besides, Mr. Laurin made it very plain that you're merely giving way again to an accustomed illness from which you usually convalesce in six weeks."

"Do you believe I'm going to convalesce—from this in six weeks?" His insistent gray eyes demanded an answering gaze from her black ones, leaving the car to do its own road choosing.

"I hope you're not," she answered laughingly; "I want it to last a year so I can be floating on that top wave."

"And what do you plan on when the year's up?"

"Oh, another wave, more pictures to paint, delighted critics, more money—all the things you've always had and that I've always wanted."

"I see. You neglect to state just where I come in."

"Oh, you'll come in for all the gratitude in the world; and I'll bring you flowers and sympathy for each succeeding illness that attacks you."

"This is my last mortal malady. You're fatal. Now I'm willing, if you insist on going through the usual suspense period; but since we understand each other so thoroughly, I see no reason for withholding the fact that I've never in my life wanted anything so much as I'm right now wanting to kiss you."

The roadster's violent digression, just here, from the wagon-wheeled roadway was a diversion that had to be reckoned with. It gave June a meager moment in which to armor herself against the alarmingly acquiescent activity round her heart and to remind herself sternly of John's trust in her.

Directly they were in the road again his smiling eyes reopened the subject ardently and she dared their challenge with an irrepressible, "I'm surprised at you, really! I supposed you were a connoisseur. But haven't you always found that discussion makes kissing stupid?"

"Oh!"

Jolt! The car stopped; stopped abruptly; so did every drop of blood in her body. His likable, laughing face, swiftly unhatted, obscured the hills and sunny valleys; his warm cigaretted breath replaced the fresh pungent fragrance of sagebrush; his arms were a tightening circle about her.

She did not move, and she said nothing. But suddenly the approaching kiss hesitated, paused regretfully—and retreated. Blaine settled back behind the steering wheel and replaced his soft panama hat with careful hands, regarding her quizzically. She was pale, and her eyes were disturbed pools of alarm slowly changing to relief.

"Am I right in thinking you prefer not to be kissed?" he asked with extravagant politeness.

"Oh—oh, yes!" She broke into ragged laughter and put her hands to her slow-flushing cheeks. "Let's—let's go through the normal suspense period, if you don't mind."

"Why, you lovely girl, I'm—I'm awfully sorry. But you—that is, I thought ——"

"Oh, I know I—joked. I was just trying to keep pace with you. You see, I'm so anxious to keep you interested. But—well, a very old friend has—has sort of an option on my kisses."

"Oh—oh, I see. Fortunate friend. Is he, perhaps, the handsome carpenter?"

"With the blue shirt," she supplemented the comment in his voice; "but he isn't a carpenter. He owns the finest hardware store in Sage City, and he has ambitions to own a hardware store in every town in the world. Every time I look at this ring"—she wore a delicately designed jade on her little finger—"I think of the cookstoves and tacks and butcher knives and bread mixers John had to sell to get it for me. And he's lov—he's been my best friend and helped me to survive grammy's goodness ever since I was a sophomore in high school; and ——"

"And you love him?" Blaine inserted quietly. It was the first absolutely serious thing he had said to her, and it was absolutely serious.

"I try to convince myself that I don't. I'm too ambitious and mercenary. But I think I probably do. At least I don't mind his kissing me."

Blaine's low, throaty laugh was reflection, not merriment.

"I suppose that's a pretty fair test, to judge by the horror I just saw in your eyes. Much as I regret his existence, I must admit I rather liked him. He hated me so downrightly and thoroughly. Well, it looks as if there might be complications in our ——"

"—— in your present affliction," she supplied.

"—— in my last illness," he corrected; "but the more complications, the surer the death. Don't think I'm discouraged." He started the car, pausing to survey the several roads that twisted through the hills. "I think I'll take you over to the Foothill Ranch for dinner. Do you know the place?"

"Oh, yes; I went to school with Tom and Mary Denton. It used to be a wonderful ranch when their father was alive, before they made it into a dude playground."

"Well, their fried chicken is still wonderful; so we'll go, if you don't mind appearing with one of the dudes whom you mention so scornfully."

"Mind it? Why, I'll love it! The Dentons have always thought I'm not half good enough for John. I hope you'll act terribly rich so that I can impress them tremendously."

And she did, indeed, impress them tremendously, though not altogether as she had anticipated.

They were now at the end of their first mile, and forty-five lay between them and the Foothill Ranch; but forty-five were none too many, for by the time they reached the old pioneer log ranch house, nesting in a yard of shimmering cottonwoods and backgrounded by the great blue Big Horns, the truthful résumé of June's twenty-two years had been exchanged for the comparatively truthful one of Blaine's thirty and the ecstatic seeming of having known each other always was upon them.

"Great heavens, if John isn't here!" June exclaimed as they drove through the wide gate, sentried with sunflowers. "That's his flivver."

"Would you prefer going somewhere else?" Blaine asked, slowing the car.

"Why, of course not! You're not afraid of him, are you?"

"Not if the impression you've given me of him is a true one. I take it John is a gentleman. I was thinking that perhaps—you might not want to give him a disagreeable evening."

"That's just how horrid I am," June confessed, flushing under his deserved reproof. She let her hands and eyes linger in his as he helped her from the car; and after an instant's hesitation she went on frankly, "I've never been able to fathom why it is I seem to like to hurt John, because I never fail to be utterly miserable after I've done it."

He kept her hands while he answered, and he answered slowly.

"That's a bad sign—for me. You undoubtedly do it because of the pleasure of extra tenderness when you make up to him for it."

"You're a philosopher," she said, insistently drawing away her hands that thrilled to the lingering touch of his fingers.

"Then hearken to philosophy, oh, genius!" His eyes were laughing, but no trace of quixotism discounted his extravagant words. "You're altogether unspoiled and wonderful and beautiful and desirable in the eyes of a philosopher—which, I warn you, is a precarious position for genius."

"But safe for the philosopher?"

"Quite the contrary. No hope for him at all, which the present moment amply proves. We'll go in now, and John will suffer because of my good fortune, which will in turn mean twice the torture for me later on, because of the exceeding good fortune it will insure John—when you become contrite. There's the poor devil now."

John had seen them. He stood in the low doorway. But he looked anything other than a poor devil. With odd satisfaction, June thought he had never looked better less like Sage City and more like Baird Blaine For white trousers and blue coats have a tendency to defy cult and cut and to assemble their wearers on a plane of equality. Of the two men, John was the handsomer. He had wide blue eyes, while Blaine's were narrow and gray; his abundant brown hair glistened in the sunlight—Blaine's was drab and dry and thinning a little on the temples; he had a straight nose and the long upper lip of the self-satisfied—Blaine's nose was straight, too, with sensitive nostrils above the short upper lip of the cynic. They were the same height; but John's shoulders were broader, Blaine's suppler.

John came down the graveled path to meet them, bareheaded and smiling. Behind him, through the open door, June could see Mary Denton in a white skirt and middy, watching. John was in a daring mood; the eyes of critical relatives were upon him.

"Hello there, honey!" he called jocularly, in a voice which June knew was meant more for his cousin's ears than for her own.

"How do you do, John?" she answered quietly when he had reached them, trying to bring him to reason with her warning eyes as she gave him her hand, diplomatically permitting his continued possession of it. "You remember Mr. Blaine, don't you, John?"

John did. He said so shortly. Entirely disregarding Blaine's pleasant, "Miss Cameron tells me the Dentons are cousins of yours, Mr. Shepherd," he turned back to June with a blunt, "I thought you said you were going to be busy today."

"And I have been, until two hours ago." She knew that Blaine was keenly enjoying the situation, standing at ease beside her, swinging his hat in his hand. It made her almost as irritated at him as at John. "Then when Mr. Blaine happened along with a perfectly good automobile I suggested that he bring me over here, because I'd an idea you'd come out here today; and I've the most beautiful surprise to tell you."

The flicker of amusement in Blaine's eyes acknowledged his awareness of being punished, but indicated that he was having none the less pleasure because of it. John, however, as empty of artifice as the summer day, accepted her explanation with candid triumph and descended from antagonism to patronage.

"Well, I'm certainly glad Mr. Blaine happened along, for it just happens that I've got a surprise to exchange with you. I was going to write you tonight."

Blaine made a business of searching his coat pockets.

"I must have left my cigarettes back in the car," he smoothly inserted. "I'll just get them while you people transact your surprises, unless, Miss Cameron, you think there might be a chance for an outsider to take up an option." His jesting eyes brought a flame of color to June's face, which in turn kindled a flame of suspicion on John's.

"Oh, it isn't a secret transaction," she came back at him quickly, determined that he should not desert her.

She put her hand through John's arm, drawing him beside her so that they turned together to walk back to the car with Blaine.

"Nope; nothing secret about it," John flamboyantly agreed, won miraculously back to graciousness by the mere touch of her acknowledging hand on his arm. "I bought the little brick house we like, yesterday, June. Evans had to have ready money, so I bought it dirt cheap. It's got an extra north bedroom, you know, that with a little fixing'll make a right nice studio."

June's hand dropped from his arm by sheer gravitation of shock.

"Oh, oh, John!"

But the appeal in her incredulous cry was to Blaine, for she felt intuitively that he was thinking she had lied to him. His air of enjoyment was diminishing. She felt like a prisoner between the two tall men in the narrowness of the gravel path.

"That sounds as if you're considering matrimony, Mr. Shepherd," Blaine finally remarked in a superlatively polite voice that whetted John's rancor. He leaned slightly ahead of June in order to look straight at the usurper.

"Yes, sir, that's just what I'm considering."

In her confusion, June chose her way foolishly imploring him with her eyes.

"Oh, John, not really!" she interposed in an overly gay voice. "Do I know the girl?"

"Not half so well as I know her," John belligerently snubbed her facetiousness.

But in her desire to avert absolute catastrophe, she stumbled on from the frying pan into the fire with an inane, "Oh, is that so?"

Then she added a hurried, "What do you think my surprise is?"

John shook his head sullenly But with undaunted enthusiasm she gayly recited her tale of selling the picture with the fence in it for five hundred dollars. It brought no reciprocal enthusiasm.

"I suppose he bought it," John disparaged, with a rude jerk of his thumb toward Blaine.

Although it was evident that Blaine had lost his former pleasure in the situation, he had lost none of his equanimity The two men were like an irritated Airedale and a calm, contemptuous collie They had reached the car, and the cigarette pretext having come to naught, Blaine quietly produced another suggestion.

"If you'll pardon me, Miss Cameron, I'll just step over there and ask Mr Denton about the saddle horse he's going to rent Mr. Jennings. I think that's the gentleman we talked to the other day" For young Tom Denton, clad in a tan silk shirt of precarious long-waistedness, which was belted above tight trousers that were tucked into shiny boots, had sauntered exploringly out the kitchen door.

(Continued on Page 80)

4-WHEEL

Again Rickenbacker Engineers

Here is the greatest improvement made in an automobile since the advent of the Self-starter—thirteen years ago.

Like the tandem flywheel, which Rickenbacker engineers also invented—the air cleaner, which excludes dust, sand and other foreign matter from the cylinders—4-wheel brakes are now a Rickenbacker feature.

Brakes on all four wheels have always been desirable. Until recently, however, this has been unsolved.

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Greatest revelation of all will be the fact that this car stops just as quickly and without the slightest tendency to skid on wet asphalt as on dry.

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DAYTON, OHIO

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electric washer

Makes the prettiest, cleanest clothes that ever came out of suds

(Continued from Page 77)

"I'd rather you didn't," said June very quietly. She would attempt no more dissimulation. "Really, John, this is going a little too far. You've no right to give people the impression I've promised to marry you, for I haven't! And if you keep on being so ridiculous I'll soon hate you."

John reacted, outwardly, exactly as he might have if she had thrown cold water in his face. Then, swallowing evident obstructions in his throat, he grasped her arm in a tight hard hand and lowered his face near to hers.

"Just remember this, my girl! If I didn't love you so much I wouldn't act so ridiculous; and you want to look out that you don't find yourself a heap more ridiculous than you think I am!"

He flung her arm down and strode off toward his cousin. It had all happened too swiftly for instant comprehension. June lifted a pale face to Blaine's and found there a look of contempt that repelled her.

"I should think many scenes like this would help you to control your love for him," he said disgustedly.

In his contemptuous attitude of frankly felt superiority over John June found him as little to her liking as John himself had been.

"They don't help me to at all," she returned curtly. "He doesn't act like an idiot over anything else except me. And that's because, just as he says, he—he loves me. I think it's contemptible to make fun of love. He may seem pretty dreadful to you, but I don't suppose you're half so fine a man as he is."

"No-o, I don't suppose I am," he said slowly, her words seeming to have whipped the thing that repelled her out of his eyes; and as they started slowly toward the house his voice took on a sincerity and sort of gentleness that came queerly from his ironical sophistication. "I wasn't making fun of anything, you loyal little chameleon. I don't doubt he's a fine man; any fool could read it in his face. Just the same, he's no husband for you; but that isn't for my proving; he'll prove it himself. All I ask of him is that he let us have dinner in peace and doesn't break china over our heads."

"He won't," June assured him. "He's feeling just as miserable as I am by now."

"And are you so utterly miserable?"

"No, not so utterly," she admitted, wondering how it was humanly possible to be so diverted by the courteous touch of his hand on her arm as they passed through the doorway.

The sun was withdrawing its last reluctant rays from the secluded corner of the big dining room where they found a small table. It was a pleasant old room, its walls hung with bearskins and stags' heads, reminiscent of the young days of Wyoming and of the old pioneer hunter who was now forever home from the hills, while his ranch that had once echoed to the calls of coyotes and cowboys was now a pleasure rendezvous for Eastern tourists.

A few resident guests sat at the window tables, and a group of prominent Sage City people had evidently just sat down at the large center table—two lawyers and a doctor, and their wives. They were the six preponderant vertebræ of the Sage City News' society column. The evolution of the experimental farm into a country club was due to their efforts; they occasionally drank and frequently made casual mention of cocktails; they played bridge for money.

They regarded June with a cordiality born of curiosity as she entered with an escort whom the rich Eastern guests greeted familiarly; but their cordiality would have been modified somewhat could they have known how provincial and inconsequential they had suddenly become in her eyes.

"I've just discovered that I'm a snob," she told Blaine while he seated her and paused over her chair with flattering attentiveness. "I've always rather envied those people; but now I feel—oh, sort of bored to death at the thought of them."

He gave the table a careless glance, and laughed.

"Are you as frank with everyone as you are with me?"

"No-o, only to myself. I seem to want to exhibit all my imperfections to you, just as you've done with me about yourself. Next to your being rich, that's the thing I most like about you."

"Don't forget it's mother who's rich," he reminded her, a nasty line tempering the smile on his lips.

"But mother's interested in artists, isn't she?"

"Passionately—if I'm not!"

"Oh, but if you didn't really feel that the money is rightfully yours, too, you'd—you'd not take it, would you?"

Occasionally her inherent candor insisted on coming to the top, and each time it seemed to waken the same thing in him.

"No, you can't forgive my worthlessness on that score. It's this way"—he lighted a cigarette and watched its smoke while he talked—"the money all comes from mother's family, father was a gay bird, I guess, and mother idolized him, but he was—well, hard to hold. She gave him a fortune in his own name, and found it was the wrong method. He used it to make other women happy. That was tough on mother, and it's tougher still that I seem to be my father's child, so far as ambition's concerned. But she isn't going to make the same mistake with me; she's always tied me securely to her apron strings by keeping me absolutely dependent, and I've never had sufficient incentive to break the knot."

"Do you think you ever will have?"

"I don't know. I'd rather mother took a fancy to you than that she didn't; but if she doesn't ——"

Swiftly he dropped his hand over hers where it lay on the table near the wall, and an emotion so conquering that it frightened her answered his touch. She had often rested in John's arms, contented, and known none of such an emotion.

"Oh, don't!" she whispered.

Smiling, he tightened his hand.

"Are—you—going—to—love—me, or not?"

His low, slow words were sure of their answer; but by actual physical effort she tore her gaze away from the commanding desire in his eyes.

The sight of John entering the room strengthened her.

"John's coming," she warned him coolly. "This is certainly the best way I know to get the china broken over our heads."

"Answer me first." His fingers remained unrelenting.

"How absurd! You know that I am"; and she calmly adjusted her hat with her released hand just in time to be undiscovered by John, who came to the vacant chair at the middle table, where he was welcomed warmly, for the doctor's wife had a sister in whom the élite of Sage City had long endeavored to interest John.

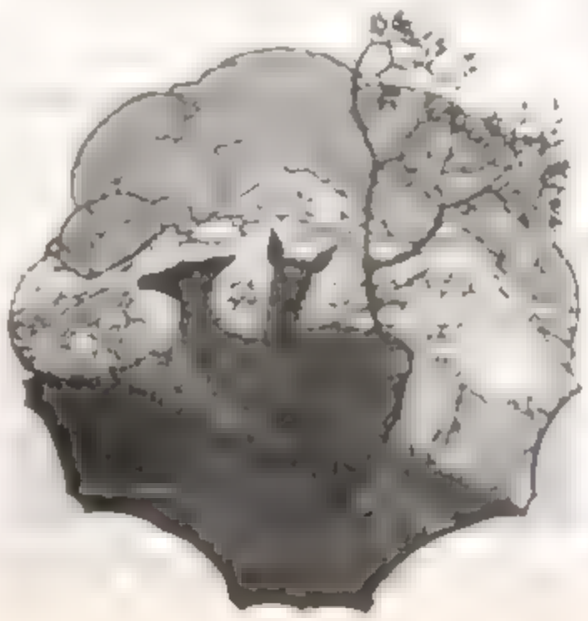
But the quiet dinner of Blaine's anticipation was destined not to be; through no fault of John's, however, for he kept his back severely turned, even in the midst of the ensuing tumults. Mary Denton had just placed the famous fried chicken before them, in a manner designed of cold disdain, when an arriving party enlivened the living room with laughter. Blaine's casual glance traveled over June's shoulder into the adjoining room, where an Indian servant girl was lighting early lamps.

"Great gods, if it isn't the bunch from the ranch—and mother!"

The apprehension in his hollow voice acted like a wizard's wand on June's elation, endowing it with calm, desperate reason. What mother's favor might mean between her and Blaine was nothing; that it meant the open sesame to her air castles, the magic key to the land of her heart's desire—was everything.

"Just who am I?" she demanded. "Decide quickly!"

"Lord, I don't know. There's no depending on Pierre when he's had a few drinks, and he's evidently had 'em; and mother's in a devil of a humor. She didn't want me to go today ——"



"Where did she think you were going?" Her brain was working with the surety of a sundial

"To Sage City to talk with some oil men."

"Well, you saw me at the Western Hotel. Why not just stick to Mr. Laurin's story and keep me safely indefinite? She won't believe anything, though, if you look as if you'd been caught stealing cookies."

But this was a superfluous admonition; the subtleties of dissimulation marked the social boundaries of Blaine's world. He was rising calmly, all apprehension conquered by the utmost *savoir-faire*. He asked her pardon smilingly; he was going graciously forward to meet them, entirely at ease, delightedly surprised. Then the tumult descended.

There were eight of them—eight! In mathematical reality, they were eight; but in overwhelming effect they were eight thousand.

"Baird. Oh, you sly dog! Thought you'd put something over on us, did you? Oil conferences, indeed! I'll take mine straight, old man; everything's on you for the rest of the season."

Laughter and levity locked all definite memory out of June's mind. Pierre Laurin quickly detached himself from the approaching babel and darted toward her with outstretched hands, reminding her again of a dragon fly.

"Oh-h, what is so rare as a glimpse of June?" he greeted her, rendering his parody in a pleasing tenor that carried well over the room, which opened the eyes of the élite of Sage City as widely as those of his companions. Dramatically instituting himself master of informalities, he presented her to the advancing hordes with a wealth of indefinite detail that would have paralyzed an ordinary imagination. Hazily she heard herself being endowed with impregnable ancestors—prudently scattered over the British Isles; with mutual friends, all notable; and with a promising future, promised by all the great critics whom Laurin knew or had ever heard of.

That his gayly sown seeds were falling upon the fertile soil of friendliness was evident to June's level, courageous gaze. The women accepted her laughingly, carelessly, graciously; the men's eyes were generously admiring, cordial.

But—mother!

Mrs. Hamilton Blaine had remained in the background, beside her son—tall, stylish, handsome, silent and scrutinizing; untouched by the cheerful abandon which permeated the rest of the group. She had gray eyes; she had gray hair; she wore gray sport clothes, elegant, expensive gray clothes, the absolute perfection of quality.

"Granite!" thought June. "Granite all through!"

Of Mrs. Blaine alone did June's mind take clear cognizance. The others were mere atoms of the Milky Way; Mrs. Hamilton Blaine was a blinding planet, serene, solitary. And June knew, with sharp little icicles of intuition, just what Mrs. Hamilton Blaine was seeing with her granite eyes. She was seeing an unsuspected menace to her most coveted possession—her son; and she was icily noting that the menace was dressed in material that had cost sixty-three cents a yard at the Golden Rule Store in Sage City.

Laurin, scourged by Blaine's eyes, withdrew a little and permitted Blaine to present her to his mother.

"Miss Cameron," acknowledged—and no more than acknowledged—the voice of granite, "it is always enlightening to meet my son's friends." And her slight smile revealed even teeth which said distinctly, "the better to eat you with, my child."

June's eyes lowered, and fastened on the white, nervous, unringed hand which lay possessively on Blaine's arm. That hand held no magic key to the land of her heart's desire. The mirage of possibility faded from June's dreams, and she smiled disdainfully at Blaine, seeing the look of acute disappointment on his face.

"But I am not a friend of your son's, Mrs. Blaine," she corrected her recklessly. "It would be taking advantage of your charming graciousness to pretend that I am."

Silence descended like a flannel blanket on a sturdy little blaze.

"Curtain! Curtain!" squealed Laurin in histrionic horror, and Mrs. Blaine laughed, in the necessity of reconnoitering, with the rest of them.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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A Symphony of Flavors

THE Norris Variety Box, with its twenty-one different kinds of exclusive candies, is like an orchestra, in which each instrument has its own distinctive tone, yet blends with the others in perfect harmony.

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Maple Walnut Cream Pecans

Caramels
Vanilla Nut Chocolate
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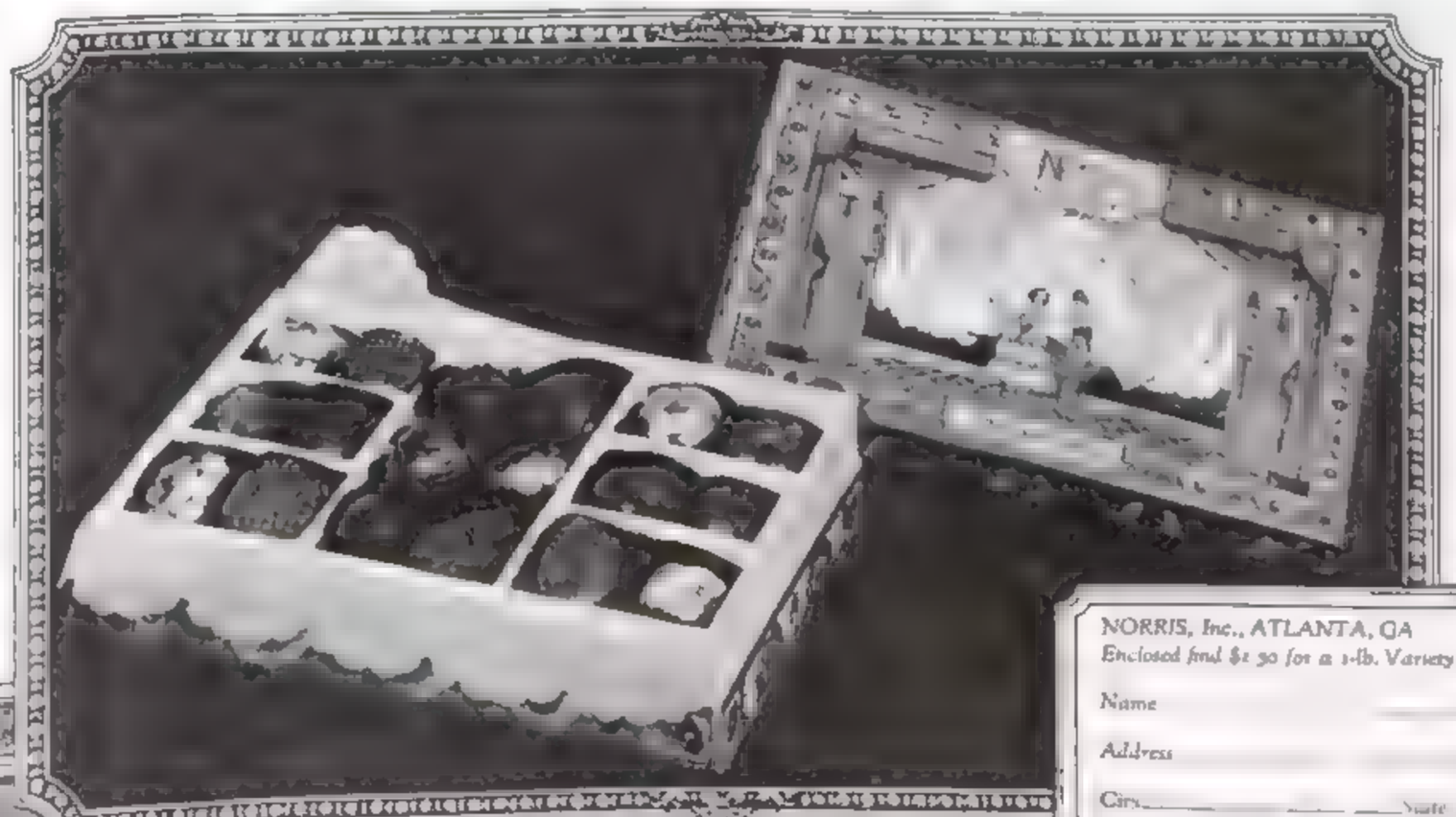

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"HE TELLS me he cuts ten minutes off his run to the club.

"Notice the way he eases over those ruts. Going forty, at least.

"I kidded them about passing us so often up here.

"Sympathized with Grace for marrying a speed demon.

"She says it's *you* and *I* who deserve the sympathy.

"George! When I see them so safely navigate roads like this I can't help but believe she is right—particularly so when almost everybody else seems to have STABILATED."

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A car is essentially a thing to take you to places in greater comfort, less time and more safely than any other form of conveyance.

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WATSON
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CHANGE WHOLE NATURE OF YOUR CAR

ONE ARABIAN NIGHT

(Continued from Page 21)

"How long are you going to keep me waiting here?" he demanded, drumming with his feet against the boat bottom in an effort to restore circulation to his shaking body.

"You're lucky to be alive!" said the quietly malignant voice above him. "I said to throw up that rope! D'yuh understand? I want that rope, and I want it in a hurry!

Sullenly Laban reached for the rope coil and tossed it up to the waiting figure.

"Yuh sit there, or I'll drown yuh when I get back!" was the parting warning as the man with the rope withdrew once more into the semidarkness.

Laban, already weighed down with an accumulation of obvious injustices, found that parting message a highly objectionable one. So now they were talking about drowning him! They had carried him off a prisoner, and taken away his shoes, and bullied and berated him, and tied him down on the outskirts of an absurd midnight adventure in which he had no earthly interest. It was a queer city, all right, this city into which he had wandered a stranger, where they wouldn't even let a man sleep or eat or make his way peacefully down to his boat!

Then he started, involuntarily, as a sound came to his ears. For that sound, he felt, was a revolver shot, dull and flat, like the blow of a hammer on a hardwood plank. He could not be sure. But curiosity, touched with something a trifle less impersonal than curiosity, overcame his mounting lethargy. And he was tired of inaction.

He glanced guardedly about, padded along the swaying craft with the pointed nose and scrambled up the rough timbers of the basin side. He crept forward noiselessly in his stocking feet, keeping to the shadows as much as he could. He stopped short when he came to the pier shed. He hesitated for a moment, for he knew that with any advance he was skirting the fringes of danger. But it was too late, he felt, to draw back. So he worked his cautious way towards the river end of the warehouse, rounded it and came to a door which stood slightly ajar. The lock of this door, it was plain to see, had been forced.

The door itself was open just enough to permit Laban's body to squeeze through. So, after listening for a moment or two, he entered the high-vaulted warehouse that loomed above him as ominously dark as a mine drift. The minute he did so his nostrils were assailed by the contending heavy smells of jute and soured molasses drippings and spices and undressed pelts. He found himself in a rough-floored aisle between towering bastions of barrels and cases and corded bales. He thought for a moment that he saw the flash of a light between barred windows far down the shed. But it showed only for a second and was gone again, and he thought as he moved slowly forward that he was in a kingdom of utter and unbroken silence.

But Laban realized, as he stopped to listen for the third time, that he was wrong in this conclusion. For through that echoing cavern began to creep a faint noise, the nature of which he could not understand. It reminded him a little of the bubbling of water. Then it took on a vague rhythm that made him think of sewer gas intermittently forcing its way through a drain trap. Then it reminded him, as he crept still closer, of the soft suspiring of a locomotive with its throttle closed and its fires banked. Then it became something almost human, disagreeably suggestive of the strangled breathing of a patient emerging from an anæsthetic; and he stopped short at that in an effort to locate the source of the sound.

As he did so he saw the momentary flash of light again, but this time much closer to him. He beheld a widening luminous ray flower out of the blackness and fall on the muffled face of a man in a sitting posture. This man was so heavily lashed to an upright timber that it appeared, in that momentary flash, oddly like a capstan. The light wavered down over the closely roped body, and then, as quickly as it came, it went out again. As it did so Laban heard the sound of a voice, quiet and vindictive, and he recognized it as the voice of one of his enemies from the power boat.

"Cut out that croakin', you Swede, or I'll put you to sleep!" were the words which came to the listening youth's ears; and that listening youth knew, even before the rhythmic gurgling began again, that the sound came from a man tightly gagged and trussed to one of the shed beams.

That man, he surmised, was the night beak, the watchman, the guardian of that storehouse, whom they had only too plainly overpowered. They had him tied and bound and half choked with their crude gag between his distended jaws. And Laban, remembering occasional visits to a dentist's office, when his own jaws had been kept pried apart until his throat was filled with saliva, felt humanly and unhappily sorry for that prisoner. As he moved forward again, groping along a viscid tier of molasses barrels, he stepped on something soft, something that flattened under the weight of his lightly planted foot.

He stooped low and examined this something. He turned it over and caressed it with interrogative fingers. He felt the glazed peak of a cap. Attached to it he felt a metal shield and a row of metal numerals close together. Still again he explored its lines and contours, and this time he understood what it was. It was something that went with a uniform. It was the cap of a police officer.

That discovery both fortified and disturbed him. He found it reassuring to remember that the arm of the law was somewhere there about him in the darkness. But if a policeman was there, why was he satisfied to take no hand in the situation? And what had reconciled him to the loss of his helmet?

Laban, as he asked this, caught a more comprehensible sound out of the darkness. It was the sound of a human grunt, the preoccupied grunt of a body straining its uttermost. Then came the squeal and whine of steel against steel, as though someone were crowbarring open a door or forcing a lock from its fastening, and then the grunt again, but this time with a note of satisfaction in its timbre.

"I got 'er open," announced a quiet voice out of the ensuing stillness. "Bring your lamp here."

"Wait a minute," said a guarded and more guttural voice. "I want 'o get a flash on that cop and make sure he's anchored."

The light this time flowered unexpectedly on Laban's left. Against the heavy framework of a movable gangway, as cumbersome as a dinosaur on wheels, he caught sight of a second figure, tightly trussed and gagged. This second prisoner, however, was in a standing position. Closely roped up as he was, there was less of humility in his rigid blue-clad limbs, and out of the broad Celtic face, across which the straps of the mouth gag cut, burned a look of stubborn hate. The eyes narrowed but did not blink at the insolent flash of light into their depths.

The man holding the pocket lamp said nothing, but once convinced of his prisoner's helplessness, snapped out the light and felt his half-stumbling way towards what Laban accepted as the broken door of the pier's strong room.

"What've yuh got?" he asked as he pushed this door open.

The answering voice was muffled and remote, but not untouched with exultation.

"I've got the casket."

"But are yuh dead sure it's the right one? This'd be a sweet night's work, wit' a stiff on our hands we wasn't acquainted wit'!"

"It's the only one!" This was followed by sounds of straining and grunting. "Feel the weight o' the old bird! It'll take the two of us to get 'im out!"

There was the sound of a stumble.

"What're yuh fallin' over there?" was the whispered challenge.

"Your gat," was the other's answer.

"That's the cop's gun. Get it out o' the way and gi'me a hand here!"

"Just a minute!" The light winked and went out again. "Hully gee, but we'll have a whole fam'ly to bury this night, Dutch! There's eight cases o' Three Star in here ag'inst the side wall!"

"We'll need it, after takin' a chance like this. So let's get busy before I've druled my joints dry. Get a hold!"

Laban, crouching in between his molasses barrels, could hear them trudge heavily past him. He could hear their labored breaths and smell their sweaty bodies as they lugged their ominous burden

(Continued on Page 84)

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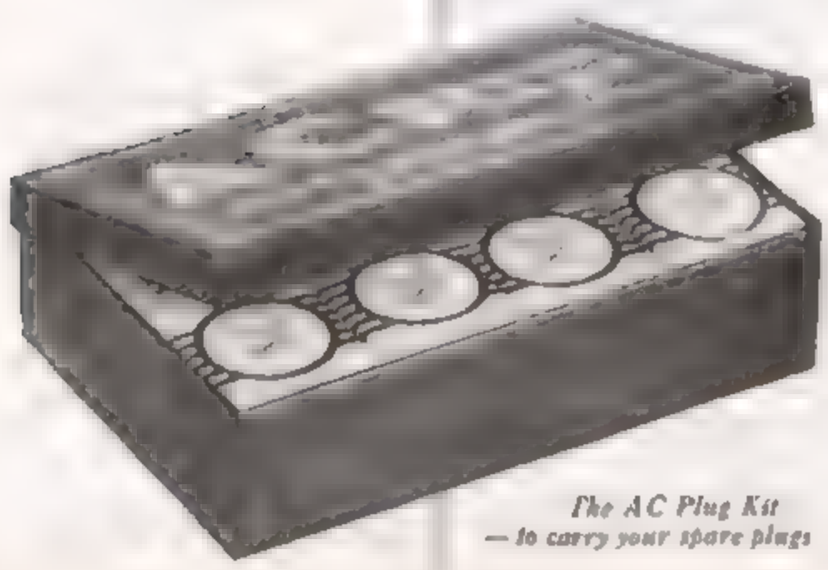

The AC Plug Kit
— to carry your spare plugs

(Continued from Page 82)

down the rough-floored aisle. But it was plainly too much for them, for with renewed grunts of distress they came to a stop and eased themselves.

"We'll just about earn this by the time we get it out into that kicker," complained one of the men.

"And we've still got the boob out there to figger on," the other reminded him.

"I know what that boob's goin' to get," was the first man's coolly malignant retort. "He's goin' to have his light put out wit' a tap on the bean or he's goin' into Kruger's cellar. We've got 'o bury that robin until there's no chance of a blow-over!"

Laban heard that muttered speech. He both heard it and understood what it meant. It meant taking away his last chance of getting aboard the Aleutiana. It meant robbing him of one thing that he valued in their phantasmal world of phantasmal intrigues, and he stood watching them as they moved forward again. He stood watching them, with his teeth set, as they rested and once more stumbled on. Then he slipped out of his shadowy corner and groped his way slowly forward. He waited to make sure his enemies were out through the broken pier door, and then he pushed forward again. He had to be infinitely cautious, for collision with some loose piece of merchandise, he knew, might spell disaster. He worked his way on until he came to the wheeled gangway, where he felt about until he found the pinioned upright figure.

"It's all right, officer," he whispered as close to the other's ear as possible. "I'm helping you. But I want to get your gun back first."

He padded on from side to side until he came to the metal-sheathed door of the ruptured strong room. He explored that door with his finger ends, found it had been secured by a huge padlock which had held a heavy angled hasp over a staple of three-quarter-inch steel fastened to the equally heavy door frame. He found, too, that it had been officially sealed, apparently by some inland revenue officer. But that flimsy ribbon of metal had been easily enough ruptured.

The door itself was intact. It was the huge padlock which had been twisted and broken into uselessness. The distorted ruins of that padlock, in fact, were even at the moment indenting their sharper angles into one of Laban's shoeless feet. But he gave little thought to this, for he remembered that his time was short.

He ran about in little circles, in frantic and ever-widening little circles, with his hands outstretched and his knees bruising first against a chair and then a row of wooden boxes slightly bigger than suitcases. But this failed to bring him what he wanted. So he dropped to the floor and writhed and padded from wall to wall, for more than ever now, he knew, his time was short.

He found the service revolver he was in search of—found it where it had been kicked into a corner, thrust it down into his hip pocket, started up, and suddenly shrank back into that corner again. For a soft thud warned him that his enemies had returned; a soft thud like that of a knuckled hand coming into unexpected contact with a metaled surface. He heard guarded footsteps, the kick of a shoe toe against a chair leg, and a duet of deep and slightly husky breathing.

"Don't show that light again," said a voice. It was a slightly petulant voice, but it impressed Laban most as being disturbingly close to him. "I've got the boxes here. Come easy!"

The ensuing silence was broken again by a scuffle and thud and curse.

"What's that?" said the first speaker sharply.

"I stumbled over those damn shoes," muttered the other man as he apparently groped forward again and came into collision with the box row.

But Laban, at the moment, was more interested in the information about his lost footwear. He wanted those shoes back. He wanted them tremendously. Yet close as they lay to him, he could conceive of no way of recovering them. So he merely shrank back into his corner, where his body came into contact with a broom leaning against the wall corner. He possessed himself of that broom; he scarcely knew why. But it was a weapon of a sort, if the worst suddenly came to the worst.

"We'll get the whole eight out o' the shed," the voice within three paces of him was saying. "We'll get 'em clear, and then we'll pass 'em on into the kicker."

Laban waited until he knew they had stooped in unison over the boxes. Then, with one finger touching the wall, he slipped along the floor as quietly as a cat until he came to the open doorway. Without quite knowing it in his excitement, he still carried the broom in his hand. He was unwilling to drop it now for fear of noise. So he held it in his left hand as with his right he quietly swung the iron-sheathed door shut.

He could hear the two men grunt a little as they lifted their boxes and started forward in the darkness, advancing with an exploratory sort of sliding step which easily enough announced their approach. So Laban, knowing his next movement could not be a silent one, promptly clapped the heavy iron hasp through its heavy iron staple. Then, remembering the broom, he just as promptly poked the long handle of that humble domestic utensil down through the projecting end of the staple, where it served to hold and lock the hasp.

He knew, even before he heard their blows and futile tugs at that barricading door, that he had them as he wanted them; that he had them locked safe and sound in a bonding room lined with its fireproofing of substantial sheet iron. So he struck a match to make sure where the barred windows stood in the room, for through those windows, he remembered, they might still try to send a bullet after him. But his course to the gangway, he saw, was entirely under cover. So he hurried towards it, taking out his pocket knife as he went.

"We got 'em, officer!" he exulted as he cut away the sodden gag. "We've got 'em! I've locked the two o' them up in the bond room!"

He could hear the gasp of relief from the thick throat, the deep breath of the cramped body, as the tiny knife blade sawed through the coils of rope and the huge shoulders heaved and freed themselves.

But instead of moving the released patrolman merely leaned against the gangway and quavered. Then he spat softly.

"Just a minute, me lad, and I'll be all right," he whispered huskily down to Laban.

"And here's your revolver," prompted Laban, reaching out for the shaking big hand and directing it into contact with the extended firearm.

"Ah!" murmured the agent of law and order on whom had been heaped such enormities. As his big fingers closed about the waiting stock he repeated that monosyllabic "Ah!"

That repeated interjection, quietly as it was uttered, gave Laban a feeling in the pit of his stomach more disagreeable even than hunger. He was reminded at the same time of certain predicaments of his own.

"What d' you want me to do next?" he asked, backing away a little.

"There's a watchman here somewheres, me lad. Get him loose," answered the other, once more in full possession of his voice. "No; leave him be. For you'll need a light and they'll see it. That'll give 'em a chance to shoot from the window."

"I'll risk it," announced Laban, for an idea had come to him.

It had just occurred to him that he might quietly slip that watchman's shoes from his feet before he cut the ropes from his body. A pair of brogans, after all, was not an extortionate price for personal liberty; and Laban began to feel that the time was about ripe for his withdrawal. He couldn't afford to get tied up with the law and its demands. His ship sailed at six o'clock sharp, and above and before everything else he had to be aboard that ship when she sailed.

"It's a brave lad you are," he heard the policeman proclaim out of the darkness.

But Laban, as he retreated, knew that it wasn't altogether the truth he was hearing. He even found himself without the courage, on second thoughts, to creep forward to that trussed watchman and rob him of his footwear. Instead, he swung about through the aromatic piles of merchandise and worked his way quietly but quickly towards the river end of the pier shed.

He was not even clear of it before the stringed bulbs high up in the vaulted gloom sprang into light, at the same time that the alarm gong at the street end of the shed began its brazen clangor for help. But Laban neither hesitated nor looked back. He ran out through the still open side door, scuttled across the wharf planks and threw off the line that held the narrow-nosed power

(Continued on Page 87)

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Run it with Texaco Gasoline

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TEXACO

MOTOR OILS TEXACO GASOLINE

(Continued from Page 84)

boat to the stringpiece. Then he dropped lightly into the waiting boat, poled it about and let the ebbing tide suck it across the slip. He poled his craft outward along the shadow until he found fairway again, and once more let the tide carry him past dripping piles, making sure of his contact with what was stable, for he knew nothing of the engine and its workings, and had no wish to veer off into the open river. He drifted under the rusty stern plates of a liner, missing her projecting screw blades by not more than a handbreadth. Then he swung into darkness again, and out again into a slip bordered by a higher and newer pier which completely blocked his path.

So preoccupied was he in making a landing, as he brought up at a lighter grinding against the pier side, that he paid no attention to the solitary figure indifferently observing him from the fresh-hewed stringpiece high above him. He had made the boat fast and clambered up to the pier floor, in fact, before he even became aware of this second man's presence.

That second man, however, gave scant attention to the fugitive in stockinged feet. He seemed intent on his own strange ends as he solemnly took off his hat, placed it on the stringpiece, buttoned his coat and contemplated the black waters of the slip.

Laban, as he stopped to study that somber and silent figure, found his curiosity suddenly deepened into alarm.

"What are you doing there?" he called out sharply as he ran forward, and he had to repeat that question before the man on the lip of the pier so much as turned to observe him.

"That's my business," the morose stranger observed as he once more fell to studying the slip water.

"But you're not going to throw yourself into the river there?" asked Laban, with a touch of incredulity.

"That's exactly what I'm going to do," quietly retorted the other. "And I wish you'd go away and leave me alone."

"But you can't do a thing like that'" protested Laban. "It's—it's insanity! It's cowardly!"

The stranger turned slowly about and contemplated him.

"Say, did you ever go a day and a half without eating—without a bite? And not a hole to crawl into? And not a nickel left for a snuff of snow?"

Laban suddenly stooped down in the uncertain light and indulged in a pointed inspection of the morose-eyed stranger's footwear.

"If you're down that low," he promptly announced as he stood up again, "I'll give you five dollars for those shoes of yours."

The stranger turned slowly about and studied Laban. Then he just as deliberately studied his footwear. Then, chancing to observe that the would-be purchaser was without shoes of his own, he slowly shook his head.

"It's not enough money," he stolidly maintained.

"Then make it ten dollars," conceded Laban.

"Let's see the color of your ten."

Laban produced the ten dollars. He produced it and paraded it before the lackluster eyes of the other.

No further words passed between them. But the older man slowly and somewhat creakily lowered himself to the pier floor, removed his worn footwear, and extended one hand for Laban's money at the same time that he extended his other hand with the shoes.

Laban, having surrendered the money, took possession of his dilapidated prizes. They were not particularly appealing to the eye, and they were considerably roomier than he might have wished. But there was something mysteriously fortifying in finding sole leather once more between his plantar fascia and the uncertainties of Mother Earth.

The barefoot man, he noticed, had removed his hat from the stringpiece.

"And now what are you going to do?" asked Laban, observing that a little of the lassitude had gone out of the other's movements.

"I can eat again," impassively remarked the shoeless one.

"Then why not come and eat with me?" the hungry youth companionably suggested.

The doleful figure shook a doleful head.

"One of those West Street bulls'd only pinch me for gum-shoein' with a bare heel at this time o' the night. And I know a nigger who can shoe me at sunup for six bits. So beat it, son, and good luck to you!"

"The same to you!" called back Laban, already moving eastward along the empty pier.

x

LABAN canted off across the asphalted wastes of West Street, striking south. A police wagon went clanging past him as he reached the sidewalk. That prompted him to tool his course away from the river for a block or two, when he turned south and hurried on until he came to a street-car track. Here he turned east again, and boarded a car.

He looked out when his car stopped at the next corner, and there he saw something which made his eyes widen and his pulse quicken.

What he saw was a cheap restaurant. It was a restaurant looking warm and opulent and indescribably appealing behind its white façade and plate glass and its pyramided grapefruit and its hot plate of greased iron where a white-clad attendant was already browning wheat cakes and flipping them over as nonchalantly as though all New York were cobbled with them.

Laban made for the car door. He dropped from the car platform with countless talons of hunger clawing his vitals. His mouth watered as he approached the white-framed window, where he watched a creamy liquid from a white pitcher solidify into mahogany-tinted disks of close-grained deliciousness.

So intently did he watch that process, and so determinedly did he make for the door a moment later, that he saw nothing of the unobtrusive but keen-eyed figure lounging back in a doorway not thirty paces from the albified front and the lighted window of the all-night restaurant. It was a good place to keep watch, as the unobtrusive figure promptly corroborated by sauntering casually westward and disappearing through the side door of a chocolate shop, where he talked briefly but earnestly over the telephone.

But Laban's mind was set on only one thing. It was set on the long-deferred and the all-obliterating intention of eating, of filling the empty void which yawned under his vest front, of ending the ventral aches which were now beginning to leave him a little dizzy in the top story.

He sat down at a glazed table flanked by a row of empty chairs, took an oblong bill of fare from its neatly nickeled holder and solemnly consulted the printed lines thereon.

He was still consulting that delectable column when a surprisingly fresh-looking young lady in a surprisingly fresh white uniform, having placed silverware and a white paper napkin in front of him, stood expectantly at his shoulder.

"Bring me," the tired-eyed young man slowly and emphatically instructed her, "coffee and wheat cakes, and corn-beef hash on toast, with a poached egg on top of it, and some of those country sausages, and a rasher of bacon on the side, and a double portion of butter cakes with maple sirup."

"Will that be all?" asked the girl at his shoulder, with a perfectly grave face.

"No, it won't be all," responded Laban, with an equally grave face. "For after that I want a coffee cake and an extra cup of coffee, and after that I may possibly want something more. But I can't stop to say what it is now, for I've been on a hunger strike, and the sooner I get busy at breaking it the better."

He took out his gold-filled watch and consulted it. The hands showed twenty-five minutes to five. There was a subway to Brooklyn, he had been told. He would make inquiries about it after he had eaten, for he had to be aboard, he reminded himself, at six. But before everything else, he intended to eat.

He began at the wheat cakes, which disappeared like snow before one of his own Western chinooks. Then he investigated the corn-beef hash embellished with its plump poached egg. He had hopelessly undermined the egg and ordered a second cup of coffee when he wakened up to the fact that he was no longer sitting alone at the white-glazed table. A heavy-bodied man with a blue jaw had casually seated himself at Laban's right at the same time that a lean-faced man with a cigarette took the chair immediately on his left. But Laban, who had other things to think of, kept on with his eating. They were, he had seen at a glance, utter strangers to him.

"We've been looking for you," quite unexpectedly announced the man with the blue jaw.

"And it has been some hunt," continued the thin-faced man with the cigarette.

Laban, with a noncommittal eye, looked from one to the other. Then he turned to the man with the cigarette, as seeming the more companionable of the two.

"Who are you?" he asked, in the act of determinedly stowing away another forkful of the corn-beef hash.

"I'm Bagley, the leg man of the American," was the prompt and not unfriendly response.

"I don't know what a leg man is," Laban remarked, directing more attention towards his forkful of hash than towards the newcomer on his left.

"It means a newspaper reporter who works in the open, away from his office," that newcomer patiently explained. "And the gentleman on your immediate right is my good friend Lieutenant Tiernan, of the Central Office."

Laban obliquely inspected the man on his right, saw that he was not in uniform and refused to be impressed. His night in that city of anomalies had left him a bit skeptical, and he promptly announced the same to the two men so intently watching him.

"This is my fire badge," explained the man who had called himself Bagley. "And I guess, Terry, you'd better show him your shield."

Laban indifferently inspected these tangible and apparently authentic credentials. Then he proceeded to sugar his coffee.

"And what do you want?" he inquired as he proceeded to stir the same.

"I want you to come down to headquarters with me," was Lieutenant Tiernan's altogether unexpected and altogether unpalatable response.

Still again Laban took out the gold-filled watch and consulted it.

"I'm sorry, but I haven't time."

"And why not?" was the officer's ponderously patient query.

"My ship's sailing at six," explained Laban, "and I've got to be aboard her."

The two men exchanged glances across what remained of the corn-beef hash. Then the man from the Central Office laughed. It was not an unpleasant laugh. But it grated on Laban for the simple reason that he entertained no idea as to its cause.

"But that's not the important thing," averred the lieutenant.

"What isn't?" asked Laban.

"The time your ship sails—or any other old ship sails. That's nothing to us."

"But it's something to me," asserted Laban.

"Maybe it is. But there's bigger things than your ship, son, and you're up against 'em right now."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean you've got considerable explaining to do before you get off this island," announced the officer, with a hardening of the lines about his blue-jowled face.

Laban's face also hardened. He was about to speak, but the thinner man stopped him.

"Wait!" he said.

Then the man called Bagley turned to the officer in plain clothes.

"Wait a minute, Terry," he still cautioned. "Let's see if we can't get at this thing from the other side. You're Laban Lindhagen, aren't you?"

"I am," acknowledged Laban as he finished up a butter cake.

"And you landed at the Grand Central Station last night with a package which was intrusted to you by a soviet courier who was intercepted at the border."

"It wasn't a package," corrected Laban. "It was a pocket camera. And I'm not sure about the soviet-courier part of the thing, for the man was a stranger to me."

"A complete stranger?"

"I didn't know him from Adam! And I wish I'd never even seen him!"

Again Laban was not altogether ignorant of the exchange of glances between the two men flanking him. But he went on with his eating.

"What did you do with that camera?" asked Bagley.

"I checked it at the downstairs parcel room of the station and mailed the claim check to Mr. Wu Fang Low down in Pell Street, as the man on the train had asked me to do."

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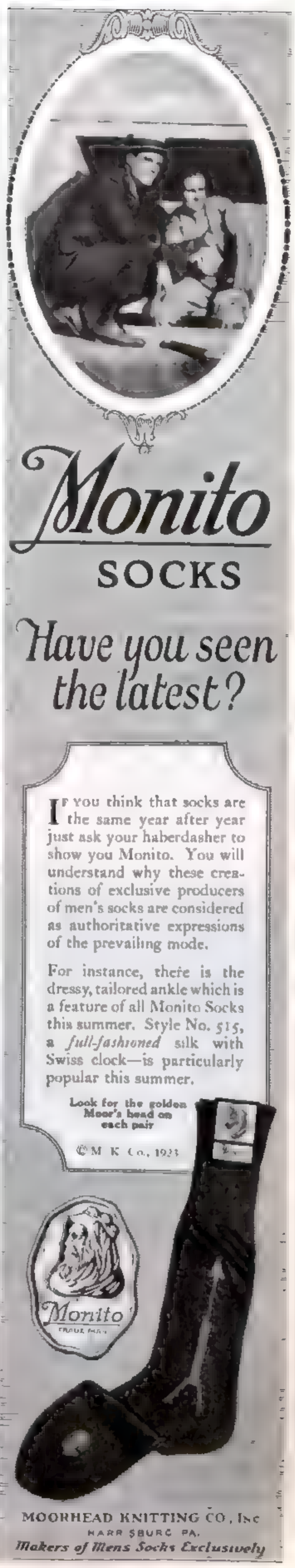
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(Continued from Page 87)

"No, you didn't," promptly asserted his questioner.

"Well, I thought I did," contended Laban. "But when I got to the hotel I found I'd checked my own camera, which was a ringer for the one that had been left in my care."

"Ah!" said the officer and the newspaper man in one and the same breath.

"And what did you do then?" demanded Bagley.

"I found the second camera was packed with a lot of cut stones that had been dipped in wax. So I put 'em away where they'd be safe. A couple of things had happened, you see, to make me feel they might be interfered with. And I intended to keep my promise, for ——"

"But where, man, where?" cried Bagley.

"The same place where I put the bunch of jewelry that was shoved in through my bedroom door," explained Laban, reaching for his coffee ring.

Bagley's fingers were clutched on his coat sleeve.

"Where?" he demanded, shaking the coffee ring out of Laban's grasp.

"I put 'em down one of the bedposts."

"Down a bedpost?"

"Sure! I dropped 'em down inside the foot post of that big hotel bed, and screwed on the top again."

"And they're there now?" asked Bagley, wide-eyed, and once more on his feet.

"I don't see why they shouldn't be," contended Laban.

Bagley sat down and then stood up again. There was a small dewing of moisture on his thin-wrinkled forehead.

"Quick, Terry, get back to the Colbridge and check up on this! You've got the room number. Get Boomer out of bed again if you have to. He'll understand. I'll sit here with this Swede until you get back. But for heaven's sake, make it brief!"

The officer was off at a nod, moving with a celerity unexpected in one so heavy of frame.

"I believe I'd like another cup of that coffee," explained Laban as the wrinkle-eyed Bagley once more seated himself beside him.

The leg man of the American inspected him. That inspection began as one of resentment, but ended up as one of perplexity.

"Of course," he finally announced. "Go ahead and eat and drink until you explode if you feel like it. You probably deserve it. You must have had rather a busy night."

"I have," acknowledged Laban.

"That's what I want to get at," explained the other man. "I want you to tell me just what's happened. I've been working on the other end of this muddle, and I want it straightened out. So spill it, son. Begin at the first and give it to me as it came."

Point by point Laban explained to him what had happened that night. He explained it briefly and more or less brokenly, for there was a good deal of it that was incomprehensible to him. Occasionally his interlocutor would stop him with a question or two; now and then he would fall to wagging his head; and once, with his eyes fixed on Laban's, he ejaculated under his breath, "You unimaginative young Swede, you!"

But Laban, having finished and having noticed the other man's nervous glance down at his watch, remembered about his boat and asked what time it was.

Bagley, however, did not give him the time. For at that moment Lieutenant Tiernan, of the Central Office, stepped in through the restaurant door. Bagley started to his feet, but the officer waved him back.

"It's there!" he announced as he sank into a chair. He was smiling broadly, if a little wearily. "It's there—the whole bunch, and the whole Detwiler haul on top of it!"

Bagley's face looked pinched in the light of the white-glazed arc lamps.

"Who's got 'em?" he asked.

"Boomer's stowed 'em in the safe until the commissioner himself gets down. Can you beat it?"

He blinked meditatively at the restive-bodied Laban, who once more rather irritably consulted his watch. "Can you beat it?" repeated the man from the Central Office, with what seemed altogether foolish impressiveness.

Bagley joined him in his contemplation of the young radio officer.

"What're you going to do with him?" he asked with an impersonality which Laban was tempted to resent.

"Do with him?" echoed the equally impersonal lieutenant. "What good is he to us? We've got what we're after and the case is closed."

"All right, Brother Laban," announced Bagley, stowing away his watch. "We've just got forty-five minutes to get you aboard that boat of yours."

"You can't make it!" proclaimed the police officer, without emotion.

"But I've got to make it," protested Laban; "and I'd like to pick up my suitcase on the way."

Still again the two men sat studying each other.

"Couldn't you do it with the captain's car?" prompted Bagley. "The nut almost deserves it!"

Lieutenant Tiernan, as he rose to his feet, seemed to be hesitating. But he nodded the next moment in a sort of grim assent which Laban couldn't quite account for.

"Get ready," he proclaimed. "I'll be back here in exactly two minutes."

Laban solemnly verified his check reckoning, paid for his breakfast and pushed two nickels out towards the young woman in white.

"I'm going over there with you," announced Bagley as he ushered the now slightly plethoric youth into the closed car waiting at the curb.

Laban had stood somewhat abashed at the prospect of invading a police car, which he had pictured as a cardinal red Juggernaut with a big brass bell crowning its cowl. But instead of that it was merely a dark-paneled landaulet with an intricate silver coat of arms adjusted to its radiator and an inviting slope to its upholstery.

"You know, I can't quite understand all this," complained Laban as they skyhooted down the twilight cañon of a steel-tracked street where, from an occasional corner, a traffic policeman gravely saluted.

"Then I'll make it a little plainer to you," said Bagley. "That soviet bunch have been trying to get the pick of the Romanoff crown jewels into this country for the last ten months. They failed at the front door, for three hundred men have been watching for that shipment for five months. So they tried the back door. Your friend on the train, coming in by way of the Pacific and Canada, had both the Winter Palace and the Kremlin stones packed away in that camera case he passed over to you when one of the Treasury men spotted him as a Red at the border. He took a chance, of course, but he had to. Somebody aboard that train wired on ahead, I suppose, and they made ready for you. They laid their ropes, but you fooled them with your check-room stunt."

"That was an accident," interrupted Laban.

"We know it now. But they didn't. And while you were toting all that stuff around as though it were a bag of peanuts, you ——"

"What was that stuff worth?" Laban still again interrupted.

That's hard to say," explained Bagley, "in dollars and cents. But Krassin and the rest of them counted on raising nearly four million dollars on the collection. Then, as I was going to say, they used Limousine Sadie as a stick-up and she laid for you outside the station. Sadie, I'll explain before you stop me again, is really a Magyar Jewess named Ruzenka Fanazick who did secret-agent work over here during the war—and was good-looking enough to get away with it—and then turned to gay-catting for Barinoff. I don't know how hard she vamped you, son, but apparently you didn't rise to her hook. So she did the best she could and steered you for the Colbridge. She wanted you planted there for future use. And the letter you got there, you'd find if you cared to investigate, had been hurried out to about every hotel in the city.

"But there'd been a leak somewhere, and those other two, Matesta and Hwoschinsky, got the tip you were carrying the Romanoff jewels into the city. So that put them on your trail as hot as Sadie and her side partners. Then you bumped into a real robbery at the Colbridge. It wasn't a hold-up, as Tiny Detwiler told you, but a window job by a couple of ledge flies working with her, a sneak thief's clean-up out of a Brazilian coffee planter's suite. She got cornered, and backed into your room. Then you double-crossed her by stowing her loot and she saw she couldn't force your hand. So she pulled her old matrimonial-agency stuff by steering you up to an Avenue house with a crooked caretaker and the owners abroad. There old Pop Strevel, alias Parson Sam, was getting ready to squeeze the truth out of you; but the Barinoff bunch were watching all the time, and after they'd played for time enough to get a counterfeit claim check printed and passed in at the Grand Central room, they butted in and Tiny let you out by the roof line. One of Barinoff's men in the meantime got the camera on the fake claim check. We know that, because a couple of Tiernan's men nabbed him just as he was waking up to the sad fact it wasn't exactly the camera he wanted. Old Wu Fang Low thought it was Sadie who'd hung the Indian sign on the scheme, and, of course ——"

He broke off short and stared out through the slightly misted window glass.

"Hello, here's the bridge, and I'll be darned if that isn't day light showing up over the Brooklyn water tanks!"

"How are we for time?" asked Laban as they arrowed on in obvious disregard of all traffic laws.

"You'll just make it," averred Bagley, with his watch in his hand. He sat holding the open-case timepiece until the minute hand and the hour hand made a vertical line across the dial.

"But those two men in the motorboat," questioned the preoccupied youth. "Why were they taking chances like that to get a casket out of a bond room?"

Bagley's smile was a restricted one.

"It's what we all take chances for, my son, in a land of drought like this. Your friends were a couple of river pirates, after a cache of confiscated De Kuyper gin. The assistant steward of that Dutch liner had tried to get it in on a funeral permit. But he overloaded his casket and they nipped him in the act.

"They put it under guard in the bond room, along with eight or ten cases of cognac they'd dug out of the coal bunkers; and the smell of stuff like that was just a little too strong for your water rats!"

"But d'you mean to say that nice girl who called herself Gale—Gale Rimelander," persisted the somewhat abashed-eyed Laban, "was nothing more than—than a tool in the hands of a band of sneak thieves?"

Bagley laughed as he put his watch away.

"She's some chicken, is Tiny! And you're not the first man she's hypnotized into swallowing that Fifth Avenue stuff. Why, son, when you come to think of it, you're lucky to — "

He stopped and looked out.

"And how's that for more luck?" he suddenly demanded as they swung about and rumbled out on the pier planks beside a new white freighter where an officer from the bridge was impassively calling down, "Let go your stern line!"

Four feet of open space yawned between the backed gangway and the closed deck rail. But over this Laban first threw his suitcase and then his own tired though triumphant body.

"Good luck and good-by!" he heard Bagley call after him.

It came to Laban rather remotely, however, like a voice from another world, a world from which the Aleutiana was already edging slowly away.

THE END

"Aw, T'row Him Overboard!" Muttered the Deeper of the Two Voices, Not Without Disgust

GENUINE CHIFFON

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS INDIANAPOLIS REAL SILK FROM MILL TO MILLIONS

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For your protection every authorized Real Silk Representative wears this gold identification button.

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at $1.50 per pair

—this astoundingly low price made possible only by buying

Direct from the Manufacturer

YOU can now secure beautiful chiffon hosiery direct from the manufacturer at mill prices. This is probably the most far-reaching announcement ever made in the silk hosiery industry.

Chiffon hosiery has become indispensable to women of discrimination, *particularly during the summer months.* Today it is the final touch of perfection in smart dress.

REAL SILK chiffon hosiery is made of the finest silk that the world produces—genuine Japanese silk-worm silk—100% pure. We ourselves import this silk direct from the filature in Japan.

The shimmering clearness of this chiffon hosiery, its unclouded perfection of texture and exquisite transparency can not be excelled.

To sense the true value of this hosiery you must compare it with your finest chiffons for which you have been accustomed to pay at least $3.00 a pair.

Even the sole and heel splicings are of pure silk.

When you buy this hosiery you know in advance that you are going to get chiffon hosiery, free from usual flaws caused by *handling.* Each pair is sealed in an individual envelope right at the mills. No human hand touches it until you yourself break the seal in your own home.

This unusual hosiery can not be obtained in retail stores. Our representative from our branch office in your city will call at your home with samples in all the leading colors. He will take your order and your hosiery will be mailed to you by parcel post C. O. D. direct from the U. S. post office branch in our mills.

Mill Prices

BOX OF FOUR PAIRS . $6.00

In Canada, Box of Four Pairs . $8.50

To insure added service, toe, heel and top are made of special processed lisle

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Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc.

Delicious On Warm Days—Cold Sauerkraut

WHEN it's "too hot to eat," just think of a generous bowl of raw sauerkraut, surrounded by cracked ice, and your mouth will begin to water.

Make your vision a reality, and you'll have a delicious and refreshing meal, a meal that will "just touch the spot" on a warm day.

For the piquant flavor of the crisp and succulent kraut will delight your palate. And the natural lactic acid will cleanse and disinfect the intestinal tract from impurities and toxins. People who are clean and normal internally feel cool and bright, though the weather be warm.

This is the natural way to keep cool—more effective than drinking iced drinks.

Dr. Arnold Lorand of Carlsbad, in his book, "Health Through Rational Diet," says of sauerkraut: "It might also be added that the pleasant sour taste has a stimulating effect upon the appetite, especially in cases where the stomach is in good condition. . . . This juice has a very refreshing and pleasant taste. I found that when, during the hot summer days, I had no appetite, I could stimulate it by taking a little of this juice."

Many restaurants, hotels and clubs are serving cold sauerkraut daily these days. It is delicious eaten raw, just as it comes out of the can or the cask. There are many other new and appetizing ways of serving this beneficial vegetable food. Mail this coupon for the free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," containing many new, tested recipes.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at grocery stores, meat markets, delicatessen stores)

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

Send for This Interesting Booklet— FREE

The National Kraut Packers Association P-15
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Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

Name

Address

MAD FROM OIL

(Continued from Page 11)

sign bearing the name of a section or suburb of Los Angeles, and we seated ourselves according to the place we were supposed to come from.

Shortly the salesmen bore down upon us, bearing huge cups of coffee, coarse sandwiches and cookies. We were urged again and again to eat hearty, that "there is more where this came from." The atmosphere was certainly one of the most hearty and excessive hospitality; and it was, indeed, beautiful to see a well-dressed salesman, who would be disgusted at less than fifty dollars a day in commissions while the picking was good, wait upon toil-begrimed workmen and sad-looking women with smelly babies.

Lest the writer be accused of looking a gift horse in the mouth, it should be said in all seriousness that there are literally thousands of persons who spend most of their time in taking free bus rides, eating free lunches and going where the best hot lunches are to be found. I, however, am unlucky. Despite careful inquiry of newspaper men, the State Corporation Department and other authorities, I never succeeded, on several trips of this kind, in picking out an oil investment which provided a hot lunch. Always I had a cold and clammy lunch. But there is consolation in the statement made by one investigator, that the chicken dinners never consisted of chicken, anyway, but of sea gulls.

As one sat at luncheon, there was plenty to look at. Through the open flap of the tent, the buildings of the state insane asylum could be seen at a little distance, and a squad of inmates marched from one building to another in what seemed to be a lock step. But the people in the tent were more worth studying. Many bore upon their faces and persons unmistakable signs of both ignorance and poverty, although they were of no one class or group. For the most part, however, they were a sad aggregation of humanity, a lot of culls, as it were, brought together by the powerful forces of curiosity and greed.

Observers of this promotional aspect of the oil boom maintain that the investors are mostly women, and elderly. Altogether, the writer visited seven tents, containing from fifty to 500 people each, and spent from fifteen minutes to several hours in each. The people were of all descriptions, but it is probable that the predominant type was the elderly or middle-aged female, bearing every sign of a monotonous and mediocre life.

Unpromising Prospects

In one place we saw a bent and aged crone, looking like one of Dickens' or Carlyle's hag women of the French Revolution. It is reliably estimated that at least half the domestic servants in and around Los Angeles have real estate or oil units, and I saw larger numbers of the more elderly domestics in the tents, fairly drinking in the tales of wealth. But younger women, especially married ones with babies, were never lacking. I asked one young mother if her baby liked oil.

"Not this kind," she replied.

"Castor oil?" I ventured, and she shook her head in an emphatic negative.

But men were not lacking, either on week days or Sundays, although the proportion of men was naturally much greater on the first day of the week. In one of the busses the seat in front of us was filled entirely with old men in apparently the last stages of doddering decrepitude. One was suffering from palsy, another looked exactly like a much superannuated French dancing teacher. It is certainly fair to say that a very considerable number of all the people we saw in busses or tents were too childish mentally to possess any such thing as business judgment. Many were too old to know their own minds, or to make any decision except as it was forced upon them by high-powered closers.

But there were many married couples in all the tents, and these were the worst of all; for if one hung back, the other was willing to buy. And, of course, in every case the salesman aimed his talk at the bolder of the two.

Certain of the promoters have directed their campaigns at special classes of people, such as church congregations, cripples, old soldiers, women's clubs, negro porters and religious sects. Two promoters actually went to one of the state officials and said they were going to quit because they didn't have the heart to sell to old women and old soldiers.

But to hasten on with the narrative. By this time we had all eaten plentifully. Several salesmen lifted up the flaps of the tent and we could see scores of derricks in the neighborhood. It was announced from the platform that we might all guess on the daily production of the well which was to be brought in on the property. Little slips were passed around and we were requested to sign our names and put down our idea of the future production.

"There's always a way to get your names," said one of the salesmen with cheerful candor as he passed us the little slips.

Indeed, one of the most startling things about the oil-promotion game is the open, artless way in which promoters and salesmen talk before the prospects.

Some Typical Ballyhoo

"I don't know anything about oil," said one of the salesmen later; "all I want is the money."

"I want eight hundred suckers," was the heading of one advertisement; and another read, "If you are interested in making money, all I can say is, shut your eyes and shoot your money to me."

But back again to the story. A sort of master of ceremonies mounted the platform and introduced the promoter, who also was to give the lecture. He was introduced as never having been in a losing venture.

"I am not a minister, a doctor, a professor or a judge," he began. "But I will tell my story as best I can. I am a plain American citizen." [Loud applause from the salesmen mobilized on the rear seats, and a little from the elderly lady prospects.]

This reference to the various professions was a knock at other promotion outfits that employ ex-clergymen, judges, and the like, to lecture to the tent loads. In one or two cases, men of former prominence are engaged in this occupation, and it is said that one of them was paid $1000 a week for a time.

"I am an idealist," went on the lecturer. "I can accomplish anything if I try hard enough, and so can you. Strong men decide for themselves and so must you. Five per cent of the men in this country have nearly all the money. Why is that? Because they have the courage to act right now, because they are positive and decisive.

"People say to me, 'This proposition is probably all right, but I want to wait until tomorrow to think it over.' But there is no tomorrow. What we call tomorrow will be another day. We sleep between today and tomorrow, and recently I looked up the meaning of sleep in Webster's dictionary. What do you think it said? Temporary death.

"As we were passing an oil well the other day an old lady on the bus whispered to her husband, but I heard her, 'Why, I guess that's oil, after all!' Then she explained that she wanted to write to her son back in Bangor, Maine, before investing.

"'But, madam,' I said, 'what does he know about oil? There is none in Maine.'

"'He runs a drug store,' she replied, 'and sells castor oil.'" [Mild laughter.]

The lecturer then went on at great length about the evils of fear, and how fear keeps people from making investments. He told us that the first well in Pennsylvania is still producing, and predicted higher prices for oil; which, of course, was perfectly safe, because he put no time limit on his prediction.

But in the main, his long talk consisted of purely hypnotic exhortation, in an almost semireligious, Billy Sunday, camp-meeting vein.

"Be masters of your own destinies. Don't you know that people are poor because they are in bondage to fear and doubt, because they do not think for themselves, because they let the banks make 100 per cent with their money and they make only 4 per cent?"

Finally he had finished, and before his words had died away an employe in the back of the tabernacle was shouting out the names and prices of various oil units on the Los Angeles market, and another was writing them on the blackboard, all in imitation of the excitement of a broker's office.

But almost before the lecturer had spoken his last word the salesmen were down upon us, at our very elbows, peering into our faces, and the real slaughter had begun. The salesmen, previously massed on the rear seats and obviously bored with a lecture they had heard so many times before, scattered about the tent in an incredibly short space of time. As the salesman gets at a minimum somewhere between ten dollars and twenty dollars for each one hundred-dollar unit sold, it can be seen with what rapidity and avidity he gets to work.

One was seated beside us, another was insinuating his way alongside a cheery little woman with two small children, still another had tackled a clean but wrinkled and gnarled Swedish maidservant of elderly years; and a vamp type of saleslady was pouring blandishments upon an embarrassed young workman.

"But what can I do if I have no money?" I overheard the workman say.

The woman gave him one sharp look, realized he was telling the truth, and within thirty seconds had left him flat to fasten herself upon another victim.

I later discovered that if a tent was fairly well filled, a good many people would drift away after the lecture before the salesmen could nail them. But this was an off day, with only fifty people in all, and no one escaped without a thorough solicitation.

"Well, what are you fellows going to do?" asked the salesman who sat down beside us, as he looked first at my friend and then at me. "This is such a good clean proposition that I have bought two or three units myself. It's as clean as a hound's tooth." Exactly the same phraseology used by all other oil salesmen.

I had been warned by state investigators not to fall too easily, to insist upon being shown. But we were both disgusted with the noise and din of the place, with the heat and flies, with the cheap, hectic atmosphere of it all, with the pity of such ignorance and sordid greed. I looked across at another table where a pathetic-looking, poorly dressed young woman, with a face half gone, evidently burned off in a cookstove explosion, was handing a Liberty Bond over to a salesman.

The husband, dressed in the roughest working clothes, sat by with an expression as intelligent as that of a faithful ox. In the woman's eyes was a pitiful look of mingled hope and fear, much as a deer or a white baby might have shown as an Apache warrior raised his ax, uncertain perhaps whether to strike.

I wanted to get out; the air was choking me. But the game must be played through.

"What cash bonus did the company pay for this acreage?" I asked, the lecturer having failed to mention this item.

The Chance of a Lifetime

The salesman looked bewildered. He had only been in California three weeks; he knew as much about oil and oil investments as a cat. But the head salesman on the platform heard my question and furnished the information. I had had enough.

"What is the smallest cash payment you will take?" was the next question I put to the salesman.

"Five dollars is the smallest amount," he answered, as I handed out the five and received a receipt, as required by the State Corporation Department.

"How about you?" was his next remark as he turned to my friend, and when the latter shook his head in the negative the salesman's parting shot was, "You're missing a chance to live in luxury all the rest of your life."

But we passed down the aisle past eager-faced old women signing checks and receipts, and out into freedom and the open air.

The production chief of one of the largest oil companies in the field offered to bet me a hat the following day when I told him of my investment that I would never get any oil, much less any dividends. Indeed, he mentioned the trifling fact that my well was outside of proved territory. It also appears that in the month or two since this investment was made, holes in that particular portion of the field have given many indications of dryness, and brokers are unkind enough to advertise that they are willing to sell units such as I bought for a fraction

(Continued on Page 94)

THE FOOT ARISTOCRATIC

Taste – the expression of individuality

Shoes of Vici kid offer unusual possibilities for the expression of personal style preferences.

Vici kid is a delight to the eye in its fine grain and lasting lustre. Vici kid is a pleasure to touch—you can *feel* its smooth, strong texture, its firmness and its pliability. In fashion and good taste, shoes of Vici kid meet the demands of the most discriminating.

Notwithstanding the radical changes in shoe designs during the last thirty years, the popularity of Vici kid has steadily increased. It is still the choice of the discriminating public when style, appearance and wear are the chief considerations.

Ask for shoes of Vici kid. No other leather combines *all* the advantages of Vici kid.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.
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Selling Agencies in all parts of the world

Robert H. Foerderer revolutionized methods of leather tanning in 1890 and gave to the world Vici kid.

VICI kid

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

THERE IS ONLY ONE VICI KID --- THERE NEVER HAS BEEN ANY OTHER

Quality toilet paper products
If It's Marked A. P. W. It's Clean
The A. P. W. line of Quality Toilet Paper Products includes Onliwon Paper Towels and these six brands of toilet paper—suiting every preference as to paper and price, ranging from the big value 5c and 10c rolls to the 2500-sheet, extra fine quality, "Satin Tissue" roll.
No matter where you may buy toilet paper or paper towels, if the package bears the animated paper dolls carrying the letters A. P. W., you are assured immaculate cleanliness in materials and in making.
Clean Spruce logs, plus pure water from our own wells, plus a clean, sunlighted plant—this is the manufacturing formula which, for over fifty years, has made A. P. W. Quality Toilet Paper Products preferred by careful buyers everywhere.
A. P. W. PAPER CO., ALBANY, N. Y.
For ten cents and wrapper from any A. P. W. roll we will send, postpaid, beautiful doll, reproducing in three colors, the original A. P. W. doll character illustrated (on cloth ready to be stuffed).
Fort Orange
BOB WHITE
CROSS CUT
APW
QUALITY TOILET PAPER PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 92)

of the price paid by original sucker subscribers like the writer

But neither I nor any other purchaser has any redress. The form of receipt required by the State Corporation Department contains the following sentence, printed in very small type, indeed, but signed by Edwin M. Daugherty, commissioner, and Mark H. Slosson, deputy:

"Prospective purchasers of these securities are hereby advised that the development of oil and gas in commercial quantities on the property hereinabove described is purely speculative." So that is that.

Why was I so easy as to take the salesman's word that five dollars was the minimum first payment? From many other sources it was subsequently learned that oil salesmen would frequently accept an initial payment of two dollars, or even one dollar, if that was all they could get. Talk about your prize boobs!

No sum is too small to be acceptable, none is beneath the notice of your true promoter. There are oil tents in which the salesmen have actually made their first approach to the prospect by asking this crude question: "Have you any money now?" One old woman is said to have given up her fur coat in payment, riding back to town in the cold, while another turned over to the salesman a gold watch given her by her son, who was gassed in the war, the watch being her only memory of him.

All for Six-Eighty-Five

Only a few hours after leaving the tent we were walking along a country road when a salesman accosted us and said, "Why don't you play safe, boys, and buy one of these nice lots, eighty by twenty feet, instead of oil stock or units? You get all the oil there is under the lot and own the land besides, all for $685."

"How much down?" I asked.

"One-half cash," he replied.

"Nothing doing," I said as we walked away, and in an effort to be real fresh, called back to him, "You wouldn't take five dollars down, would you?"

"Just try me and see!" shot back the salesman with an eager light in his eyes.

But we were investment suckers in more ways than one. We had failed to connect with a hot luncheon or with one where music was furnished. Even worse, we had failed to pick a tent which offered the attractions of a parachute jump, as others in the field did, or the appearance of movie actors and actresses whom we might meet in person. We did not even pick a tent with a big crowd. Talk about bad luck!

This latter defect was remedied, however, on several subsequent occasions; and though we still failed to pick oil investments with movie-star and parachute-jump attachments, we certainly found in the larger crowds infinitely more entertainment and instruction than in the smaller ones. Indeed, there is a bewildering choice of what might be called tent or tabernacle investments in these oil fields. The whole countryside looks like a giant circus, for one finds tents all over the landscape.

Sunday is the best day to visit the oil fields, if crowds are what one wants to see; and the first tent visited on a Sunday was presided over by a lecturer who, like the one already described, declared himself to be just a plain American citizen and not an orator. He did his best, however, to throw his voice against the noise of drilling, trucking and hammering all about. In the next tent, the lecturer evidently was a thoroughgoing professional, for he was unmindful of the terrific din outside.

In this tent, which boasted red-white-and-blue banners, 500 people—men, women and children—were packed as tight as sardines. They evidently had enjoyed a hot lunch, judging from the unremoved remains which were being attacked by squadrons of flies.

First came the promoter himself. He thanked the people for being there, spoke of the honor of having so many guests. The promoter then shook hands with the lecturer.

As he started to speak, I watched the eager faces of the crowd and realized that practically all of them wanted to believe, that they yearned for courage to act. They fairly hung on his words, and evidently found his high-pressure methods to their liking. They were people who could not be driven too hard mentally. What they wanted was insistence, repetition, brutal hammering emphasis. It made them feel as if it must all be real and that they themselves were persons of importance.

The lecturer started with a panegyric of praise for California, followed by the statement that this was the most wonderful spot in California, "and our organization is one of the most wonderful in the field. We don't have to prove it; we admit it.

"Everyone is interested in making money, and whenever people get together, 99 per cent of the talk is about money. I don't mind telling you that before I get through you will be interested and will take your check book out. If you haven't a check, I will furnish you with all you want.

"Some people say they don't need to buy oil units because they have money in the savings bank. But what is the idea of putting money in the bank at 4 per cent and allowing the bankers to use it for their own advantage, and making as high as 2200 per cent out of oil investments with your money? You can't accumulate wealth by working on a salary or by putting $2000 or $3000 in a bank.

"You all say, 'If I only had the money to do this or that.' We all envy those who have money. You envy the man with a larger car, or if you are a woman and see another girl all dressed up in the latest, you say, 'See that hussy,' and then you envy her clothes.

"All you need is a little money and the nerve to invest it. The oil industry is the safest in California, for the laws are so stringent that fly-by-night promoters can't take your money. But you say you have read in the paper where oil men have gone to jail. Those were not oil men, but slickers. No bona-fide oil man goes to jail Thank God, we live up to the corporation-department permit. All the companies in this field are good and reliable, but we will make you more money. This is the best part of the field. In other places they may not get any oil. We are not making a five-cent piece by promotion.

"The oil is here, there is a big market and the price has nothing to do with supply and demand. I'll guarantee you the price will go up any time the Standard Oil wants to sell.

"They say that oil is a gamble; but life is too. Death is the only thing in which there is no gamble. You are crazy if you don't gamble. If you haven't sense enough to take a chance, the booby house over there is for you. Talk about chances, why, there was a time when you could have bought lots on Pershing Square for fifty dollars. If you are willing to come in without doubts and fears, come ahead; if not, stay out, we will sell it to others. I don't believe you are taking any more chances on this well than if you bought government bonds."

The Lightning Calculator

The lecturer then told us that the Standard Oil Company of California had offered the state $15,000,000 for the insane asylum grounds, in addition to a 25 per cent royalty, the removal of the old buildings, the purchase of suitable new grounds and the erection of suitable new buildings. As several other lecturers made similar statements, Mr. K. R. Kingsbury, president of the Standard Oil Company of California, was asked later concerning them, and replied, "I need hardly add that there is no truth in the statements of promoters that we have offered the state of California a huge sum for property at Norwalk."

The lecturer next did some lightning calculation on the blackboard—the arithmetic in oil lectures is hurried over with extreme rapidity—and showed how the unit holders would get several thousand dollars a year on a $100 investment if the well came in with 8000 or 10,000 barrels a day—it had not been drilled yet. But he announced his desire to be conservative and cut the amount in half several times, thus proving triumphantly that the dividend would still amount to 561 per cent.

At one point the lecturer said that the permit of the corporation department would back up everything he said, an obvious lie if he meant to imply that it backed up his entire lecture, but perfectly true if he intended it to refer to certain of his statements only. One could not tell.

Gradually he worked into a long and really humorous story about two imaginary families who lived side by side, and the wives of which had both been approached the same day by a salesman to buy oil units. One had bought and the other had not. He

(Continued on Page 97)

Fenestra Basement Windows are:

Always Easy to Operate—You know how damp weather interferes with the operation of ordinary basement windows. But dampness never affects Fenestra. Fenestra Windows, with their bars of solid steel, cannot warp nor stick. They're always easy to open and just as easy to close.

Strong and Long-lived—Of course, Fenestra Basement Windows are more durable. They cannot rot or decay. Coal or wood deliveries do not interfere with their perfect operation.

Far More Attractive—Look for Fenestra Basement Windows in the homes recently built or now building in your locality. Notice how Fenestra's slender bars and broader panes add to the appearance of the lower part of the house. See if you don't think they make the *whole* house more attractive.

An Added Protection—With their bars of solid steel and positive locking device, Fenestra Windows provide an effective barrier against outside intruders. And, as you can readily see, Fenestra steel construction adds one more element of fire-protection to the home.

Easily Screened—No trouble in screening Fenestra Windows. Two screw holes are provided on each side of the frame so that screens can be easily fitted to the outside and secured from the inside.

Low in Cost—Why be satisfied with ordinary basement windows when you can have all the added advantages of Fenestra at so small a cost? Your contractor knows that Fenestra costs less to install.

An Opportunity for Dealers

The rapidly increasing use of Fenestra Basement Windows offers exceptional business and profit opportunities for lumber and building material dealers: —less money invested; small stocks; more rapid turnover. Write for our 100% Dealer Proposition.

Build a Usable Basement in Your New Home

Be sure that your new home is equipped with Fenestra Basement Windows. Then you'll have a basement that's really usable. There'll be light a-plenty around your work bench, in the laundry, in the coal bin, near the furnace—everywhere. There'll be no dark and dangerous places on the stairway. Flooded with natural light and pure, fresh air in abundance, the Fenestra Daylighted Basement is a truly livable basement.

That's because Fenestra Basement Windows, with their narrower steel bars, broader panes and larger openings, admit 80% more light and far more air. They make the basement as bright and healthful and usable as the rooms upstairs.

DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, 2612 E. Grand Boulevard, DETROIT
For Canada: Canadian Metal Window & Steel Products, Ltd., 160 River St., Toronto

Fenestra
BASEMENT WINDOWS

Fenestra
The name of the ORIGINAL steel WindoWall.
The symbol of superior QUALITY in material, patented design, workmanship and service.

Why this HOOD Tube window should interest YOU!

This week look for a display similar to this "At the Sign of the Hood Service Man". It is tube demonstration week. Just step in and ask any questions about tubes. This is a part of our campaign to protect good tires with good tubes

What you should know about tubes— particularly The HOOD Tube

Pure rubber is plastic. A straight tube of *pure* rubber becomes round with two pounds of air, and a tube so made functions without strain *at any point.*

The shape of a tube when made has no bearing upon eventual stretching or weakening in use. These troubles are caused by improper blending or vulcanizing.

A HOOD Tube retains its life, because:—

[a] It is pure rubber stock [floating] which guarantees maximum return to position, and insures the greatest resistance against tear or splitting when blow out does occur

[b] HOOD Tubes have a breaking strength of 2700 pounds to the inch.

[c] HOOD Tube Stock will stretch 8 times its length without harm. It is required to stretch but twice its length in a tire.

[d] A HOOD Tube will return to its shape indefinitely under running conditions—in other words, it will age well.

[e] A HOOD Tube may be patched and vulcanized as often as necessary without detriment to the original stock.

[f] The thickness and weight of a HOOD Tube is scientifically accurate. Bulk in a tube gives no indication of its performance. In fact a tube that is too heavy and too big does not work or wear well, and may indicate a "loaded" instead of a pure rubber stock.

If you need a new tube for a tire that came with the car, make it a HOOD. It will wear well, hold its shape, and be ready later for a White Arrow Cord—a serviceable tire to match a serviceable tube.

The New HOOD WHITE ARROW Cord and HOOD Red Tubes

Hood Rubber Products Company, Inc.

Manufacturers of rubber products for more than a quarter of a century.
For Summer comfort—Hood Canvas Shoes—Ask your shoeman.

Watertown, Massachusetts

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then depicted the green envy of the family which had not bought when the other acquired a large automobile and moved into a fashionable residential section from the riches produced by the oil unit.

"Your neighbor leans over the back fence and remarks sweetly, 'We are leaving this dirty old neighborhood; we are going to Beverly Hills.' You would really like to bean her with a flatiron or choke her to death, but instead you slobber all over her and tell her how glad you are at her good fortune. When your husband comes home that night you bawl him out. 'Get out of here! You haven't the brains of a gnat. All you can earn is fifty dollars a week and that man next door is worth millions.'

"'But, my dear,' mildly interposes your husband, 'I didn't keep you from buying oil stock. In fact, I wanted you to buy it.'

"'I know it,' you say; 'but you are supposed to be the stronger sex; you should have overruled me.'

"We all know someone who started on the same level with us, but having had a little more nerve, accumulated wealth and left us behind in a rut because we didn't invest when we had a good chance. Within a few minutes you will have another chance to get into the wealthy class. There is only one argument I can't combat, and that is that you have no money.

"Folks, there it is. I don't mind telling you that I'm going to make $250,000 myself. Twenty years hence, instead of reading where John D. Rockefeller gave away $10,000,000, you will read where I, little Jonathan Edwards"—which was not his name—"am giving away money by the million.

"Opportunity has knocked ten or fifteen times before with all of you, but you were upstairs in the bathtub with the door locked. You couldn't get down. But there is no locked door in your way today." And he might have added with even more point that there was no bathtub, either. "I'm going to make $250,000, and you, too, can make it here and now."

"All that that speech boils down to is this," said a friend who accompanied me: "He assumes he is going to get oil and figures from that. He intimated that anything less than $2.50 a barrel for oil was robbery, and then figured on $2.50. He said at one point not to put all you had in oil, and then he intimated that if all you had in the bank was $3000, you were a fool not to put that much in. But, of course, he protected himself by the first part of the statement."

In all promotion games the hurry-hurry method is always successful. Such expressions as "too late" and "last chance" seem to drive a certain type of mind into making a decision. Certainly it worked in this case. Within a few minutes a line of investors had formed in front of the lecturer, the regular salesmen, despite the presence of dozens of them, being unable to take all the subscriptions that were offered.

The Golden Harvest

I did not see any old woman pay a man ten dollars for his place in the line, as one investigator says has been done; but within a few minutes' time I saw between $3000 and $5000 paid over to the salesmen in the form of cash, checks or Liberty Bonds. It is credibly reported that in some of these tents as much as $30,000 has been taken in on a single Sunday afternoon.

One couple who sat at our table had a daughter about twelve years of age. They were at once pounced upon by a vamp type of saleslady, and the father signed up for one unit, explaining that he would contribute fifty dollars, the other fifty dollars to be taken from the child's savings-bank account. This sum, he said, the child had saved up to buy a piano, and by making several hundred or thousand per cent in oil it would be possible to purchase the piano much sooner.

"But," said the child with a wisdom not only beyond her years, but far beyond that of her elders, "suppose I should lose it."

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained, dearie," replied the vamp: and the child, who could hardly be expected to concentrate long on a difficult financial problem, ran off to ride donkey-back, while her father signed up.

One striking fact about all the crowds seen in oil tabernacles was the number of repeaters, so to speak. In other words, the crowds were made up to a considerable extent of people who had already invested and came down day after day merely to feast their eyes upon the derrick and drink in the rhapsodic words of the lecturer. They seemed fairly intoxicated by the whole performance.

In one place, at a certain point in the lecture, an automobile door slammed several times, a man slowly got out and walked into the tent, with all eyes turned upon him, as the lecturer pointed to him and said:

"I was just about to tell these people about you, Mr. Smith. Is it true that you have received $1400 in dividends from a $250 investment?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Smith, the coincidence of whose timely arrival every day was certainly fortunate. "I wouldn't sell it for $75,000."

In another tent which I visited three separate times, a long individual always arose at a certain point in the lecture and offered to pay a fancy price, which he named, for a large number of units. The lecturer then told the audience all about the interrupter's important financial affiliations. As two of my visits were more than a month apart, and as the cadaverous person always made his entrance in exactly the same way and at the same time, it was evident that these particular unit holders, or prospective holders, prefer their oil investments with a little play-acting on the side rather than straight.

The Follow-Up Talk

It is said that once a sucker, always a sucker. Certainly those who had already purchased showed an eager desire, an intense enthusiasm for the sale of more units. Somehow the people did not act like investors, but more like an audience at some sort of séance. Intense emotion rather than cold calculation was the predominant note.

It goes without saying that earlier purchasers are treated very politely when they visit the tents, no matter how often. The salesmen urge food upon them, and show them more attention, one can be sure, than these poor people ever had before. They feel they are part of the organization, that at last they are getting the sort of treatment and consideration to which they are entitled. In fact, the promoter never tires of telling them that their little one or two or three hundred dollars mean as much to him as if they had put in many thousands.

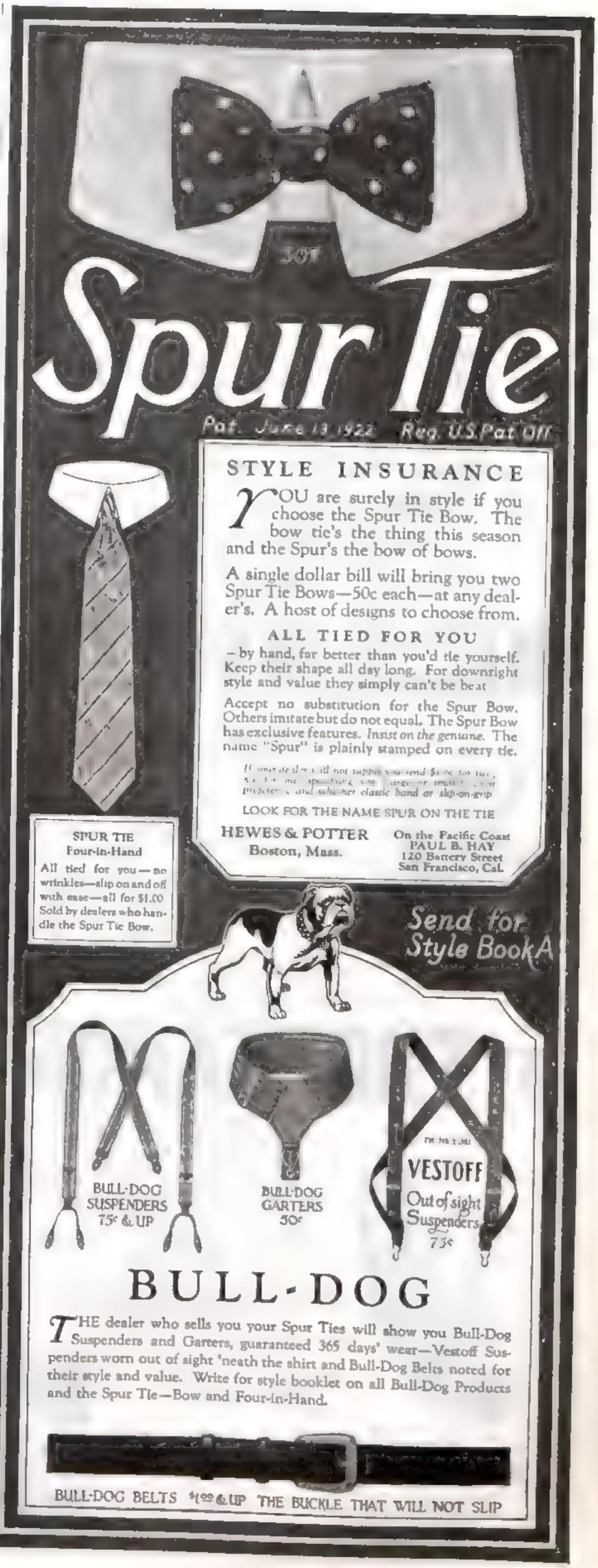
Of course, all the purchasers do not remain satisfied. Naturally, the hypnosis wears off with many, and in the cold gray dawn of the morning after they wonder why they parted with their money on the strength of mere promises. A nurse from the East reached the city at 8:30 in the morning, took a room at an eminently respectable hotel, and within an hour was walking the streets to see the sights. It was her first visit, and the monster busses excited her curiosity.

A saleslady asked her if she cared to take a ride. Within a few hours of her arrival she was herded with the other cattle into a tent, and was swept off her feet by the promise of 600 per cent a month on her life savings. Upon reaching town she was seized with remorse, and when the state authorities discovered that all she had really purchased was 1-19200th of the oil which might be produced from one well, they asked the promoter to refund, which he did.

It is to be said in behalf of most of the promoters that they kick back fairly well when there is a squawk in order to hush it up. Several promoters have struck so much more oil than anyone supposed possible that their policy has wisely been one of rapid refunds, with other less fortunate promoters anxious to gain the same reputation. Of course, great numbers of investors do not have the courage to ask a refund, even though they may be in doubt as to the wisdom of their investment. Said an experienced bank president in Long Beach:

"There is hardly a day that strangers do not ask me what I think of this or that unit scheme. They come to me, I suppose, because I have been here a long time. The sad fact is that nearly all who make inquiries have already invested. They rarely come to me before they have invested."

In addition to those who have already purchased and those who buy for the first time, there are great numbers of mere dead beats, those who ride and eat free for the mere pleasure of it. If any one man goes on the same ride, and eats lunch in the same tent too often without buying, he is occasionally in danger of being thrown out. But in the main the promoters like a good proportion of dead beats, because these


Spur Tie
Pat. June 13 1922 Reg. U.S.Pat Off
STYLE INSURANCE
YOU are surely in style if you choose the Spur Tie Bow. The bow tie's the thing this season and the Spur's the bow of bows.
A single dollar bill will bring you two Spur Tie Bows—50c each—at any dealer's. A host of designs to choose from.
ALL TIED FOR YOU
—by hand, far better than you'd tie yourself. Keep their shape all day long. For downright style and value they simply can't be beat
Accept no substitution for the Spur Bow. Others imitate but do not equal. The Spur Bow has exclusive features. Insist on the genuine. The name "Spur" is plainly stamped on every tie.
LOOK FOR THE NAME SPUR ON THE TIE
HEWES & POTTER
Boston, Mass.
On the Pacific Coast
PAUL B. HAY
120 Battery Street
San Francisco, Cal.
SPUR TIE
Four-in-Hand
All tied for you—no wrinkles—slip on and off with ease—all for $1.00
Sold by dealers who handle the Spur Tie Bow.
Send for Style Book A
BULL-DOG SUSPENDERS 75c & UP
BULL-DOG GARTERS 50c
VESTOFF
Out of sight Suspenders
75c
BULL-DOG
THE dealer who sells you your Spur Ties will show you Bull-Dog Suspenders and Garters, guaranteed 365 days' wear—Vestoff Suspenders worn out of sight 'neath the shirt and Bull-Dog Belts noted for their style and value. Write for style booklet on all Bull-Dog Products and the Spur Tie—Bow and Four-in-Hand.
BULL-DOG BELTS $1.00 & UP THE BUCKLE THAT WILL NOT SLIP

WAR ON FLIES

THE 100% INSECT POWDER

WAR-ON-FLIES is a dry, fine powder which kills all insect pests. It is sure death to flies, roaches, water bugs, ants, potato bugs mosquitoes, chicken mites fleas, lice, moths, bed bugs and other insects. It is *harmless* to man, fowl or pet.

Not a Liquid

WAR-ON-FLIES comes in a handy bellows box — separate sprayer is not necessary. Simply press on the sides of the box and a dry, fine powder is puffed into the air and floats like smoke. It will not damage draperies, wall paper or furnishings. It is easy to use—clean—odorless

KILLS INSECTS

To kill flies and mosquitoes, close doors and windows and simply puff WAR-ON-FLIES into the room. To kill roaches, ants and water bugs shoot the powder into corners, cracks, crevices and other hiding places. Spray in hens' nests and on fowls for mites and lice. Rub into fur of pets to kill fleas.

You are getting your money's worth when you buy WAR-ON-FLIES: The Federal Insecticide Act of 1910 requires that the percentage of active ingredients must be placed on every label. On each box of WAR-ON-FLIES you will find "100% Active." This means that every particle of powder will kill.

BY THOUSANDS

If your grocer or druggist cannot supply you, mail one dollar with the coupon for our big introductory box and handy metal powder gun. If not satisfied after fair trial, return the package and your dollar will be refunded.

Regular Prices
Small . 30c Medium . 60c Large . $1.20
Hotel . $8.00

COMMERCIAL CHEMICAL COMPANY
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Canadian Distributor—Mason & Hickey, Winnipeg, Can.

Dealer, Your Jobber has WAR-ON-FLIES in stock, or will quickly secure it for you.

Commercial Chemical Company, Memphis, Tenn.
[illegible] k, money order or currency accepted, for which send me postpaid, big introductory box of WAR-ON-FLIES and handy metal powder gun

Name
Address
City State
Print name and address clearly

always show enthusiasm for the units, even though they do not buy. If you eat a man's lunch and ride in his car every day, without the formality of payment, you do not knock his proposition, as a rule.

It is obvious that this method of salesmanship has great advantages from the promoter's standpoint, and equally obvious disadvantages from that of the investor. A proposition offered by mail or advertising gives the prospect time to think it over; not so with such direct personal contact and solicitation as I have been describing. The prospect is cornered, as it were. He has no mental escape.

It is quite true that the passenger and lunch eater is under no obligations to buy, and many do not. But the pressure is terrific, in practically all cases too much for weak minds. Indeed, a favorite story, not of an oil lecturer but of a real-estate spieler, is to the effect that a wealthy banker and capitalist went to the scene of a subdivision of property which he had sold to an operator.

He listened for a while to the lecturer, and remarked later to a friend, "Why, the fellow talked so well that I nearly bought one of my own lots!"

The Common-Law Trust

The lecturer can say almost anything, can make outrageous promises, which in newspaper advertising or circulars might cause trouble. There is no printed record. No Federal or state authority could possibly follow every lecture; there are or have been too many for that. Moreover, most of the misrepresentation which I heard was in regard to future contingencies, and it is not a felony to make prophecies, although the writer's understanding is that misrepresentation of facts in the past is much more serious. In other words, the lecturer can soar to the skies as regards the future, without any chance of being held criminally, although, of course, he might be sued civilly if things went wrong.

Perhaps the strangest feature in the oil-promotion game, not only in Southern California but in Texas as well, has been the employment of a form of organization known variously as the common-law trust, business trust or Massachusetts trust. Most of the lecturers whom I heard boasted that their concerns were selling units in a common-law trust rather than shares of stock in a corporation. Novel and inexplicable boast, indeed!

It has always been understood that one of the worst features of the promotional aspect of the Texas oil boom was the use of these trusts rather than corporations. The business, or common-law trust, was practically unknown to California until the oil boom started about two years ago. At the very beginning of this boom promoters had been selling stock based on the operations at Huntington Beach, which proved a fizzle at the start. As many of these schemes turned out badly, oil stocks received a black eye, which they had enjoyed likewise as the result of the Texas boom.

When the other fields came in and the promoters were able to get a large acreage because of the town-lot situation, they adopted the business trust and unit idea, to get away from previous scandals. Time and again promoters go to the corporation department for a permit and say they want to form an organization to enter the oil game.

"Why don't you form a corporation?" say the examiners.

"Oh, we can't sell stock," reply the promoters.

In a good many years of study of promotion schemes, the writer has never run across such an utterly unintelligible and unreasoning bit of psychology on the investor's part as this preference for units in a business trust. Perhaps the investor feels that a unit in a trust is closer to the land than a share of stock, more personal and individual. He feels more as if he were in a family and away from cold-blooded corporations.

The lecturers and salesmen tell him that there is no liability attached. But this is undetermined in the California courts, and at the very moment when the lecturer is holding forth on the subject, the salesmen have a pile of the required blank receipts which on the back state in plain language that, "The liability of the holders of these shares for the payment of indebtedness to be created and incurred by said trustee is a matter for judicial determination." Indeed, the courts may decide that liability is even greater than attaches to stock. As Commissioner Daugherty reported to Governor Stephens on December eighth last,

"The possible danger attending such form of organization"—business trusts—"is recommended for consideration by the proper state officials. A company operating as a trust, in the opinion of this department, evades its just taxation, thus throwing upon the corporation form of organization a heavier proportion of tax burden. Courts in this state have not determined the liability attached to the organization of trusts. Some states have gone so far as to make the formation of trusts extremely difficult, if not impossible. The powers of trustees are not clearly defined by our statutes, and are not understood by the average investor."

But, nevertheless, nearly all the recent oil promotions have been in the form of trusts. It should be understood that the oil boom started about the time that the present corporation commissioner took office, although his predecessor, Mr. Bellows, had had some experience in that respect. As Mr. Bellows remarked in one of his reports, the law could be evaded by "oil-land leases, hog contracts, funeral certificates, prereorganization securities, and profit-sharing certificates of all sorts." In any case, when Mr. Daugherty took office, it was not clearly understood whether he had jurisdiction over trusts. Most fortunately, however, the attorney-general ruled that he had.

Obviously the business trust has one great advantage over the corporation from the promoter's standpoint, which the tabernacle lecturers fail to mention. The three trustees, who, of course, are the promoters, or men nominated by them, have absolute control. As far as the writer could learn, the unit holders, unlike stockholders in a corporation, have no voice in management—that is, no vote. The three trustees can do as they please. The trustees do not need to invest anything in the trust. Unlike corporation directors, they do not have to get a majority of the votes of stockholders in order to remain in control.

To form a trust, the three trustees must make a declaration of trust with a bank or trust company, and the lecturers lay great stress upon that fact.

"Every man connected with this organization may be a crook," I heard one lecturer say on three separate occasions, "and yet you can buy $200 in units and take the first train back to Indiana in perfect safety. You have absolute protection, because the money will be deposited with the X Savings and Trust Company. The man or woman doesn't live who can beat you under such a protection."

State Regulation

With the more speculative or hazardous concerns, the corporation department requires the impounding in a bank of the money taken from the sale of units, to assure that the well will be drilled. In case sufficient money is not raised for drilling, 80 per cent of the money is returned to subscribers, the other 20 per cent being allowed for sales expenses.

The corporation department also seeks, where there is hazard, but not enough irregularity to refuse a permit under the wording of the law, to give the unit holders a prior claim over the promoters in such oil as may be produced, up to the amount of the unit-holder's investment. A rather common arrangement provides that the unit holders receive half the net proceeds from oil, the other half going to the promoters, or that the unit holders receive 65 per cent. This, of course, is after the landowner has been paid his share, and also after all expenses of operation have been met.

What the corporation department insists upon in cases of hazard is that the unit holders be paid back their principal sum before the promoter gets his share of the actual oil. Where such a provision is inserted, the lecturers boast of it by the hour; and evidently the audiences regard this as a great protection, as the lecturers insist is the case. Apparently it never occurs to them that such unusual precautions would not be taken by the corporation department unless the investment were of the type in which hazard is distinctly present.

In any case, with the exception of these provisions, any money put into the bank is under the absolute control of the three trustees. The bank, of course, does not control the action of its depositors. The trustees are the depositors, and they control

(Continued on Page 101)

"Here are three complaints about invoices not received for goods shipped several days ago. Why?"

Sending out your bills

BE careful; the man who gets your bill may want to see it, or he may be afraid to see it. But he wants it promptly; and he wants it right.

Extensions and totals must be correct. You don't want either overcharges or undercharges; and you ought to have an exact duplicate of the bill in your files.

We have systems that produce that kind of billing for any business. They're simple and practical; usually they save a lot of time.

For thirty-five years we've been planning office systems; we have a simple, effective solution for most problems in office procedure. Not just change for the sake of change. We improve systems or leave them alone. Call a Baker-Vawter man; you don't have to take his advice.

To handle its hundred thousand customers, The American Peanut Corporation of Norfolk, Virginia, installed our combination billing system. "Peculiarly adapted to our requirements," they tell us, "speeds up collections, eliminates posting, saves untold time."

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators and Manufacturers Loose Leaf and Filing Equipment

General Offices: BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN

Our products are sold and service rendered through our own organization in 55 principal cities—not through retail stores

MANUFACTURING PLANTS AT HOLYOKE, MASS., BENTON HARBOR, MICH., KANSAS CITY, MO., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

And then the real surprise

Surprises follow in rapid succession as you scan the Moon from stem to stern. You are instantly impressed by the individuality of its brilliant silver radiator, set off by large drum-type headlights.

Then the long, rakish hood sweeping back into striking, graceful body lines, emphasized by the distinctive Moon color scheme.

Deep, restful seats invite you through wide full-opening doors—seats you sit *in*, not on, and upholstered in serviceable, genuine tan Spanish leather—safe contact for the daintiest of frocks, a feature women appreciate.

Consideration for the driver's comfort is revealed—generous leg room, with steering wheel at just the proper angle.

You're impressed with its distinctiveness, its individuality as a whole. You recall that the Moon is the car of the famous *proven units* and every question of performance, power, durability and economy is instantly answered.

And then comes the *real* surprise. You learn that this Six-40 Moon Touring is only $1,295.

The Six40 Touring $1295

MOON

Six-40 Touring	5-passenger	Six-40 Sedan	5-passenger	Six-58 Sport Touring	4-passenger
Six-40 Roadster	3-passenger	Six-40 Sport Sedan	5-passenger	Six-58 Sport Phaeton	7-passenger
Six-40 Sport Touring	5-passenger	Six-58 Touring	7-passenger	Six-58 [illegible]	7-passenger
Six-40 Coupe	4-passenger			Six-58 Petite Touring Sedan	4-passenger

Built by MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A. Founded 1907 by Joseph W. Moon

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the money like any other depositor. Several months ago a very outspoken newspaper in Los Angeles addressed a communication to the president of the clearing house demanding that all banks refuse to accept these trusts, as several have refused to do.

But, of course, it is difficult for a bank to censor its list of depositors, and especially difficult for it to refuse accounts of organizations which have been granted permits by the corporation department. This department, like all agencies for the enforcement of blue-sky laws, must face the unpleasant fact that its legal permit is nearly always construed by promoters in their fallacious arguments as an indorsement. In other words, the promoter advertises and boasts of the fact that he has a permit, although in California, as in other states, there is printed in large type on the back of every receipt, and directly above the commissioner's signature, this statement:

"The issuance of this certificate is permissive only and does not constitute a recommendation or indorsement of said securities."

Though the law in California gives the corporation commissioner broad discretionary powers, his authority is limited to the determination that the applicant does not intend to do an unfair, unjust or inequitable business, and that the securities proposed to be issued and the methods to be employed in disposing of them are not such as, in the commissioner's opinion, will work a fraud on the public.

It is no duty of the commissioner to discourage speculative enterprise, or even to limit the number of promotion concerns. The law merely attempts to give persons who assume risky and hazardous enterprises an honest gamble, or a run for their money. Thus the commissioner tries to force the promoter in an oil venture to make his money out of oil rather than from crooked drilling rake-offs, and the like; but on the other hand it is no function of the commissioner to supervise the internal management of business concerns.

An Overworked Office

In the Los Angeles office alone something like fifty permits for $2,000,000 securities go out each day, Sundays included. To check up on the operations of all oil concerns after the preliminary permit has been given, even in respect to the few conditions already referred to, which are imposed to protect the investor, would require a force of scores if not hundreds of auditors. To follow all the money subscribed by investors, and all that is earned from oil, through the books of the concerns and into and out of the banks is a sheer physical impossibility.

Moreover, the Los Angeles office has only thirty employes, of whom half are stenographers or women clerks. Besides, the state has entered upon a budget and economy program, and the tendency is to reduce rather than to expand this type of regulation. The deputy commissioners start with salaries as low as $150 a month, although they pass on security issues involving many millions each day.

The department can afford to employ only two field investigators, and the time of these is taken up mostly with major prosecutions. Complaints can be followed up and an example made of flagrant violators, but that is all.

The department has, however, been of very real service, from all the writer could learn, in holding down the promotional aspects of the oil boom, and in trying to ward off, as Mr. Daugherty expresses it, a very serious scandal. The present commissioner took office about the time the oil boom started. Up to that time only ten persons had been prosecuted for violating the law in ten years, according to a report made by the department. In less than a year's time ninety persons have been prosecuted, and numbers of prosecutions are now pending. In one case a promoter and eleven salesmen were arrested in one raid and the lecture broken up.

Though the present commissioner deserves credit for his vigorous course, it must be remembered that his predecessors had no such situation to face, and, of course, the writer does not mean to imply that they would have been less effective under similar circumstances. They had found deputies with legal training sufficient; but Mr. Daugherty was obliged to employ an auditor, one or two engineers, a former newspaper man, and a former high police officer, assistants that have proved of very great value indeed.

When Mr. Daugherty came in there were literally hundreds of outlaw or coyote oil units, or trusts, which refused to come within the department's jurisdiction until strong action was taken. One concern had put into drilling less than half a cent out of each dollar subscribed. Another capitalized a piece of ground 100 by 170 feet at more than $1,000,000, subdivided it into units and sold out to the public at a total selling expense of 90 per cent. The average selling expense of 104 outlaw companies investigated was 50 per cent.

Every hybrid form of business organization the mind of man can conceive of had been adopted by the outlaws. In May, 1922, the situation was so bad that the Standard Oil Company of California announced that though it aimed to buy oil from producers without discrimination, and did not wish to criticize the purpose of these organizations or their relation to the corporation laws and stock-issue legislation, it could not involve itself in freak methods of doing business, "which entail upon it useless expense and difficulties." The company pointed out that when investors are given a direct individual ownership in the property itself, many complications ensue as soon as a well is brought in, and especially in case of the death of an owner.

The Coyote Oil Unit

All but a small percentage of the outlaw concerns either quit business or reorganized and came within jurisdiction. Since that time most new promotions have been afraid to stay out. Publicity, of course, was a greater weapon in the commissioner's hands than any other punishment. One promoter who had the habit of talking loudly about God just before he introduced his lecturer to the audience, was convicted by a jury and fined $2000. He had to pay his lawyers $20,000; but as he had taken in $70,000, he was still heavily in the clear. However, he spent several days in jail.

The great evil, of course, of the outlaw or coyote oil unit was its overcapitalization. To put a capitalization of $1,000,000 on part of an acre, when for years the large oil companies had regarded $100,000 as a high recoverable value per acre, was highway robbery. Consequently the commissioner has in the last year or so attempted to prevent the issuance of permits on a capitalization in excess of $200,000 an acre, or the payment of selling commissions in excess of 20 per cent, thus giving the investor at least a gambler's run for his money.

Newspapers can be of great assistance in the enforcement of any blue-sky law, and one paper in particular went after the oil sharks hammer and tongs, and by name. It not only refused all oil advertising, but actually sent boys with special editions containing exposures, to sell at the entrance to the tents of the concerns which were mentioned. The boys were thrown out, of course, but continued to sell papers across the street. This paper has a large circulation among the laboring classes and in an open letter to the Central Labor Council the editor remarked:

"When the oil-promotion crook dips into the funds of profit grabbers it does not matter much; but when he dips into the savings of the workers, he is in literal truth taking flesh and blood."

As already stated in both this and in a previous article, a number of promoters in the Southern California oil fields have struck large quantities of oil, and in several cases have paid large dividends. Not only were the promoters able to acquire good acreage because of the cut-up character of ownership, but the fields themselves proved much richer than the big companies had supposed.

In one case the state authorities were ready to lay the case of an oil promotion before the grand jury when the concern suddenly brought in a 4400-barrel well. The story is told of a housemaid at Long Beach who put $2000 in an oil scheme, to the disgust of her mistress, who tried to get her to sue the promoter. Rumor has it that the maid is now worth a very considerable sum.

There is no doubt that several schemes which were foisted upon the public in the wildest, most preposterous manner, in language which reached the apex of bull, have turned out successfully, because in a few instances the promoters were able to hire better drillers than the big companies or regular operators, and in still more instances because of lucky strikes or on

The Original—

ALADDIN Thermalware Jar

KEEPS FOOD OR LIQUIDS HOT OR COLD

now $5.00

for Hot Chicken Hot Coffee or Cold Lemonade

Aluminum Cap

Sanitary Glass Stopper

One Gallon Size and Costs But $5!

As necessary to your motor trip as the tool kit—that's what you'll think about this generous Aladdin Thermalware Jar, once you experience the comfort it adds to the day.

Miles away from home, its gallon capacity provides refreshing beverages, hot or cold, for the whole party. Or you can pack it with 8 pounds of food, and serve piping hot fried chicken, baked beans, or other savory delicacies at your noon-day stop.

Stands bumps—rough treatment won't injure it. White-glazed, porcelain-like inner container, joined to steel jacket by leak-proof seal.

Ask for the Genuine

There may be little or no difference in the *price* between this Jar and an imitation, but a tremendous difference in the *value*. Make sure of the *genuine* Aladdin Thermalware Jar.

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, Inc.
621 W. Lake Street Chicago, Ill.

Dealers!—Write us or your jobber today!

Holds 16 Big Cups

Eight times as much as the ordinary pint thermal bottle.

Easy to Clean

Large opening admits whole hand for cleansing. Sanitary—no cracks or crevices, springs or felt. Insulating glass stopper.

One Gallon Size, $5.00

Steel jacket, finished in Brewster Green Enamel. Also in Polished Aluminum, glass lined. One-Gallon, $10; Two-Quart, $7.50. (Prices west of the Rockies, 50c additional; in Canada, $2.50 additional.) If your dealer hasn't them, order from us.

Write for Illustrated Folder

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, Inc.
621 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me information about the Aladdin Thermalware Jar

My Dealer's Name_____

Name

Address

This outfit exactly as pictured $1.00 complete.

Mahoganite— New Scientific Water and Wearproof Razor Case

THE Ever-Ready Mahoganite Case appears to be of rare old mahogany—beautifully grained and mirror-polished. Interior as well as exterior is given the same rich finish. The case is fashioned of a vulcanized composition which is water and warp-proof—washable and sanitary.

Mahoganite is a novelty—something never used before for a razor case. It is thick-walled—solidly built—neatly partitioned to hold the Ever-Ready frame, handle, blades, etc.

The outfit includes the heavily nickelled Ever-Ready frame with the new balanced hexagon handle, and a supply of the famous Ever-Ready Radio Blades—$1.00 complete.

This ten-year guaranteed frame is scientifically designed to hold the blade at its most efficient shaving angle. There are no delicate adjustments to bother with—simply slip the blade into the frame, snap down the top, and the Ever-Ready is all set to give you the safest, quickest and best shaves of your life. Four other equally attractive models selling at $1.00 complete.

Dealers Everywhere

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Also Makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes
FACTORIES . . . . BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Ever-Ready
SAFETY RAZOR

$3 Models Now $1

EVER-READY RADIO BLADES 6 FOR 40¢

account of the fields having had what oil men call the legs. Promoters who had unfortunate experiences in Texas suddenly found gushers on their hands in California. Others, accustomed to lies, suddenly discovered they were telling the truth. They told tent audiences that "you are sitting over oil," and it proved to their surprise to be true.

But these facts do not alter—and I make the statement deliberately—the general tenor of this article or the desirability for every investor to go into an oil scheme with his eyes wide open.

When the writer investigated the oil boom in Southern California during the last two weeks in April it was practically impossible to determine how many, if any, of the promotion units had paid back the full principal, together with dividends. One authority said that several had paid several hundred per cent; another asserted that none had paid even 100 per cent, although I feel certain this was an error.

It is certain that many promotions have paid many dividends, and numbers of them fairly large ones. This fact, however, has singularly little significance, for it must be remembered that an investment in one or two oil wells, especially on a small area among other small areas where intensive town-lot drilling is under way, differs radically and fundamentally from any other investment.

Ordinarily if a man invests in a railroad, a power plant, a factory, a farm, a dwelling house, a hotel, a bank, or even in a wholesale or retail business, he does not expect the immediate return of his principal. It stays there to work for him and pay dividends. It is represented by certain fixed property. Not so with one or two oil wells. The principal is represented by flowing or pumped oil, which must be taken out and repaid to an amount equal to the entire sum invested before any dividends begin.

Nothing is at once so pathetic and so absurd as the way in which ignorant and inexperienced investors describe as dividends the first 100 per cent paid to them by an oil proposition. In other words, the investor must get back 100 per cent in dividends, so called, before he even begins to get any real dividends.

Riches Come and Riches Go

A woman who bought an oil unit received a monthly dividend of 5 per cent shortly thereafter. She was so delighted that she promptly mortgaged her house and bought an expensive automobile. Five per cent a month seemed like riches unbelievable. A poor carpenter bought a small oil unit and was soon paid a monthly dividend of 10 per cent, which kept up for four months before the concern exploded. But in the meantime the carpenter was so impressed that he mortgaged his house to buy more units, falling, as so many do, for the reloading scheme which promoters always engage in as soon as they begin to pay dividends out of stock subscriptions.

The point is, of course, that the principal sum must be returned with extreme rapidity before the field or the particular well begins to dribble down to small proportions. More than 20 per cent of all oil wells drilled in this country in 1922 were dry, representing a 100 per cent or total loss to the investor. But even if the well is not dry, even if a fairly considerable flow is obtained, it does not follow that the investor will ever receive any real dividends.

The inexperienced person sees an oil well flowing and immediately jumps to the conclusion that his or someone else's fortune is made. The arithmetic of oil seems very simple to him. But to get oil is not the point. Will the oil continue to flow at a given rate, and is the proposition capitalized low enough? These, of course, are the vital questions, and it is almost impossible for the average investor to answer them.

All the authorities whom I consulted said that anywhere from 35 per cent to 100 per cent was the decline curve for the first year. In other words, taking 50 per cent as the average, half the oil comes out of a well in the first year and the rest of it dribbles out for anywhere from fifteen to twenty years.

As recently as the middle of May, R. E. Cullom, state oil and gas supervisor, said that the initial production of twelve wells in the relatively new and very wonderful Santa Fé Springs field was 3950 barrels a well, as compared with the average daily production of 1600 barrels a well for all producing wells in the same field.

These figures illustrate in a striking fashion the rapidity with which oil must be recovered and the decline in production. It should be further noted that promoters in describing flowing wells usually refer to the very peak of flush production, and use figures which may have been good for not more than a few days or even hours.

The new California fields are unusually rich, but this fact is offset by the rapid, intensive, close-up drilling. Moreover, geologists maintain that when the rise in production for a field is excessively rapid, as in the case of these fields, the peak is more quickly reached and the rapid decline begun. In other words, the curve is not a slow roll over, but an almost perpendicular rise and fall.

It should be further remembered that in an oil flood the flush production is likely to get the low prices, and the dribble which always comes later will get the high prices. An investor is delighted when a well in which he owns a unit comes in at 3000 or 4000 barrels. But this is during the flood when prices are naturally low. In the course of a year or so, when production has fallen to a few hundred or scores of barrels a day, prices go up; but that particular concern does not get any big benefit from high prices.

More Losers Than Winners

As explained in detail in a previous article, the operators who drill first in an intensive town-lot excitement are the ones to get big production. The early birds with good luck pay out, but the late comers lose. How is the average investor really to know whether the promoter he is riding with is an early bird or not? Investing in oil under such circumstances is precisely like rushing back into a town, down upon which a flood is pouring, in the hope of recovering one's valuables. A few persons may get away with such dare-devil tricks, but most of those who try it will get drowned.

Several authorities estimated for the writer that probably two-thirds to three-quarters of the money invested in promotional oil units, even in these rich fields, will eventually be lost. There is no certain way of telling, of course; but it is known that taking the country over the average oil promotion does not pay out.

Promoters usually forget to mention that after a well stops flowing and goes on the pump new machinery must be purchased, and a very real expense, amounting to several cents a barrel, is added to the cost of operation. They always talk as if every barrel of oil brought in nets the prevailing market price, which, of course, is not so, leaving out as they do not only pumping cost but even overhead expenses of the organization. Naturally, too, when gas pressure is quickly exhausted by too close spacing of wells, the wells go on the pump sooner than usual.

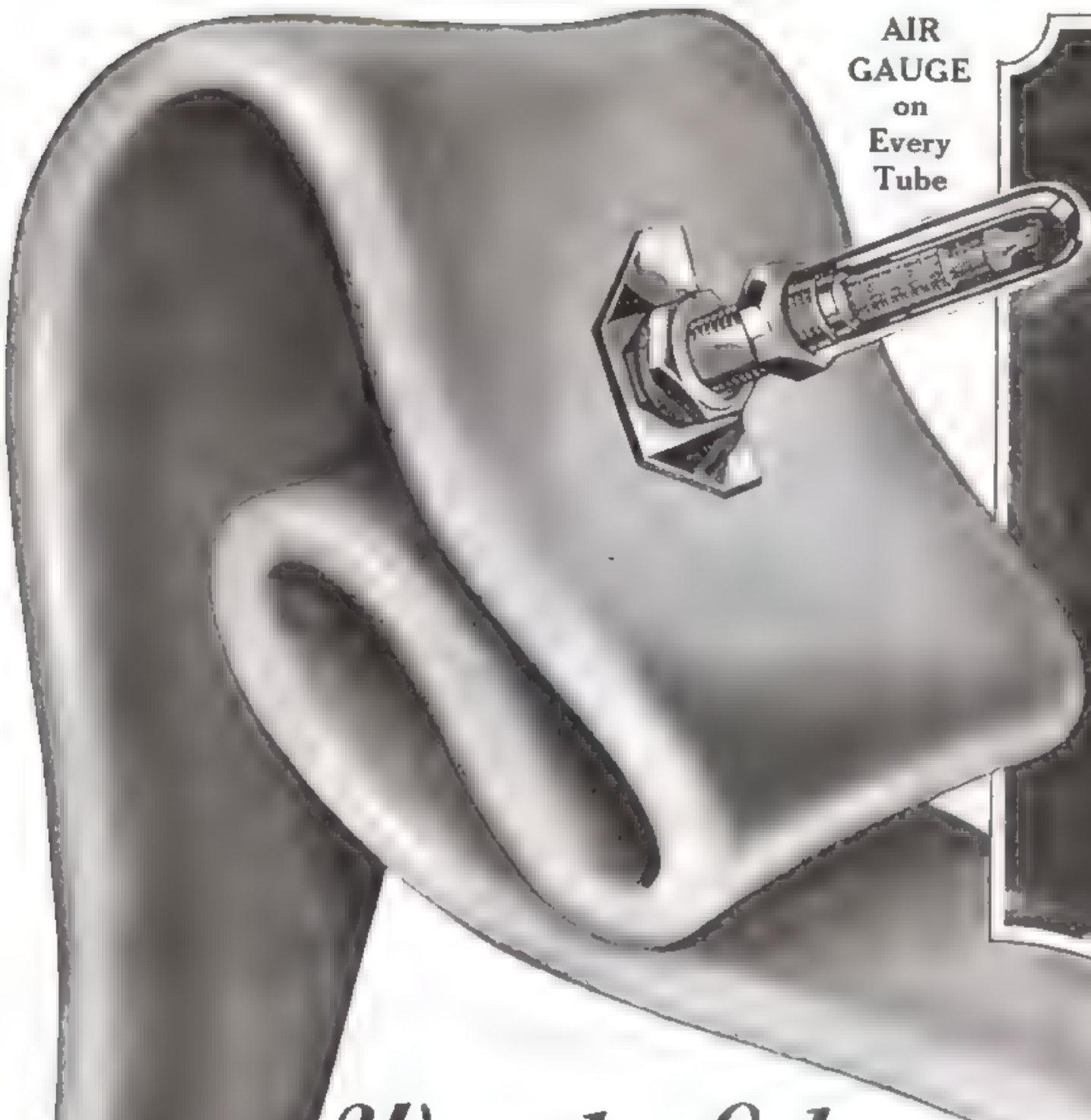
Besides, the great depth to which wells are being drilled raises many technical difficulties. A promotion may be financed to drill to a certain depth and then find it necessary to go much lower, without adequate funds for the purpose. In the technical side of oil drilling there is always grief as well as gravy. Still another difficulty is the necessity when the market is overloaded to pinch back production, which is often injurious to the wells and expensive to the operators.

After all, the important thing in an oil-drilling proposition, aside from the chance of not getting oil, is to be sure that the capitalization is low, and this is just where the nontechnical investor falls down. He really has no way of telling. The promoter will capitalize as high as the corporation department allows, and still issue a permit, it being recalled that a permit must be issued unless the plan is unfair, unjust or inequitable.

There is always danger that the promoter, through hidden or dummy transfers, overriding royalties, drilling rake-offs and similar graft, may be making large sums of front money without turning a wheel, while at the same time preventing the venture from being a success because it is financially overloaded. It is certainly true that many oil propositions are offered the public by promoters regarding whose integrity and ability the public can have no knowledge.

Another distinctive feature about oil-promotion units is that the promoter does not put up anything, and usually gets a third or a half of the oil if he strikes it. If

(Continued on Page 108)



AIR GAUGE on Every Tube

Wonderful Improvement in Inner Tubes

HERE is an Inner Tube that every car owner will welcome. Its valve stem is also an accurate air gauge. It always tells you at a glance, through the transparent valve cover the actual air pressure in each tire. It enables you to watch your tires just as easily as you now watch your gasoline, your oil or your batteries. No more guessing whether your tires need air. No more bother testing tires. No danger of ruining expensive casings. No more driving on half flat tires. No matter what car you drive or what tires you use you will want to put on these money saving Air-Gage Tubes—the only tube that

Shows Pressure at a Glance

And the fine thing about this wonderful improvement is that on our plan of selling these Air-Gage Tubes cost you no more than any other good tube of equal quality. You get all you have ever gotten in any other good tube *plus* the added convenience of having an accurate air gauge always registering visibly on each tire. Air-Gage Tubes are made extra heavy from best quality live red rubber built up on the multiple ply laminated process—tough, live, durable. Every tube including the gauge is guaranteed in writing.

MORE "PAULMEN" WANTED!

To show and sell this great improvement. If you can give us all of your time and can qualify as a PAUL Salesman, we want to hear from you right away. Tell us what territory you can serve. The rapidly growing demand for Air-Gage Inner Tubes is opening up unusual opportunities in the PAUL Organization for men of character and ability.

Get Acquainted with the PAUL Man

The Paul Rubber Company now has 4,000 factory representatives demonstrating and delivering Air-Gage Inner Tubes, Clover Leaf Cord Tires and Long Distance Cord Tires direct to car owners. In this way you always get fresh selected stock with the full life of the rubber in every tube and tire. There is a "Paul Man" in your own neighborhood. A letter or wire to us will promptly bring him to your home or place of business. He will give you a first hand opportunity of seeing this great improvement in Inner Tubes and judging for yourself the great saving and convenience it affords. Write today for name of the Paul Man in your neighborhood and get Paul factory prices on Tires and Tubes.

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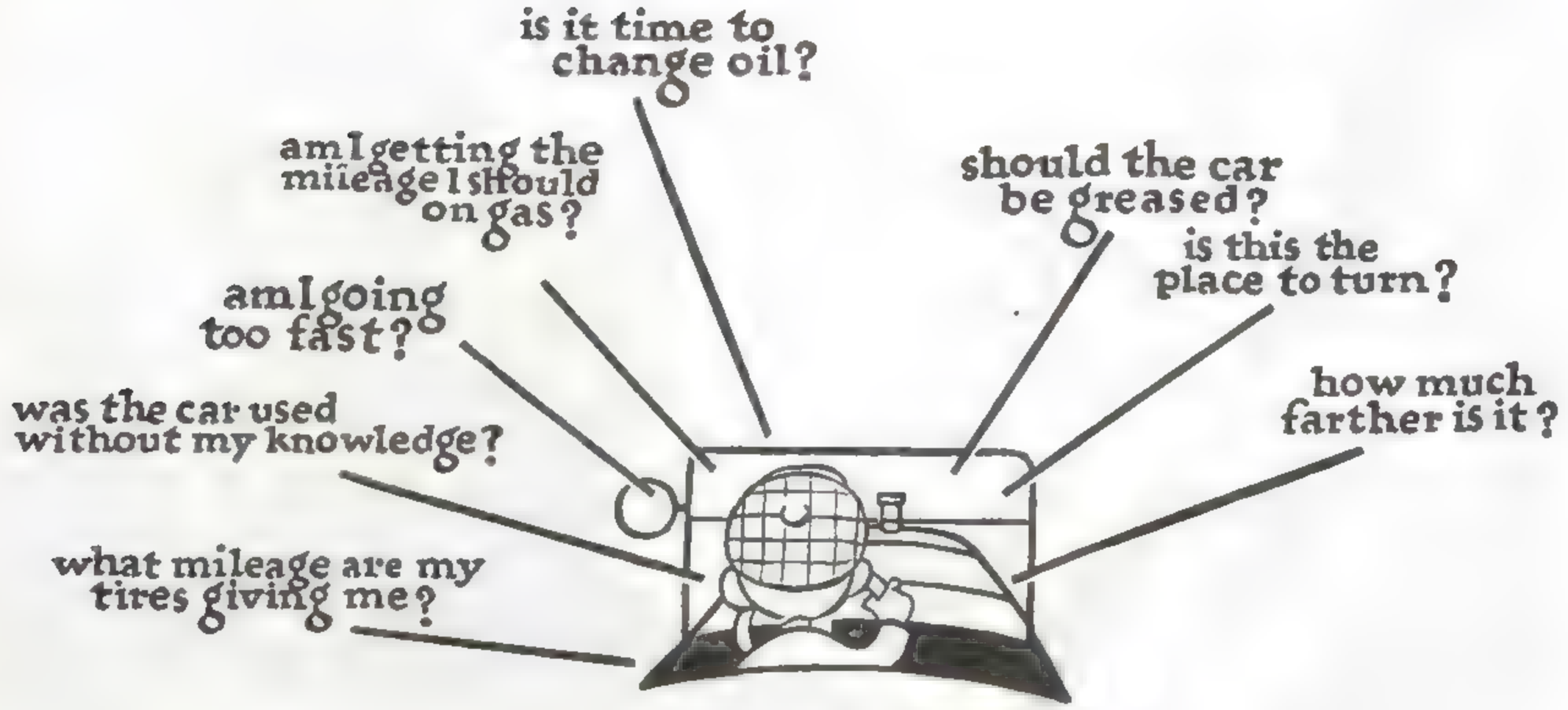
Manufacturers of CLOVER LEAF and LONG DISTANCE CORD TIRES and—

PAUL AIR-GAGE Extra Heavy INNER TUBES


is it time to change oil?
am I getting the mileage I should on gas?
should the car be greased?
is this the place to turn?
am I going too fast?
how much farther is it?
was the car used without my knowledge?
what mileage are my tires giving me?

It's no pleasure to drive a car by guess!

How many times a day do the mental worries pictured above go through your mind if you have no speedometer?

There are times you must absolutely know how fast you are going or it may cost you money.

FORD and STAR Drivers

For $15.00 ($16 West of the Rockies or $21 in Canada) you can have an AC Speedometer installed on your car.

The AC Speedometer is a high grade, magnetic instrument, fully jeweled, registering 0 to 70 miles per hour; 100,000 mile total; with 100 mile trip in tenths, resettable. Comes complete with all attachments—the installation is quick and easy. When finished it presents the appearance of factory equipment—not an afterthought.

Ask your dealer to install one today, or any good accessory store can take care of your needs.

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY, FLINT, *Michigan*

Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers

(Continued from Page 102)

oil is not found in paying quantities, he at least has made his regular selling commission on the units sold. The promoter drills on the public's money. He risks nothing. As a business proposition, it is difficult to see how this can appeal to such common sense as the investing public has.

The big successful companies did not, of course, start in any such irresponsible fashion. The veteran chairman of one of the three largest companies in California was personally in debt $135,000 after drilling his first seven wells, all of which were dry. He had no assets or resources, and borrowed enough money to drill another well only with the greatest difficulty. Fortunately, it was not dry.

It has been assumed throughout most of this discussion that promoters find oil. But many dry holes are usually drilled in the unproved portions of even the richest fields by big companies as well as small. The inexperienced investor has been fooled time and again by the fact that promoters have secured acreage close to or almost adjoining proved territory. From the tents of the unit concerns, flowing wells can be seen only a short distance away.

The Savings Bank Yardstick

But nearness is not necessarily of value geologically. The earth fold may dip down so rapidly that oil cannot be found unless one drills to China or thereabouts, although flowing wells are in sight. It would be a far better gamble often to drill five or ten miles away rather than next to production. But the real simon-pure sucker always has fallen and probably always will fall hard for an oil scheme close enough to production for him to see it from the property in which he is interested.

If the statements made in this article are even partially accurate, it is obvious that an investor in the average oil-unit scheme cannot receive dividends too fast, if he is to get his money back and a reasonable return upon it. One financial authority in Los Angeles said he understood several units had paid out four or five to one, but that they should have paid fifty or seventy-five to one because of the risk involved.

Dividends of a few dollars a month mean nothing under such conditions, and those of a few cents are merely ludicrous. It cannot be repeated too often that the investor must get 100 per cent in dividends before he has even started to do as well with his money as in a savings-bank account. If he is to get his principal back, he must get it quick, for it is a mad race and the devil takes all but those in the very first row.

What the big company and the professional operator never forget is that money has a present value or worth. If it is put into the savings bank at 4 per cent or 5 per cent compound interest, not so very many years are required to double the principal. But when the money is put into drilling an oil well, actual cash is paid out for what? Merely for uncertain futures. The oil dribbles back over a period of years, and to beat the certainty of the savings bank one must be mighty sure of getting back a great deal more than one has put into the proposition. In a previous article great emphasis was laid on the fact that big oil companies will not pay the outrageously high cash bonuses and royalties which promoters are willing to pay. The reason is plain, is it not?

The large oil companies work on the principle that they must pay back to stockholders at least as much as a savings bank over a period of years. They realize that when they invest their stockholders' money in drilling for oil they must get back at least 200 per cent in order to beat the savings bank. But everyone knows that in the promotional side of the oil game the investors who get back as much as 200 per cent are, over a period of years, pretty rare birds, to put it mildly.

As stated earlier in this article, many investors become frightened after the first hypnotic trance has worn off. In a dim way they realize they have taken a long chance, and quite properly become nervous if dividends are not quickly forthcoming. But it is doubtful if they deserve any sympathy, because they went in on promises of returns beyond all reason from a business standpoint. They were really looking for something in return for nothing, much after the fashion of a horse race or gambling table.

"In the same way, we are constantly being asked by our acquaintances in the higher walks of life to let them into a good thing when we get it," said an official of one of the larger oil companies. "I have a little company of my own now from which I am certain of making 100 per cent a year for several years. But it is the fruit of long years of barren effort. It is the result of many losses. My friends and I have sunk many a dry hole at a cost of over $100,000 each.

"It is unfortunate that the public does not hear more about the losses from oil ventures on the part of the more experienced and wealthy classes of business men. But these people don't like to talk about losses from oil. They are afraid it will hurt their credit with the banks.

"When they strike it right they like to say they are good business men or at least are lucky. Then they shout their affiliations from the housetops. But when they lose, they keep quiet."

Though the purpose of this article has been to point out the dangers of the more irresponsible promotional end of any oil boom, there is no intention, of course, to deny the large profits which are made at times by legitimate operators, whether big companies or so-called independents, meaning the smaller but regular professional operators, corporate or individual. There is no doubt that many thousands of investors in California and elsewhere have profited extensively by getting into small but good companies at the start.

The great trouble is that so many persons, either through ignorance or unreasoning greed, have invested in merely the gambling end of the industry. Numbers of these have had beginners' luck, like that at the first game of golf or even cards. At such games the lucky man wins in the first half hour, perhaps; but it is the good player who wins in the long run. It is the same in the oil game; the responsible, reputable, experienced, competent operator wins over a period of years.

The trouble with taking a shot at one or two wells with which some fly-by-night promoter is experimenting is that the investor so often cannot afford to lose. It is all a question of whether he can afford to lose. Those who cannot must forgo both the possibility of great sudden profits as well as total losses. But though the profits in some cases are sudden, they are no greater, perhaps, in the long run than one would get from the real honest-to-goodness oil companies over a period of ten or fifteen years.

It is estimated that an investor who had stock in one of the larger oil companies in California something over ten years ago, when it took its present form, would today have fourteen times his original capital without further investment.

Misapplied Energy

Large companies had to start small, and there are people who believe that a number of the relatively small but experienced and legitimate concerns in Southern California today may develop into big companies as the result of the present boom, or that numbers of the more strictly promotional concerns may be merged or developed into regular oil companies. Most authorities, however, seem to think that the existing large companies, such as the Standard Oil, Union Oil, Shell Company, Doheny interests, Southern Pacific interests and General Petroleum, are likely to absorb such of the promotional schemes as are worth taking over when the boom has slowed down.

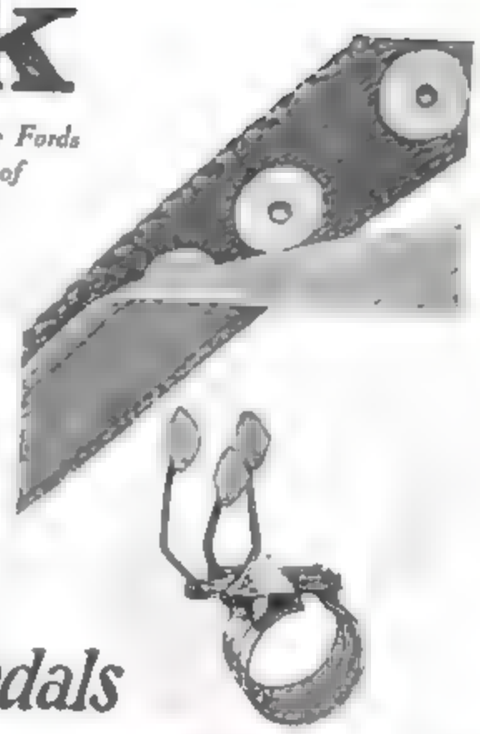
One of the Los Angeles newspapers, The Record, which has fought the oil sharks vigorously, made a statement in one of its campaigns which should arrest attention. Conditions have changed in many respects since the article was published, and there might not be general agreement as to all portions of it. But, nevertheless, the essential point should be noted by every investor.

After referring in vigorous language to the evils involved in the presence of irresponsible promoters in any community, The Record said:

"The curse of all this crooked exploitation is that it is so senseless, so useless. This is the one spot in the world where money is being made in real estate and oil. There are abundant honest opportunities for every investor without lying and gyping. The amount of energy and promotion ability expended to hook and rob the unsuspecting public would be a tremendous community asset if expended along community lines."

Feltbak

The Transmission Lining for Fords that removes the cause of chatter and vibration



When You Use the Pedals

Does Your Ford Shiver and Shake?

Don't blame your Ford—you're using the wrong brake lining.

THE Ford is better made than most cars. If it chatters and shivers when you start, stop and reverse, don't think "it's just made that way."

Shivering and shaking will injure your Ford and cost you rear axle and transmission repairs. Why let your Ford rattle itself into a repair shop? You can get rid of even the slight tremble and quiver by using the correct transmission lining.

It's the transmission bands that start, stop and reverse your Ford by gripping revolving drums when you press the foot pedals. When your Ford shivers and shakes, these bands have become hard, glazed and charred. They grab and slip and shake and shiver the bolts and nuts loose.

The ordinary lining has no felt cushion backing to soften the brake action—no corks to give the correct friction and no means of supplying oil to the lining surface under pressure. Feltbak is different from any other lining ever made. Get a set of Feltbak for your Ford car and you'll have the sweetest acting brakes you ever put your foot on.

How FELTBAK Works

Feltbak has a cushion of felt between the band and the lining—the new, correct principle in Ford brake lining. Joined with this new principle is the tried and proved idea of cork for friction—with 21 oil holes in each band for lubrication to prevent burning.

Lubricates Itself—Softens Brake Action

The feltbacking absorbs and holds oil like a wick. When pressure is applied, oil spurts through the oil holes onto the surface of the lining. More pressure forces out more oil. Thus the braking surface gets oil during braking action—right when needed to prevent burning and glazing. Feltbak eliminates the cause of the chattering vibration in Fords.

The felt cushion backing equalizes and softens the contact of the lining with the drum—smooths the braking action—gives perfect control of the car.

Feltbak Holds Corks Securely in Place

They can't come out. The wonderful friction value of cork-in-fabric brake lining is well known. Add to this the felt cushion backing and the automatic lubrication to prevent burning and you have the correct brake lining for Fords—FELTBAK.

Use the correct brake lining in your Ford—stop that car-killing, nerve-racking vibration. Feltbak saves repair expense and adds years to the life of your car.

Feltbak is carried in stock by wholesale houses in every section in the United States. Every dealer who is sincerely interested in making your Ford Car operate perfectly and in saving you unnecessary repair bills, carries Feltbak or will get it for you from his wholesale house.

Insist on Feltbak and you'll have the safest, smoothest, most responsive car in the world.

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1721 Prairie Avenue *Manufacturers* Dept. 1306, Chicago, Ill.

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"Every Product the Best of its Kind"

Advance Equipment is recognized from coast to coast as the finest made. When you buy an article of our manufacture for your automobile, you are sure that it is the best article for the purpose which money and manufacturing skill can produce.

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TRANSMISSION LINING for FORDS
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WHITE STRIPE FAN BELT for FORDS and LARGER CARS
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[ ] White Stripe Brake Lining
[ ] White Stripe Cord Fan Belts
[ ] Advance Asbestos Brake Lining

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St. No._____
City_____ State_____

Handy

A CONVENIENT little pocket tucked away on a flap beneath your keys, for small important papers. The safest place in the world for your railroad and Pullman tickets, lodge cards, automobile license, or theatre tickets. You can't mislay or forget them.

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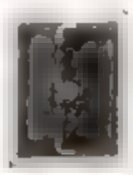

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THE GENESIS OF THE WAR

Continued from Page 4

signed by him against his own judgment and in spite of his repeated protests. It was one of the occasions when he remembered that he was a constitutional sovereign, and bound as such to defer to the counsels of his chancellor.

It would seem that the Kaiser in his account of this matter has, to say the least, underrated his personal responsibility. Sir Valentine Chirol, who was the Times correspondent in Berlin at the time, tells us that he was assured by Baron von Marschall that the Emperor had only with great difficulty been induced to allow some of the terms used in his own original draft of the telegram to be softened down at the conference, as both the chancellor and he—Baron von Marschall—considered them to be needlessly provocative.

He seeks to excuse—as will be seen hereafter—two more of the most foolish acts of his reign his visit to Tangier, and the dispatch of the Panther to Agadir—on the same ground. In each case, he tells us, his objections were overruled by a shortsighted minister, and his constitutional conscience compelled him to give way. It is amusing to contrast with all this the language in which he habitually speaks of "my social legislation," and the creation of "my navy." He also claims personal credit for the initiation and pushing forward of a grandiose policy, mainly dictated by strategic considerations, of railway and canal development, which included such enterprises as the widening of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, the Emden sea lock, the development of the East Prussian Railway system and the scheme for a great central internal canal. All this shows, he records with complacency, "how a monarch can and must influence the development of his realm by personal participation." It is only when some glaring error of policy has to be explained away that we hear of the ultimate subordination under the imperial constitution of the Emperor to the chancellor. We may be sure that he is expressing his true mind when he writes, "To think and act constitutionally is often a hard task for a ruler."

We have on the authority of Prince Bülow, who became foreign secretary in 1897, a perfectly frank exposition of the spirit and aims of German policy during the Hohenlohe régime. It is to be found in his book Imperial Germany, which has a special interest for the student of history because—unlike the Kaiser's apology—it was written before and not after the event. The first edition appeared before the war, in January, 1914, and a revised edition in November, 1916, when the author still shared with many of his fellow countrymen—including the Kaiser himself—the illusion that Germany would come out victorious from the conflict.

During the Boer War, which strained the forces of the British Empire to the uttermost, and led England into great difficulties, there seemed to be an opportunity of dealing the secret opponent of our international policy a shrewd blow. As in the rest of Europe, enthusiasm for the Boers ran high in Germany. Had the Government undertaken to put a spoke in England's wheel, it would have been sure of popular approval. To many it seemed that the European situation was favorable to a momentary success against England, and that French assistance was assured. But there was only a seeming community of interests against England in Europe, and any eventual political success against England in the Boer question would have had no real value for us. An attempt to proceed to action at the bidding of the pro-Boer feelings of that time would soon have had a sobering effect. Among the French the deeply rooted national hatred against Germany would speedily and completely have ousted the momentary ill-feeling against England as soon as we had committed ourselves to a course hostile to her interests; and a fundamental change of front in French policy would have resulted directly after. However painful the memory of the then recent events at Fashoda might be to French pride, it would not suffice to turn the scale against the memory of Sedan. The Egyptian Soudan and the White Nile had not driven the thought of Metz and Strasburg from the hearts of the French. There was great danger that we should be thrust forward against England by France, who at the psychological moment would refuse her aid. As in Schiller's beautiful poem, Die Ideale The Ideals—our companions would have vanished midway.

But even if, by taking action in Europe, we had succeeded in thwarting England's South African policy, our immediate national interests would not have benefited thereby. From that moment onward for many a long day our relations with England would have been poisoned. England's passive resistance to the international policy of [illegible] Germany would have changed to very active hostility. During these years we were occupied in founding our sea power by building the German navy, and even in the event of defeat in the South African War, it was possible for England to stifle our sea power in the embryo. Our neutral attitude during the Boer War had its origin in weighty considerations of the national interests of the German Empire.

Our navy was not strong enough for us forcibly to achieve a sufficient sea power in the teeth of English interests. Nor could we, by being towed in the wake of English policy, reach the desired goal of possessing a strong fleet.*

An illuminating commentary on the prewar psychology of German statesmanship.

PHOTO BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

Mrs. H. H. Asquith, Wife of the Former Premier

III—The Chancellorship of Bülow

WHEN, in 1900, Prince Hohenlohe retired, worn out with the weight of years and the pin-pricking of an unruly Reichstag and an unsympathetic press, there was one person to whom the eyes of the Kaiser naturally turned, Count—since Prince—von Bülow, who had been secretary of state for foreign affairs since the middle of 1897. He had already given active and able assistance in the process of ringing up the curtain for the new piece. The occupation of Kiao-chau; the acquisition of a German foothold in Polynesia and Samoa; the project, over which the Kaiser and his minister, after making a trip to the East together, were already brooding, of a Bagdad railway with its infinite possibilities—were "prologues to the omen coming on." Not less significant was the passing in 1897–98 of the first navy law, of which Bülow was an enthusiastic supporter, and the wreckage by Germany—of course under his instructions—of the first Hague Conference, in 1899. Here there seemed to be a man after the Kaiser's own heart.

He was of a different type from any of the predecessors. He was still relatively young, and the Kaiser, who has not, perhaps, much reason to love him, bears witness to the charm of his personality, his conversational and linguistic powers, and the width and versatility of his culture. History will regret that his many gifts—and opportunities—were not turned to a better purpose. For he was largely responsible for the fatal orientation of policy which dissipated the moral and the political capital of Germany and brought about her self-isolation and her ultimate downfall.

The Kaiser tells us how in one of his first talks with the new chancellor he gave him some hints for beginners in the higher walks of diplomacy. In particular, he instructed him how best to handle the English, pointing out that "the Englishman in presenting his point of view, and working for his interests, was inconsiderate to the point of brutality; for which reason he thoroughly understood anybody who acted similarly towards him." Consequently there must be no finessing with an Englishman. "Such devious methods would be successful only in dealing with Latin and Slavic races." "I said this," adds the Kaiser, "with particular emphasis since finessing was especially dear to the diplomatic character of Bülow, and had become second nature to him."

Prince Bülow, alone among the Kaiser's chancellors, had the accomplishments and resources of an able and adroit parliamentarian. Not that he favored the adoption of a genuine parliamentary system in Germany. He sees its advantages elsewhere; and nothing can be more sagacious than his remark that "the parties in a country governed by parliament possess a salutary corrective that we lack, in the prospect of having to rule themselves, and the necessity of their being able to do so." He adopts a description once given to him by a fellow countryman of the German party system: "Our parties do not feel as if they were actors who perform in the play, but as if they were the critics who look on." In Germany "the monarchical governments are the supporters and creators of the constitution: the parties are secondary formations. We lack the preliminary conditions, both natural and historical, for a parliamentary system." Again: "Our party system has inherited the dogmatism and smallmindedness, the moroseness and the spite, that used to thrive in the squabbles of the German tribes and states."

In imperial Germany, therefore, with the semblance and many of the forms, but without the substance, of parliamentary government, the success of a chancellor depended largely upon his skill in forming and keeping together from among the warring groups a temporary coalition with a working majority.

Such was the famous cartel, organized by Bismarck, between the Conservatives and the so-called National Liberals. Prince Bülow repeated the coup in January, 1907, when by his successful seduction of the Ultra-Liberals he brought into existence the bloc which gave him a majority over any possible combination.* "Since 1907," he records with complacency, "the Ultra-Liberals have supported all armament bills. The army and navy bills of the spring of 1912 were accepted by them in the same way as were the great increase in the army in the summer of 1913 and the demands of colonial policy."

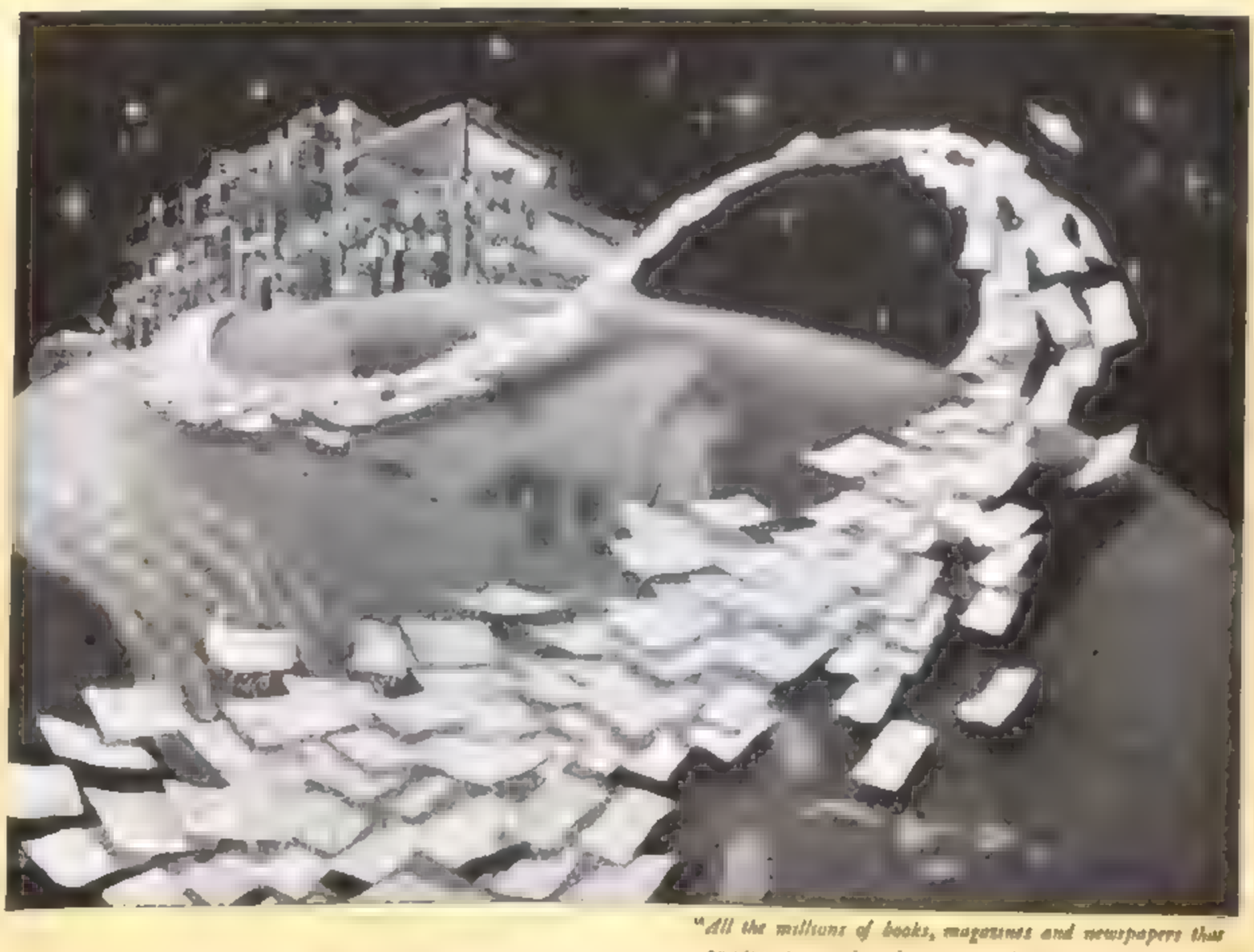
Prince Bülow thus got rid of the principal domestic obstacle to the smooth and continuous pursuit of the *Weltpolitik*.

Very soon after the beginning of the new régime the Kaiser came to England to attend the death bed and the funeral of Queen Victoria. I am permitted to quote some dicta which he let fall during this visit to a cabinet colleague of Lord Salisbury, then prime minister. "Lord Salisbury," he observed, "is antiquated. He is obsessed by the idea that there is a balance of power in Europe. There is no balance of power in

(*Continued on Page 109*)

* Imperial Germany, pp. 30 and 31, 1914 edition.

* In the elections of January, 1907, the number of the Social Democrats in the Reichstag was reduced from 81 to 43. They had their revenge in 1912, when they numbered 110, and became the strongest single party in the House.



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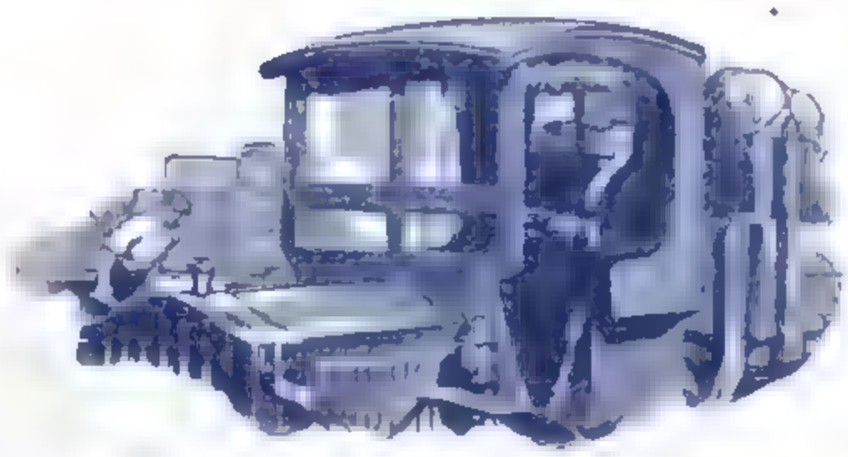

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(Continued from Page 106)

Europe, except me—me and my twenty-five corps. . . . I can double them the day war breaks out.*

"England," he went on, "is shortsighted. Without alliances her fate will be to be ultimately pressed out between Russia and the United States. With my army and your fleet, that combination against us will be powerless."

The general impression left upon the English statesman by the Emperor's conversation—the year was 1901—amounted to this: "You have no army: I have no fleet. I want a place in the sun. If I seize it, your fleet can keep the United States off my back and enable me to defy the Monroe Doctrine, and hold myself sufficiently free to keep Russia in check. You, on the other hand, can with my assistance take what part you like in Europe, and check Russia in the East." All his arguments and quips tended in the same direction.

Such was the Kaiser's attitude when his navy was still in its swaddling bands, and the *Weltpolitik* had hardly begun to materialize. I have been informed that ten years later, in 1911, at the end of his last visit to England, he said quite openly to the British officers who were attached to him and saw him off at Leith, that Nemesis would fall upon Great Britain for neglecting his proffers of alliance.

Finally, on this point, the Kaiser himself reports that on the occasion of King Edward's visit to Kiel, in 1904, Chancellor Bülow in an interview with the King raised a discussion as to the possible conclusion of an alliance between Germany and England. "The King stated that such a thing was not at all necessary in the case of our two countries, since there was no real cause for enmity or strife between them." This straightforward and sensible declaration, as all who had the honor to serve King Edward and to share his counsels well know, expressed his sincere and lasting convictions. The Kaiser's comment upon it is significant: "This refusal to make an alliance was a plain sign of the English policy of encirclement."

In the chapters which immediately follow I deal with the development of Kaiserism under the Bülow régime. But this will be the appropriate place to dispose of the Chamberlain episode, upon which the Kaiser lays some stress.

The Kaiser gives two different accounts of Mr. Chamberlain's overtures, in one of which he makes the date 1901 and in the other "towards the close of the nineties." He alleges in substance that what was proposed was an Anglo-German alliance directed against Russia, and that "Prince Bülow, in full agreement with me, declined politely but emphatically thus to disturb the peace of Europe."

I have no personal knowledge of this affair, of which the world will no doubt receive a full and authentic account in Mr. Chamberlain's forthcoming biography. But quite enough is known already to disprove, and even to render ridiculous, the Kaiser's allegations. They are indeed completely blown to pieces by Baron von Eckardstein, who was at the time understudy to Count Hatzfeldt at the German Embassy in London, and in close and confidential relations with Holstein, the *Eminence grise* for many years of the Foreign Office in Berlin.

The Kaiser paid a short visit to Windsor in the early days of the Boer War—November, 1899. He was accompanied by Count Bülow, then foreign secretary. I can give in outline what took place in the words of a correspondent, who has first-hand knowledge of the facts.

The German Emperor stayed at Windsor, and Mr. Chamberlain was invited to meet him. After a little talk the Emperor asked him to see Bülow. They had a long talk, the upshot of which was that it was very desirable that the difficulties between Germany and England should be removed, but that public opinion was unfavourable in both countries, at the time.

It is to be remembered that the Kruger telegram had not been forgotten in England, and that popular sympathy in Germany was almost wholly on the side of the Boers. Bülow asked Mr. Chamberlain to take the first step in order that, when he himself spoke in Germany, he might have a better public opinion. Mr. Chamberlain replied that his difficulties with public opinion here were not less, but that he had risked his fortunes more than once for what he thought was a good cause, and he was prepared to take the risk again. He said he was speaking at Leicester in about a fortnight's time, and that he would deal with the matter there, and—at Bülow's special request—would introduce America into the discussion.

Bülow said that the date suited him admirably, as he was speaking in the Reichstag on foreign affairs a few days later, and Mr. Chamberlain's speech would give him the opportunity for a friendly reply, which would carry matters forward.

Accordingly, on November thirtieth—after the Kaiser had left England—Mr. Chamberlain made his speech at Leicester on the lines agreed between him and Bülow. It contained the following passages:

> There is something more which I think any farseeing English statesman must have long desired, and that is that we should not remain permanently isolated on the continent of Europe, and I think that the moment that aspiration was formed it must have appeared evident to everybody that the natural alliance is between ourselves and the great German Empire. We have had our differences with Germany, we have had our quarrels and contentions, we have had our misunderstandings. I do not conceal that the people of this country have been irritated, and justly irritated, by circumstances which we are only too glad to forget, but at the root of things there has always been a force which has necessarily brought us together. What then unites nations? Interest and sentiment. What interest have we which is contrary to the interest of Germany?
>
> I cannot conceive any point which can arise in the immediate future which would bring ourselves and the Germans into antagonism of interests. On the contrary I can see many things in the future which must be a cause of anxiety to the statesmen of Europe, but in which our interests are clearly the same as the interests of Germany and in which that understanding of which I have spoken in the case of America, might, if extended to Germany, do more perhaps than any combination of arms in order to preserve the peace of the world.
>
> If the union between England and America is a powerful factor in the cause of peace, a now triple alliance between the Teutonic race and the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race will be a still more potent influence in the future of the world. I have used the word "alliance" . . . but again I desire to make it clear that to me it seems to matter little whether you have an alliance which is committed to paper, or whether you have an understanding in the minds of the statesmen of the respective countries. An understanding is perhaps better than alliance which may stereotype arrangements which cannot be regarded as permanent in view of the changing circumstances from day to day.

This narrative is completely corroborated by a letter, written the day after the speech—December 1, 1899—by Mr. Chamberlain to Baron Eckardstein. It should be noted that Lord Salisbury, while reserving his own freedom of action, was cognizant and approved of Mr. Chamberlain's procedure, and that from first to last there was no suggestion or hint that the proposed drawing together of Great Britain and Germany was inspired by, or directed to, hostility against Russia. The Leicester speech had a bad press in England and created a still worse impression in Germany. What happened can be best told in Baron von Eckardstein's words:

> When the speech made by Chamberlain at Leicester advocating an Anglo-German alliance was reported in Germany, there broke out a storm of indignation both in the press and in parliament at the very idea of such an association. The position of Count Bülow thereafter became one of very great difficulty. But all the same, it was a great blunder, and one that later was to cost us dear, that he should thereupon have knuckled under to the Anglophobes, by throwing over Chamberlain in a speech in the Reichstag, and by practically repudiating further relations with him. For, after all, he had distinctly encouraged Chamberlain to give public expression to the exchange of views they had had together at Windsor.

Count Bulow's speech in the Reichstag here referred to was delivered on December 11, 1899, on the estimates which included provision for the increase of the German Navy. He threw cold water on the idea of an Anglo-German rapprochement, and justified the rise in the estimates on the ground of changed international conditions. And he crystallized his views in a memorable phrase: "In the new century, Germany must be either the hammer or the anvil."

On December 28, 1899, the incident was closed by a letter from Mr. Chamberlain to Baron von Eckardstein which contains the following expressions:

> I will say no more here about the way in which Bülow has treated me. But in any case I think we must drop all further negotiations in the question of the Alliance. . . . Everything was going on well, and even Lord Salisbury had become quite favorable, and in entire agreement with us, as to the future developments of Anglo-German relations. But alas it was not to be.

For two years later—1899–1901—there were from time to time desultory pourparlers between Eckardstein and Chamberlain, who summed up his experiences by saying that "it was a bad job to try to do business with Berlin. So long as Bülow was in power, he—Mr. Chamberlain—would not move another finger for an understanding with Germany."

IV—End of the Bülow Régime

THOUGH in chronological order it comes later than some of the events which are narrated in subsequent chapters, it will be convenient to deal here, as summarily as may be, with the incident which ultimately led to the downfall of Prince Bülow.

On October 28, 1908, an interview with the Kaiser was published in the London Daily Telegraph. In substance the Kaiser's object was to show that it was he for he pointedly distinguished himself in this respect from the middle and lower classes in Germany—who was England's best European friend. He especially instanced his attitude during the Boer War, when he had repelled the joint request of France and Russia to join in saving the two republics and in "humiliating England to the dust"; refused to receive the Boer delegates in Berlin, "where the German people would have crowned them with flowers"; and after the Black Week, in December, 1899, had worked out with his own hand and sent to Windsor a plan of campaign "much on the same lines" as that which was afterwards successfully adopted by Lord Roberts.

This interview, the object of which the Kaiser now tells us, was "the improvement of German-English relations," let loose a tornado of criticism which raged for a time in France, Russia and Great Britain, but nowhere with such vehemence as in Germany itself. The Kaiser declares that before publication he sent the draft for examination by the chancellor, to whom, through a series of mistakes in the Foreign Office, it was not forwarded. Prince Bülow read it for the first time in the newspapers, and at once sent in his resignation, which was not accepted. There followed tumultuous debates in the Reichstag, when the Kaiser complains that he was not defended by the chancellor "to the extent that I expected." This is a mild way of putting it. Prince Bülow described the statements in the interview as to intervention in South Africa as "coloured," and as for His Majesty's plan of campaign, all that he had written amounted to no more than military aphorisms. He added that the incident must "induce the Emperor in future to observe that reserve, even in private conversations, which is equally indispensable in the interest of a uniform policy and for the authority of the Crown. Were that not so, neither I nor any successor of mine would assume the responsibility."

A few days later—November 17, 1908—the prince had an audience, as the result of which it was officially announced that "His Majesty approved the statements of the Imperial Chancellor in the Reichstag, and gave Prince Bülow the assurance of his continued confidence." The Kaiser's own account is more "coloured." "The Chancellor," he says, "appeared, lectured me on my political sins, and asked me to sign the document which was afterwards communicated to the press. I signed it in silence."

This affair was the greatest personal humiliation which was inflicted on the Emperor during his reign. A few months later Prince Bülow ceased to be chancellor.

The Kaiser sums up his minister's services in these significant words:

> He succeeded, by his skill, in avoiding a world war at several moments of crisis; during the period indeed, when I, together with Von Tirpitz, was building our protecting fleet.

The prince recommended as his successor Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, who became the fifth chancellor of the empire.

V—The Encirclement of Germany

Part I

THE legend of the encirclement of Germany in the years before the war is a prime article of faith with the Kaiser. Its initiation—as well as its active prosecution—is usually attributed by German

* He appears to have used the same language to Lord Lansdowne, then foreign secretary. See: Eckardstein, Ten Years at the Court of St. James, p. 192.

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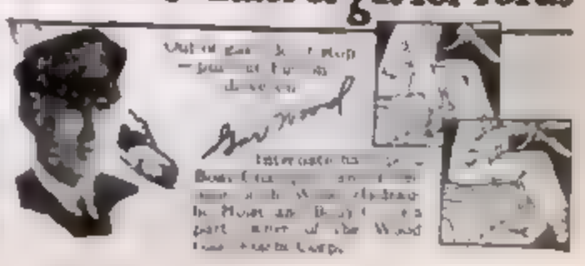

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apologists, like Prince Bülow, to King Edward VII, a model constitutional sovereign, who never acted in foreign or in domestic affairs without the advice of his ministers, and whose natural shrewdness and tact, with an intimate knowledge of other countries, were an invaluable asset to his own. The Kaiser, while fully sharing his compatriots' belief in the maleficent activity of his uncle, finds the real origin of the policy of encirclement in a transaction which is alleged to have taken place long before King Edward succeeded to the throne, and seventeen years before the outbreak of the war.

This contribution to the history of our times should be given in the Kaiser's own words. It is the legend of what he calls the Gentlemen's Agreement.

In a book, The Problem of Japan, which appeared anonymously at The Hague in 1918, by an "Ex-Diplomat from the Far East," an excerpt was published from a work of the American Professor Usher, of the Washington University, at St. Louis. . . . Usher in his book, published in 1913, made known for the first time the existence and contents of an agreement, or secret treaty, between England, America and France dating from the spring of 1897. In this it was stipulated that, in case Germany or Austria or both of them, should begin a war for the sake of Pan-Germanism [sic], the United States should at once declare in favour of England and France, and go to the support of these Powers with all its resources.

This is truly amazing. . . . Seventeen years before the beginning of the World War this treaty was made by the United Anglo-Saxons, and its goal was systematically envisaged throughout the entire period. Now one can understand the ease with which King Edward VII could pursue his policy of encirclement; for years the principal actors had been united and in readiness. . . .

The Treaty directed against Germany—sometimes called the "Gentlemen's Agreement" of the spring of 1897—is the basis, the point of departure, for this war which was systematically developed by the Entente countries for 17 years. When they had succeeded in winning over Russia and Japan for their purposes, they struck the blow, after Serbia had staged the Serajevo murder, and had thus touched the match to the carefully filled powder barrel.

In regard to America he adds:

Perhaps the unfriendly answer given by President Wilson to the German Government at the beginning of the war may have some connection with the Gentlemen's Agreement.

And again:

Wilson's alleged reasons for going to war, and war aims, were not the real ones. (He was) resolved, probably from the start, certainly from 1915, to range himself against Germany and to fight. She (America) did the latter, alleging the U-boat warfare as a pretext: in reality under the influence of powerful financial groups, and yielding to the pressure and progress of her partner, France, whose resources in man power were becoming more and more exhausted. America did not wish to leave a weakened France along with England, whose annexation designs on Calais, Dunkirk, and so on, were well known to her.

I have quoted textually the substance of this passage not only because the Kaiser finds in this imaginary agreement the key which unlocks the whole complicated and Machiavellian mechanism of the policy of the Allies but because though by no means a solitary, it is perhaps a primary illustration of his bottomless reservoir of credulity.

The whole story is of such a character that one would have thought that it could not have imposed upon the intelligence of even a newly weaned infant in the political nursery.

The Gentlemen's Agreement is supposed to have been made in the spring of 1897, when, by the way, Pan-Germanism—against which it was directed—in the sense of a definite creed or an organized movement, was still in the chrysalis stage. The relations between Great Britain and France were at that time in a state of tension; in the following year the incident at Fashoda nearly brought a rupture. Moreover, the merest tyro in diplomacy might be supposed to know that an engagement of this kind was absolutely repugnant to the traditional and settled policy of the Government and people of the United States.

Nevertheless, as the Kaiser more than once asserts that this agreement was the starting point of the policy of encirclement, and the fountainhead of the Great War, I have been at the trouble to explore the ground, and my investigations have been kindly assisted by the foreign offices of all the three powers supposed to be concerned—Great Britain, the United States and France. I applied in the first instance to our own Foreign Office, and have been favored with the following memorandum from Sir William Tyrrell—the Assistant Undersecretary of State.

FOREIGN OFFICE, S. W. 1.
6th September, 1922.

I have caused a careful examination to be made of the Foreign Office archives and find nothing to support in any way the suggestion that a secret understanding was come to in 1897 between England, France and the United States of America directed against Germany, Austria and Pangermanism. Professor Usher himself admits with regard to the alleged "treaty" (Problems of Japan, p. 120) that "no papers of any sort were signed, and that no pledges were given which circumstances would not justify any one of the contracting parties in denying or possibly repudiating."

When His Majesty's Ambassador at Washington endeavoured in March, 1898, to ascertain the attitude of the United States Government on the possible complications in China and the Far East, he was verbally informed that the President was in sympathy with the policy of open trade in China, but saw no reason for the departure of the United States of America from its traditional policy respecting foreign alliances and of avoiding as far as possible any interference in the connection of European complications.

Again in July, 1898, when the "Imparcial" of Madrid reproduced extracts from an unnamed Belgian newspaper respecting the alleged conclusion of a secret Convention between England and the United States of America for military and other assistance, His Majesty's Ambassador at Madrid was authorised to make a plump contradiction.

During the course of a debate on supply in the House of Commons in June, 1898, Mr. Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary, made the following statement explaining the position respecting a possible alliance with the United States of America: "The Americans do not want our alliance at this moment. They do not ask for our assistance, and we do not want theirs at this moment. But will anyone say that the occasion may not arise, foreseen as it has been by some American statesmen, who have said that there is a possibility in the future that Anglo-Saxon liberty and Anglo-Saxon interests may hereafter be menaced by a great combination of other Powers? Yes, Sir, I think that such a thing is possible, and in that case, whether it be America or whether it be England that is menaced, I hope that blood will be found to be thicker than water."

I therefore think we can honestly say that there is no foundation at all for the statement in Professor Usher's book (of which there is a copy in the Foreign Office Library) repeated by the ex-Kaiser.

Next I invoked the good offices of Sir Auckland Geddes, our ambassador to the United States, and asked him to be kind enough to inquire of the State Department of Washington, whether they could discover any trace of such a transaction.

Mr. Hughes, the Secretary of State, gave the matter prompt and courteous attention, and I am able to reproduce his reply to the ambassador:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington,
October 3, 1922.

Referring to the copy of the personal letter to you from Mr. Asquith, which you left with me a few days ago, I beg to inform you that I did not fail to look into the matter, and I find that the book to which reference is made in The Memoirs of the Kaiser is The Problem of Japan, written "By an Ex-Counselor of Legation in The Far East," and published in 1918 by C. L. van Langenhuysen, of Amsterdam and Rotterdam. Chapter 8 of that book, beginning on Page 119, quotes in its entirety Chapter 10 from Mr. Roland G. Usher's book on Pan-Germanism, which is the name of the book to which Mr. Asquith refers as one that he did not know. You will find that in the edition of 1913 Chapter 10 begins on Page 139.

The story of the secret treaty is wholly without foundation. I have had a careful search made but I can find nothing whatsoever in the records of the department to substantiate it, or in fact anything that would afford the smallest ground in support of Mr. Usher's allegations.

I am, etc.,
CHARLES E. HUGHES.

Finally, to complete the circle of negation, I put myself in communication with M. Poincaré, with whom I have the honor of a personal friendship now of considerable standing; and I addressed to him a similar inquiry in regard to the archives of the Quai d'Orsay.

M. Poincaré's reply is as follows:

(Translation)

PARIS, 28th October, 1922.

I was very glad to hear from you, and I assure you that I have not forgotten either the excellent terms which we both were on when the times were so troubled.

I believe, as you do, that it will not do to take notice of the calumnies which are always being

(Continued on Page 113)

THE first warning of a Boyce Moto-Meter is vital news to a car owner. To the experienced driver it spells overheating and approaching motor trouble.

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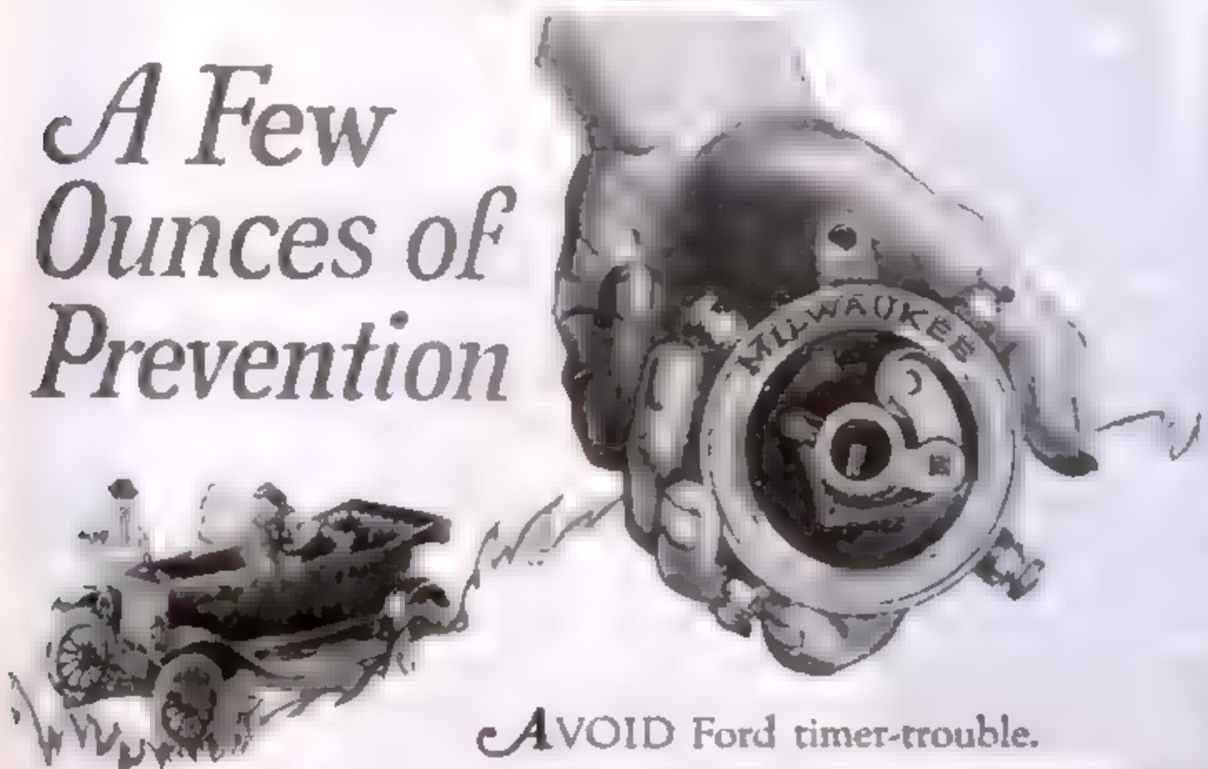

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Continued from Page 110

revived. But those of the former Emperor are really dreadful.

There is, of course, no trace in the Quai d'Orsay of the pretended Franco-Anglo-American agreement of 1897.

I enclose you a detailed report of this subject. You can deny the statement of the ex-Kaiser in the name of France as well as in that of England. I remain, etc.,

R. POINCARÉ.

The memorandum inclosed in M. Poincaré's letter is in the following terms:

[Translation.]

NOTE

on the subject of the pretended agreement of 1897 between England, the United States and France.

All examination made of the records of the Foreign Office in Paris enables us to state that the assertions of Wilhelm II with regard to an agreement concluded in the spring of 1897 between England, the United States and France do not rest on any authentic foundation.

These assertions are founded on an anonymous book, The Problem of Japan, which appeared in Amsterdam in 1918.

The author of this work reproduces the statements of an American professor, Mr. Usher, to which he adds the clauses of a supposed treaty. He declares especially that he is able to "give the terms of an agreement in their general approximately exact lines."

The Kaiser regarded this *supposed* treaty as a *real* treaty directed against Spain, Germany and other countries. This being so, he completely altered the statements of Professor Usher. The latter never said that any agreement was signed in 1897 between America, England and France. In fact, he states the contrary.

"It does not appear," writes Usher, "that any official undertakings of any kind were exchanged; and any promises or engagements would have been useless, for no American Government could bind its successors, according to the Constitution."

According to Usher, the United States, England and France were threatened by a possible wave of Pan-Germanism. This was an opinion, but he does not say that there was any agreement.

The statements made by Usher, properly interpreted, contradict the assertions of Wilhelm II, and with reason.

In fact there is no trace among the records of the Foreign Office in Paris of the supposed agreement. The examination of the political correspondence of M. Patenôtre, French Ambassador to America in 1897, shows that the Federal Government and public opinion were quite opposed to any idea of an engagement contrary to the tradition of American politics.

It may be asked if the idea of a Franco-Anglo-American agreement did not originate in the mind of the Kaiser in consequence of negotiations for a treaty of arbitration instituted from the year 1890 on the initiative of the Secretary of State Blaine among all the powers. These negotiations, which had no result in 1897 in England or in France, led for the latter to the convention of the 10th February, 1908.

Again, an agreement was made in 1908 between the United States and Japan, with respect to the politics and intentions of both states in the Pacific zone, and this agreement was communicated in confidence by M. Vignaud, Chargé d'Affaires for the United States, to M. Pichon in the inclosed letter. It was perhaps this agreement, known as the Gentlemen's Agreement, which caused confusion in the recollection of the Kaiser.

M. HENRY VIGNAUD, Chargé d'Affaires for America to Paris, to

M. STEPHEN PICHON, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

PARIS, 23rd November, 1908.

I have the honor to inform Your Excellency that I have received telegraphic instructions from Mr. Root to acquaint Your Excellency in confidence, for the Government of the Republic of France, that the United States are on the point of exchanging with Japan notes including the following declarations as to the policy and intentions of the two powers in the Pacific zone:

1. It is the wish of the United States and of Japan to encourage the free and peaceful development of their trade in the Pacific Ocean.

2. The policy of the two governments is not influenced by any motive of aggression, but aims at the maintenance of the status quo, as it already exists in the Pacific zone, and the defense of the principle common to both, to allow China equal facilities for trade and industry.

3. In consequence of this view, the two governments have firmly decided to respect reciprocally the territorial possessions of both powers in this district.

4. The two powers have also decided to safeguard the commercial interests of all the powers in China, maintaining by all pacific means in their power the independence and integrity of China as well as the principle of equal facilities for trade and industry for all countries in that empire.

5. If any event should occur which would endanger the maintenance of the status quo, as stated here, as explained in this agreement, steps will be taken as may seem necessary to maintain the principle of equal facilities for all, and all measures deemed advisable for this purpose will be arrived at.

In bringing this information in advance to the notice of Your Excellency, the Secretary of State of my Government recalls with satisfaction the agreement which exists between the declarations made above and the policy with respect to the Empire of China and foreign interests in that place, to which the United States and France have frequently had the opportunity of referring, expressing similar views on the subject, which views have now found their expression in the arrangement come to on the 10th June, 1907, between the French Republic and Japan, and the present declarations are not without analogy to the views mentioned.

VI—The Encirclement of Germany

Part II

PRINCE BÜLOW'S theory of the British policy of encirclement is at any rate intelligible. He makes no secret of the fact that the motive of German policy, as pursued by the Kaiser, and by himself while the Kaiser's minister, was to secure for Germany such an undisputed and indisputable dominance in Europe as would render possible the attainment of her new ambitions, industrial and political, in the rest of the world. This is really the theme of his book, Imperial Germany, originally written and published—as I have stated above—some months before the outbreak of the Great War. At that time there was no need to veil or to apologize for a line of action which seemed to the author to be heading straight to ultimate success.

I do not wish to overload my pages with proofs of the obvious; it will suffice to cite one or two typical passages:

Our new world policy was to be an extension, not a shifting, of the field of our political activities. We must never forget [this was written in 1913] that the consolidation of our position as a great power in Europe has made it possible for us to transpose our industrial activity into a world activity, and our Continental policy into a world policy. Our world policy is based upon the successes of our European policy. The moment the firm foundation constituted by Germany's position as a great European power begins to totter, the whole fabric of our world policy will collapse. [Page 51.]

It was, of course, to be a progressive process.

After entering the ranks of the sea powers we continued quietly on the same course as heretofore. The new era of unbounded German world policy, which was so often foretold abroad, had not dawned. But we certainly had acquired the means of effectively promoting our interests, of resisting aggression, and of maintaining and developing our position everywhere, especially in Asia Minor, the Far East, and Africa. As our problem in world politics increased, the web of our international relations had to be extended.

He proceeds to instance his efforts to cultivate the friendship of the United States and of Japan. (Page 44.)

No comment is needed upon these candid and unambiguous avowals. From an early stage in its development the ends of the new departure in German statesmanship became growingly plain to clear-sighted observers. But the means pursued by the maladroit successors of Prince Bismarck led in the long run not to the hegemony but to the self-isolation of Germany.

The Triple Alliance was still to all appearance in working order. Austria had become in external affairs, to all intents and purposes, a mere appendage of Germany. Once, and once only, she asserted her right of independent action, when in 1908, in defiance of the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin, Baron Aerenthal, the cleverest and perhaps the least scrupulous of the Austrian statesmen of our time, annexed the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was a shameless breach of the public law of Europe; but though the best German opinion was hostile, the Kaiser and Prince Bülow were equal to the occasion. Prince Bulow records with complacency that "the German sword was thrown into the scale of European decision, directly in support of our Austro-Hungarian ally!" Not for the first time Austria—and the rest of the world—was to be shown her dependence as a "brilliant second" upon Germany. It was in reference to the part played by Germany, as accessory, if not before, at any rate after, the fact, that the Kaiser a year later made in Vienna his famous shining-armor speech: a variant upon the old themes of the mailed fist and the well-ground sword.

It is interesting that Prince Bulow should consider this incident to have been the supreme test, and to mark the final failure, of "the encircling policy of Edward VII," which proved, he says, to be a "diplomatic

(Continued on Page 115)

What the Taxicab is doing for Pittsburgh it will do for Your City—and You

LAST year motor transportation cost the municipal government of Pittsburgh more than $100,000. ¶ Only fifteen thousand dollars will be required for the current year through the adoption of public taxicab service. ¶ Eighty per cent of the time city owned automobiles were non-productive—a net loss of $85,000.

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Mayor William A. Magee
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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(Continued from Page 112)

illusion devoid of political actuality." So that, in his view, apparently, that policy ceased, from 1909, to be a decisive or even a predominant factor in European diplomacy. If this is so he is at complete issue with his successor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, who as lately as August, 1915, when the war had been a year in progress, made the following declaration in the Reichstag:

King Edward VII believed that his principal task was to isolate Germany. The encirclement by the Entente with openly hostile tendencies was drawn closer year by year. We were compelled to reply to this situation with the great Armament Budget of 1913.

So it would seem that the specter of encirclement, which Prince Bülow thought he had finally laid in 1909, continued for years afterwards to haunt the Wilhelmstrasse.

The lawless annexation of Bosnia, at the initiative of Austria and with the complicity of Germany, which ought to have opened the eyes of the world to the value set by the two powers on the sanctity of international engagements, is a fact of capital importance in the history of the origins of the Great War. As M. Poincaré justly points out, the events of 1914, when Austria was again the originator of, and Germany the all-powerful accessory to, a great international crime, go back in the chain of causation to the events of 1908-09.

Serbia, which was naturally and legitimately indignant at the outrage done by the annexation to her neighbors and kinsmen, and saw in it another step to one of the constant aims of Austrian policy—her own economic and political subjection—was ultimately bullied into unwilling acquiescence. There is no more disgraceful incident in modern history than the Agram trial, when some fifty Serbs and Croats were charged with an imaginary plot for the establishment of an independent Serbia, upon the strength of false documents, forged at the Austrian Legation at Belgrad under the orders of Count Forgach, who remained till the outbreak of the war in 1914 an influential member of the inner councils of the empire.

The Kaiser's attitude in this matter never changed; his hostility to the Slavs was a constant, and, as it proved, a fatal obsession. Three years after the Bosnia affair we have a letter from him to his friend Ballin.

Ballin was perhaps the best and most sagacious type of the great business captains who did so much to develop German industry and commerce at home and overseas in the Kaiser's reign. During his administration of the Hamburg-American Line, the size of the passenger ships rose from three thousand to over fifty thousand tons, and their speed from fourteen knots to nearly twenty-five. Ballin was no specialist; he appears to have been a man of sound general judgment and of enlarged vision. He became an associate, and in some matters a close confidant, of the Kaiser, but in his familiar letters to his friends he constantly expressed—as did his correspondent and friend, Sir Ernest Cassel—the contempt of a real man of affairs for the narrow-minded clique of Prussian Junkers and bureaucrats—he calls it a Chinese Wall—by which the Kaiser allowed himself to be hemmed in from the vulgar world.

The Kaiser wrote to Ballin, on December 15, 1912:*

Slav subjects of Austria have become very restless and could only be brought to reason by resolute action of the whole Dual Monarchy against Serbia. . . . If we were compelled to take up arms we should do so to assist Austria not only against Russian aggression, but also against the Slavs in general and in her efforts to remain German. . . . It is beyond our power to prevent this struggle, because the future of the Hapsburg Monarchy and that of our own country are both at stake. It is therefore a question on which depends the very existence of the Germanic race on the continent of Europe.

As will be seen later on, William II was at this time obsessed, and indeed hypnotized by the doctrines propounded in a superficial book, The Foundation of the Nineteenth Century, the work of a Germanized Englishman, Houston Chamberlain. The thesis of the book is that everything in history depends on Race, and that nothing in the long run can withstand the inherent and invincible supremacy of the Teutonic stock. The Kaiser drank all this in with eagerness and gusto; it exactly accorded with all his own prepossessions and prejudices; and it is essential to an understanding of his subsequent conduct to bear in mind that he had become, and remained to the end, practically anti-Slav.

The third member of the Triple Alliance, Italy, had never been a comfortable yokefellow.† Prince Bülow quaintly remarks that German "relations with Italy were, contrary to the accepted view of the character of the two nations, regarded by us from the sentimental, and by the Italians from a common-sense point of view." An odd statement in view of the carefully organized and ever-growing network of German interests, industrial and financial, in Italy. He thinks that the alliance, on the whole, proved to be "of greater value to Italy than to the Central Powers." History will describe it as a transient and unnatural union; so wide is the essential divergence between the ideals of policy and the temperament and character of the nations concerned. During 1912 and 1913 there was constant and growing friction between Italy and Austria, due to Austrian policy in the Balkans and the creation of an independent Albania.

With Turkey, on the other hand, the prince tells us that the Kaiser and his chancellor "carefully cultivated good relations," which were "not of a sentimental nature", for the "continued existence of Turkey served our interests from the industrial, military and political points of view."

As far back as November, 1898, no doubt in concert with Bulow, who was both his secretary of state and his traveling companion, the Kaiser had taken occasion at Damascus to blow the bugle which heralded in the new German departure in the East in his most resonant style, declaring:

The 300,000,000 Mohammedans who live scattered over the globe, may be assured of this, that the German Emperor will be their friend at all times.

The prince, however, is right in declining to call the relationship thus inaugurated a "sentimental" or altruistic friendship. The exploitation of Turkey—called by Bülow the wooing of Islam—became indeed one of the Kaiser's most cherished purposes, and was strenuously and sleeplessly pursued, with an almost cynical disregard to the fortunes of the subject Christian races, under the able supervision of Von Marschall and Von der Goltz. The maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire both in Europe and in Asia, the fomenting of differences between the Balkan States and the ultimate breaking up of the Balkan League, the cultivation of friendship with the two German-Austrian kings of Rumania and Bulgaria, and the opening of the land "corridor" for German trade and influence to the Far East—all these were indispensable parts of the grandiose policy of *Weltpolitik*.

If there ever had been a policy of encirclement Prince Bulow would be justified in his boast that by the time he left office, in 1909, it had been proved to be a complete failure.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of six articles by Mr. Asquith. The next will appear in an early issue.

*Albert Ballin, By B. Huldermann, English translation, Cassell, 1922, p. 190.

†In 1902, Italy, while renewing the Triple Alliance, gave to France through Signor Prinetti a written assurance that she would observe neutrality in any war in which France was not the aggressor. She kept her word in 1914.

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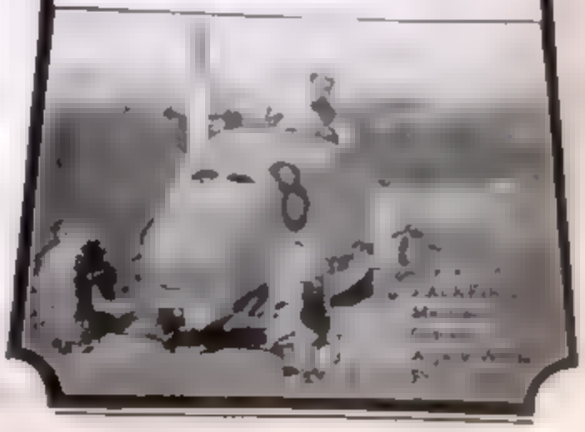

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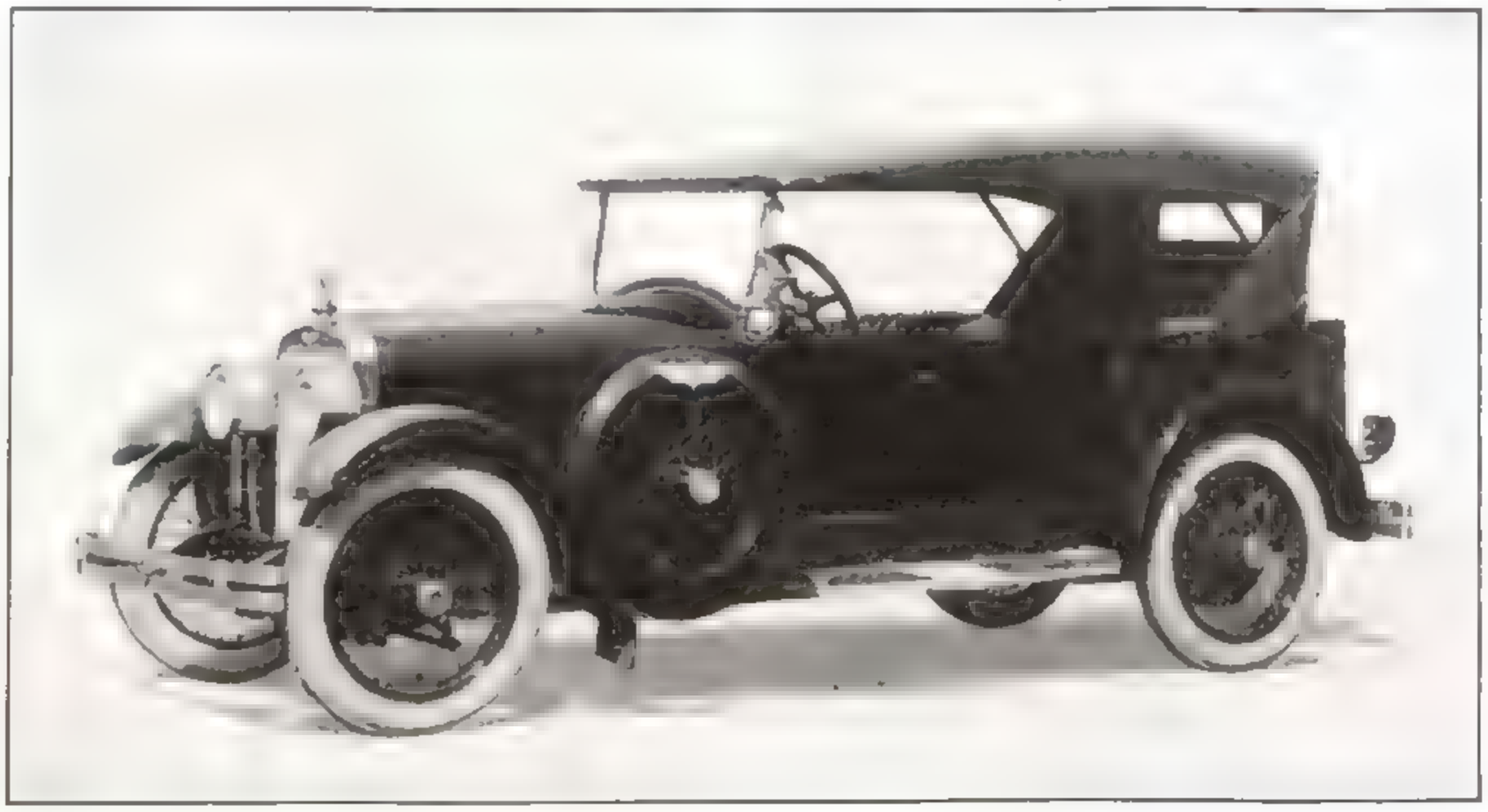

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THE WIDOW'S MIGHT

Continued from Page 16

He was surprised after his visitor had left to find how sincerely he hoped that Hale would succeed in marrying the little widow. He owned that he himself would not give up a million for any romance in the world; but then he was a middle-aged man who had lived his life, not a pretty young woman who had spent five years of her youth almost as an upper servant.

She ought, he thought, to be unafraid of the adventure of poverty; though he was obliged to confess that there was an element of adventure, too, in spending a large income; an adventure which would appeal more strongly to most people. Only, he thought, there wouldn't be much joy in riches if one remained forever under the iron rule of Antonia

Soon after this, that first day of spring arrived which always comes to deceive New Yorkers sometime in March; that day when the air is warm and the sky a pale, even blue, and the north side of the street is dry and clear and the south side still runs in slush and rivulets. Then almost everyone does something foolish—from wearing too thin clothes and letting the furnace go out to mistakes of a more devastating sort.

Williams, who was prudent by nature, did nothing worse than, in returning from arguing a case in Jersey City, to take the ferry instead of the tube. As he stood watching the boat for which he was waiting bumping its way into its slip, his attention was attracted by two people seated on the upper deck, with their elbows hooked over the rail and their bent heads close together, evidently at that delightful stage of intimacy when it is possible to talk—or rather whisper—simultaneously without either one losing a single word of what the other is saying. They showed no disposition to get off, no realization even that the boat had reached the shore, though the process of winding up the dock and letting down the drawbridges and opening the gates is not a quiet one. They were simply going to and fro on the river, for when the deck hand came to collect their fare it was obviously a repeated performance.

Williams had recognized Hale first, but the next second he had seen that the diminutive figure in black could be no other than Doris Helen. He did not disturb them, but from the window of the upper cabin he watched them—rather wistfully. Now and then they seemed to be saying something of the most serious importance, and, looking at each other in the middle of a sentence, they would forget to complete it. At other times they were evidently extremely frivolous, speaking with a manner common to those a little drunk and those deeply in love, a manner as if only they themselves could appreciate how deliciously ridiculous they were.

Williams was not much surprised the very next day to be called on the telephone by Miss Southgate, who wished to see him at once. She said she would come to his office, where they could talk without interruption.

She came. Her handsome alabaster mask was never allowed to express emotion, but she undulated her vast shoulders more than usual. A young man by the name of Hale—a painter—was coming every day to the house, and that morning Doris had admitted that he wanted to marry her.

"And my brother hardly a month in his grave!" said Miss Southgate, with all the concentrated bitterness of Hamlet's first soliloquy.

She was so deeply outraged by the idea that Williams did not dare point out to her that she would profit by the marriage. There was something noble about her utter indifference to this aspect of it, but there was something bitter and egotistical in her anger against her sister-in-law for daring to assert the control of her own destiny. Williams remembered having seen Antonia show the same ruthless, fatuous bitterness toward a servant who had left her voluntarily. She regarded it as an insult from an inferior. Yet in her emotion there was also the wish to protect her brother's memory.

"It will make my brother ridiculous—an old man's widow," she said. "It was bad enough when he married her, but he and I together managed to keep the marriage on a dignified plane. No one could have found anything to laugh at during his life; and now he is dead, after all his kindness and generosity to her, she shall not insult his memory."

"But has she any idea of doing it?" asked Williams. "There is a pretty heavy weight on the other side of the scale."

Miss Southgate clenched her hands.

"I don't know," she said, as if that were extraordinary enough. "I can't read her mind. She says not, and yet she sees him every day."

Williams shook his head.

"She won't do it," he said, and fortunately Miss Southgate did not catch the note of regret in his voice.

He promised to come and dine alone with the two women that evening. He found the little widow more alive than before, more prone to smile and talk, but no less docile in her attitude toward Antonia. There was nothing of the rebel about her, no hint that she was preparing to defy the lightning. And Williams admitted, as he saw the violence of Antonia's determination that the marriage should not take place, that a great deal of courage would be required. As he walked away from the house that evening he said to himself that if he were Hale he would kidnap her and take his chances of happiness.

A day or so later, a jubilant though black-bordered note from Miss Southgate announced that the decision had been made

"Doris has promised me that she will not marry this man, or any other, without my consent. She is to see him this afternoon at four. I should like you to be with me then, in case he makes a scene at his final dismissal."

Well, Williams said to himself, he was a lawyer; he had seen a good deal of life; he had always known that that was the way the thing would end. But how pitiful and how stupid! He thought of the ferryboat plying unnoticed from one bank of the Hudson to the other. Did Doris Helen suppose she would duplicate that afternoon for a million dollars?

He went punctually at four, and was ushered into the back drawing-room. The terrible room across the front of the house was already occupied by the parting lovers, where presumably the portrait of Alexander Southgate was dominating their farewells.

Antonia received him with a manner of calm triumph, unshadowed by the least doubt that her sister-in-law would keep her word. But after about an hour a silence fell upon her, and Williams became aware that she was listening with increasing eagerness for the sound of the opening of the front drawing-room door. At last she rose to her feet

"This is unbearable," she said.

"An hour isn't so very long," he returned, "for two people who love each other to take an eternal good-by."

"It's over two hours," said Antonia, "And she had nothing to say to him but no."

A suspicion suddenly came to Williams that perhaps the other room was empty, that perhaps Hale had been driven to the alternative of carrying her off. He sprang to his feet.

"Just wait here," he said to Antonia.

The hallway between the two rooms was in shadow. As he stepped into it, the door of the front room opened and Doris and Hale came out of it together. They did not see Williams, for they both turned at once toward the staircase, Hale in order to descend it and Doris leaning on the balustrade, raising her shoulders and almost taking her feet off the ground. Their manner was not that of people who have parted forever.

"There isn't another woman in the world would make such a sacrifice for a fellow like me," Hale said. Williams could not see the smile she gave him, but it must have been potent. He took her in his arms, wrenched himself away, walked down about three steps, turned and walked up them again, kissed her a second time—a good satisfactory hug, and then exclaiming "I can't bear to go," bounded down the stairs and was gone. The front door banged behind him, and Doris Helen lifted her hands from the balustrade. She hardly noticed Williams as he opened the door.

Antonia was still standing.

"Well, Doris," she said as the younger woman entered, and the tone of her voice was deep and bell-like.

Doris sat down on the edge of the sofa—she always sat on the edge of her chair so that her feet could touch the ground. Her hands, folded as usual in her lap, were perfectly quiet, yet something in the way her

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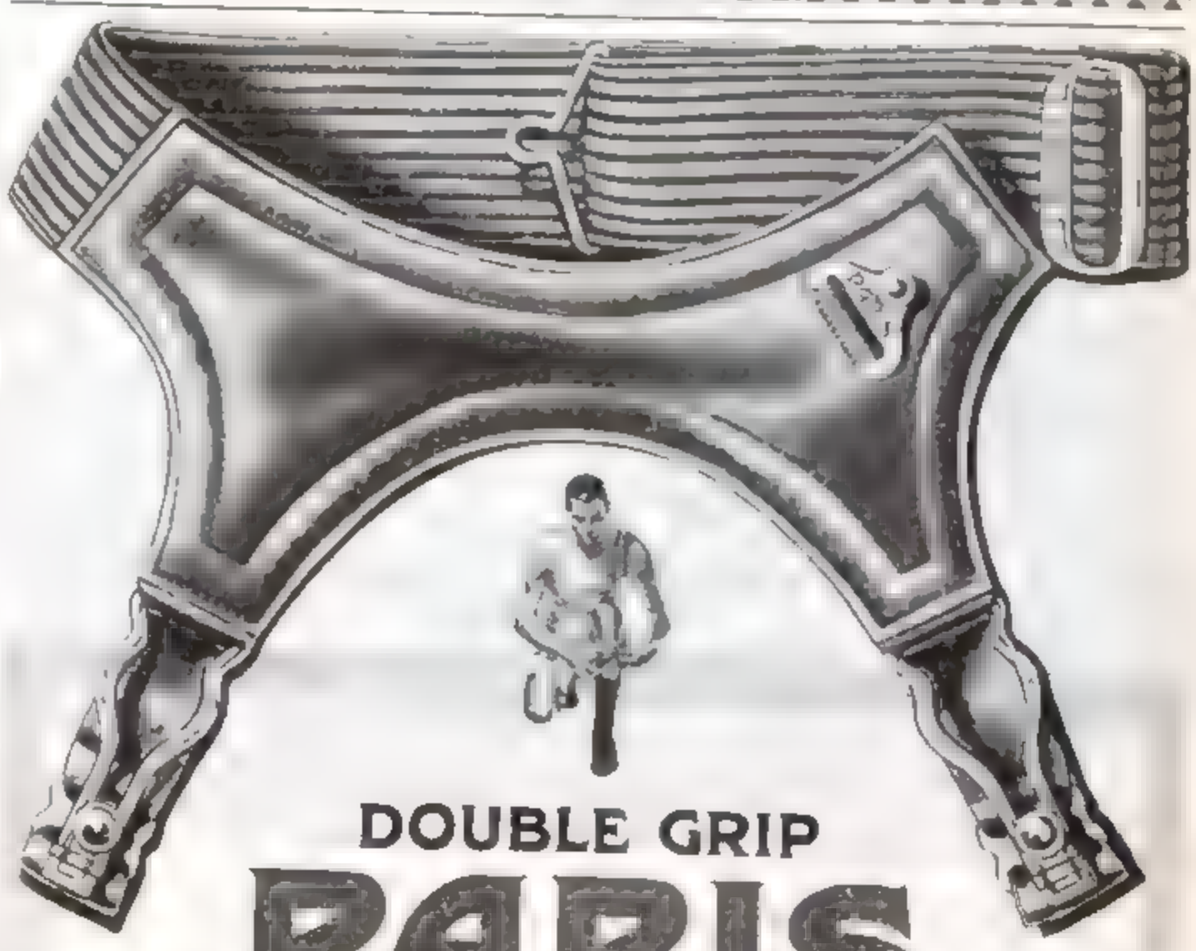

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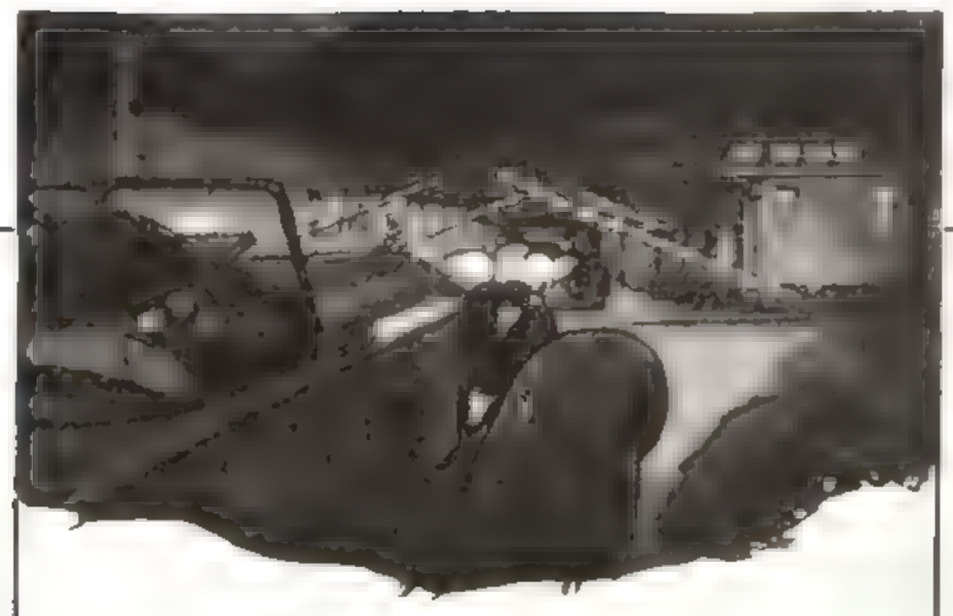

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eyes darted from point to point made Williams feel that she was nervous.

"Well," he said briskly, "what did you decide?"

She looked at him wonderingly.

"I promised Antonia I would not marry without her consent. I shall keep my word, of course."

Her sister-in-law held out a hand to her, and with the other covered her eyes.

"Thank God!" she said.

Williams looked at the widow. Obviously she was deceiving either Hale or Antonia. That was no rejected lover who had just left the house. He speculated how the drama was going to unfold. There was no special purpose in deceiving Antonia. If there was to be a marriage, she would necessarily know it.

Perhaps Doris Helen was one of those people who couldn't say disagreeable things, but could write them.

Miss Southgate removed her hand from her eyes.

"And now," she said, "that nightmare is over, let us go back to Pasadena and begin our work editing my brother's memoirs."

Williams was aware of a certain bitter satisfaction in the thought that such a life was about all the little creature deserved, but the little creature was calmly shaking her head.

"No," she was saying gently; "no, I'm not going back to Pasadena, Antonia. I'm going to Spain."

Her sister-in-law stared at her.

"To Spain? But I don't want to go to Spain, Doris, and you can hardly go alone."

"I'm not going alone," answered Doris. "Mr. Hale is going with me."

Thirty years of training at the bar barely saved Williams from laughing aloud; the solution was simple and so complete. The recollection flashed through his mind of the daughter of a friend of his, who when discovered in the act of smoking a cigar explained that she had promised her mother never to smoke a cigarette. He took himself in hand. The thing was serious and must be stopped. Evidently the word "sacrifice" had applied not to the loss of an income of fifty thousand dollars but to the resignation of the less tangible asset—reputation. Miss Southgate was already rolling out a magnificent invective. Doris Helen did not attempt to interrupt her. She sat still, with her eyes raised with interested surprise to Antonia's angry face. Only once she spoke.

She said quietly, "No, not as my lover, Antonia—as my secretary."

"And what difference does it make—what you call it?"

"Antonia!" Mrs. Southgate's tone protested. "It makes a great deal of difference what it is."

Her sister-in-law felt the reproach.

"I mean, no one will believe it, no one will care—the scandal will be the same."

Doris made gesture with her thin hands as if one couldn't go changing all one's plans for every shred of gossip that drifted across the horizon.

"One only cares what one's friends say," she explained, "and I haven't any friends—except you, Antonia."

"Are you utterly indifferent to the name of an honorable man who was your husband?"

"While my husband lived I tried to do my duty to him," said Doris firmly. "I gave my whole life to it, and my reward is that he tries to reach out of the grave and prevent my having the normal freedom that any woman of my age ought to have."

Williams had only to look into her set little face to see that it was hopeless to argue with her, but he had hopes of Hale. He had formed a favorable opinion of the young man and simply did not believe he was a party to any such plan.

"I should like to have a talk with Hale," he said.

"He's gone out of town," answered Doris. "He won't be back until a day or two before we sail."

Antonia gave a sound between a bleat and a whinny.

"You're sailing on the same steamer?"

"Of course—with my secretary."

She left the room.

In the course of the next few minutes Williams was surprised to discover the words included in the vocabulary of so majestic a woman as Antonia. There was nothing she did not call her sister-in-law, although she ended each sentence with an assertion that she wouldn't really do it.

"I wouldn't count on that," said Williams. "Most people are restrained by the opinion of their social group; but, as Mrs. Southgate says, she doesn't seem to have any group."

"Do you forget there is such a thing as a moral sense?" asked Antonia.

"If you had listened attentively," he replied, "you would have gathered as I did that there is nothing contrary to morals in this plan of your sister-in-law's—a lack of convention, yes."

"We will not allow it," said Antonia.

It was Williams' duty to point out that persuasion was the only method open to them. His sympathies were with the lovers, but he felt it his duty to mention to Miss Southgate his conviction that the best way to stop the whole thing was to send for Dominic Hale.

"This is not Hale's plan," he said. "I am sure he would not stand for it. If you send for him and have a talk you will find that he believes they are going to be married before they sail."

But Miss Southgate was too angry to listen to him. She tossed the suggestion aside with the utmost contempt.

"How can you be so innocent?" she exclaimed. "The whole plan is his. Doris would never have the imagination to think of such a thing. She has simply fallen into the hands of a designing man. She has no will of her own. You are utterly mistaken."

Well, perhaps he was; but he wanted to find Hale and have a talk with him; but as he could find no trace of the young man, he was obliged to content himself with an interview with Doris. He wanted to point out to her that she was ruining Hale irretrievably. It was the sort of thing a man could never live down. It would be said that he preferred to live on the dead husband's money rather than to make the widow his wife. He put it as baldly as he could, but Doris was unshaken. She nodded her head.

"Yes, I know," she said. "No one will understand. He sacrifices his reputation too—not any more than I do, Mr. Williams, though perhaps not any less. We must learn to live without the world, but we can—we shall have each other."

Williams thumped his hand on his knee.

"I can't believe it of him," he said. "Such a disgusting rôle! So unmanly!"

Doris smiled at him sadly.

"Does it seem unmanly to you?" she said meditatively. "It seems to me it wouldn't be manly to say no to a woman who loves him and has been as unhappy as I have been."

Yes, Williams could see that point of view too. Hale might say to himself that a girl who had lived those years of self-abnegation had a right to his love and Southgate's money, if she wanted them both; that it wasn't his part to take a noble stand for which she must pay. There was a certain nobility in not caring what the world said of him.

And yet ——

He tried one last argument.

"Well, then for yourself; can't you see that it's contemptible to cling so to a fortune? What's poverty, after all? You're young. Marry the young man."

She stared at him.

"But, Mr. Williams," she said, "that's exactly what I promised Antonia I wouldn't do."

"Break your promise."

She looked really shocked.

"What a funny thing for you to say—a lawyer!" She shook her head. "I never broke my word in all my life. Besides, Antonia says that Alexander particularly disliked the idea of my remarriage."

Williams thought this was too trifling.

"You can hardly suppose," he said stiffly, "that you will be fulfilling the wishes of your husband by going to Spain with a man to whom you are not married."

She raised her shoulders as if beset by inconsistencies.

"What can I do?"

"You can give up the whole thing."

"Give up Dominic? No! I gave him up once because I thought it was better for him. I don't think I'd do it again, even for that—certainly not for anything else. I love him, Mr. Williams, and I'm of rather a persistent sort of nature."

Williams reported his failure to Antonia. He began to feel sorry for Antonia. Her age, her previous power and, above all, her mere bulk made it seem somehow humiliating that she could make no impression on this calm, steely chit of a girl. He was struck, too, by the depth and sincerity of her emotion.

(Continued on Page 121)

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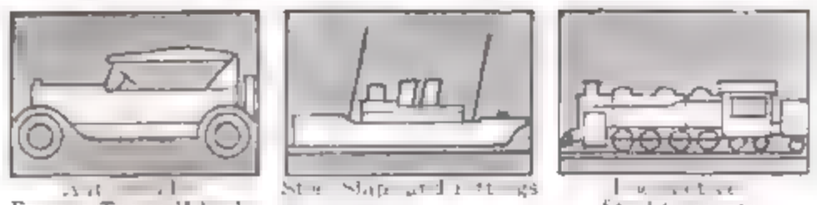
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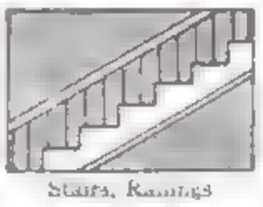
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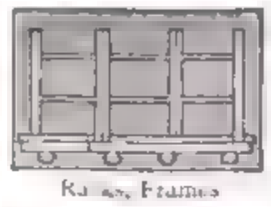
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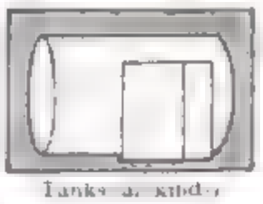
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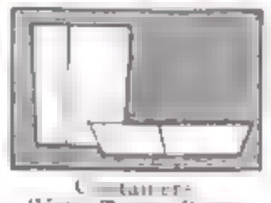
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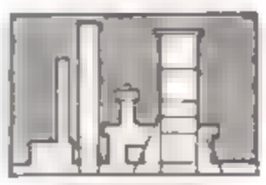
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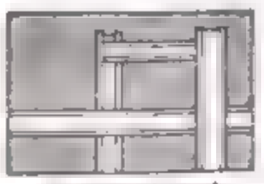
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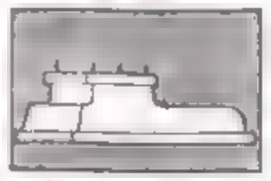
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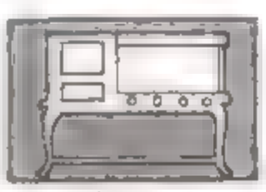
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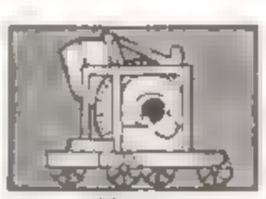
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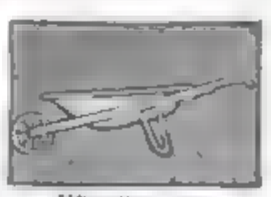
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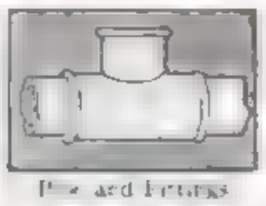
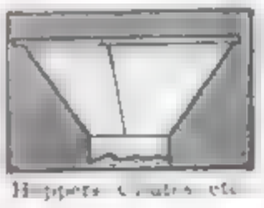
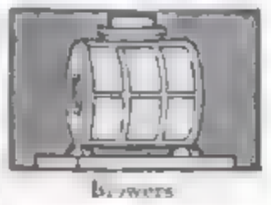

Pipe and Fittings


Hoppers, Cranes, etc.


Bowers

Wheels and Pulleys

Steel Barrels

Grave Vaults

(Continued from Page 118)

"Don't care so much, my dear Miss Southgate," he said. "You've done your best to protect your brother's memory. Wash your hands of it all and go back to California. Forget there ever was such a person."

And then he saw what perhaps he had been stupid not to see before, that under all Miss Southgate's anger and family pride was a more creditable feeling—a love of Doris Helen, an almost maternal desire to protect her. As soon as Williams understood this—and he did not understand for some weeks—he advised compromise.

"Offer her half the income and let her marry the fellow."

Antonia's eyes flashed.

"Let myself be blackmailed?" she said. "You admit they are trying to blackmail me?"

"I admit they are in the stronger position," said Williams, as if in the experience of a lawyer it was pretty much the same thing.

"I shall not yield—for her own sake," answered Antonia.

In spite of the bitter issue between them the two women continued to live in the same house, and to discuss with interest and sometimes with affection all those endless daily details which two people who live in the same house must discuss. It was the preparations for the trip that finally drove Antonia to the wall: Doris' passport, her letter of credit from Southgate's bank, and the trunks all marked with the name of Southgate—"in red, with a bright-red band," Antonia explained to Williams, "so that no one can fail to notice them."

The final item was a dozen black-bordered pocket handkerchiefs. Williams, coming in late one afternoon, at the time when the shops are making their last delivery, found Antonia sobbing on the sofa and the little widow erect and pale, with the small, flat, square box open between them.

He looked questioningly at Doris, and she answered, pointing to the handkerchiefs, "It seems as if she did not want me to wear mourning. But I can hardly go into colors when Alexander has been dead such a short time."

Antonia sobbed out without raising her head, "Can she go careering about Europe in widow's mourning with that dreadful young man in bright colors?"

"Dominic's clothes are not bright," said Doris gently.

"They're not black like yours," returned Antonia.

The widow looked up at Williams.

"I don't think it's necessary for Dominic to wear black for my husband," she said, as one open to reason. "One puts one's footman in black, but not one's secretary."

At that terrible word "secretary" Antonia gave way.

"I can't let her do it!" she wailed. "In crape and he in colors—at hotels! Oh, Doris, it's horrible—what you're doing, but I must save you from utter ruin! I will make proper legal arrangements to give you half the income from the estate, and you can marry this —this person."

She covered her large statuesque face with her large white hands. Doris patted the heaving shoulder, but she did not leap at the offer. For an instant Williams thought she was going to bargain. She was, but not for money.

"Antonia, it's very kind of you," she said; "but I don't see how I could take your money—money which at least legally would have become yours—to do something that you hated."

"You can't expect me to approve of your marriage."

"If you don't, I won't do it," said Doris. "I'll just go—the way I said."

And on this she obstinately took her stand. Nor would she be content with Antonia's cry that she disapproved less of marriage than of this other horrible immoral plan.

"There was nothing immoral in my plan," answered Doris proudly, "and I cannot let you say so."

She insisted on being approved, and at length Antonia approved of her—or said she did. And so the papers were drawn up and signed, and the arrangements for the wedding went forward, and at last Hale returned.

Williams had been waiting eagerly for this. He was more curious than he had ever been in his life. His whole estimate of his own judgment of men was at stake. Did Hale know, or didn't he? Five minutes alone with the young artist would tell him, but those five minutes were hard to get; Doris Helen was always there. Even when Williams made an appointment with Hale at his office, the young widow was with him.

They were married early one morning, and their vessel was to sail at noon. Then at last, while Doris was changing her clothes, Hale was left alone in the front drawing-room with Antonia and the lawyer. Antonia, who still clung to her belief that her sister-in-law was an innocent instrument in the hands of a wicked man, would not speak to Hale, but sat erect, with her eyes fixed on her brother's portrait. It was Hale who opened the conversation.

"Miss Southgate," he said, with his engaging energy, "I can understand you don't like me much for taking Doris away, but I do hope you'll let me tell you how nobly I think you have behaved."

Antonia stared at him as if in her emptied safe she had discovered a bread-and-butter letter from the burglar. Then without an articulated word she rose and swept out of the room. Hale sighed.

"I do wish she didn't hate me so," he said. "Doris tells me she says she approves of our marriage, but she doesn't behave as if she did."

"At least," said Williams, "she made it possible."

Hale took him up quickly.

"Not a bit of it. It was settled quite irrespective of her—that day when you saw me kiss Doris in the hall. It was all arranged then; only, of course, we thought we were going to be hard up. I shall never forget that, Mr. Williams—that Doris was willing to give up that enormous income for me."

"Was she?" said Williams. And as Hale nodded to himself he went on, "Why did you go away like that for a month?"

"Doris wanted me to," he answered. "She thought it was only fair to Miss Southgate. I felt perfectly safe. I had her promise, and she thought she might bring Miss Southgate round to approving of the marriage. I never thought she'd succeed; but, you see, she did. She's a very remarkable woman, is Doris."

"She is, indeed," said Williams cordially.

Presently she came downstairs—the very remarkable woman—hand in hand with Antonia, and she and Hale drove away to the steamer.

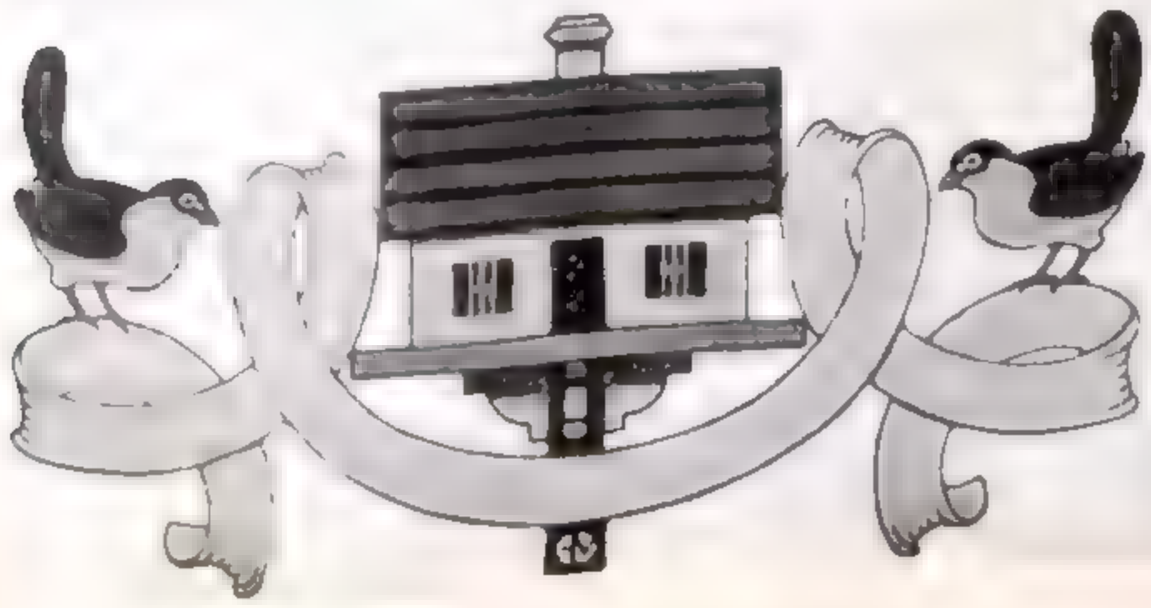
Williams found himself holding Antonia's large, heavy, white hand.

"I think you've been wonderful, Miss Southgate," he said.

She wiped her eyes.

"I did not want to make it impossible for her to come back," she said, "when she finds that man out."

The lawyer did not answer, for it was his opinion that if there was to be any finding out it would be done by Hale.



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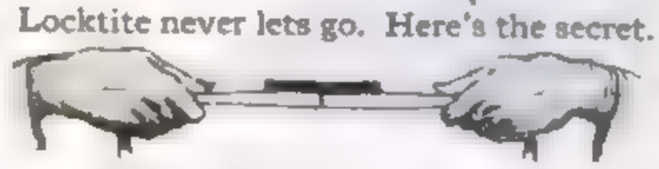

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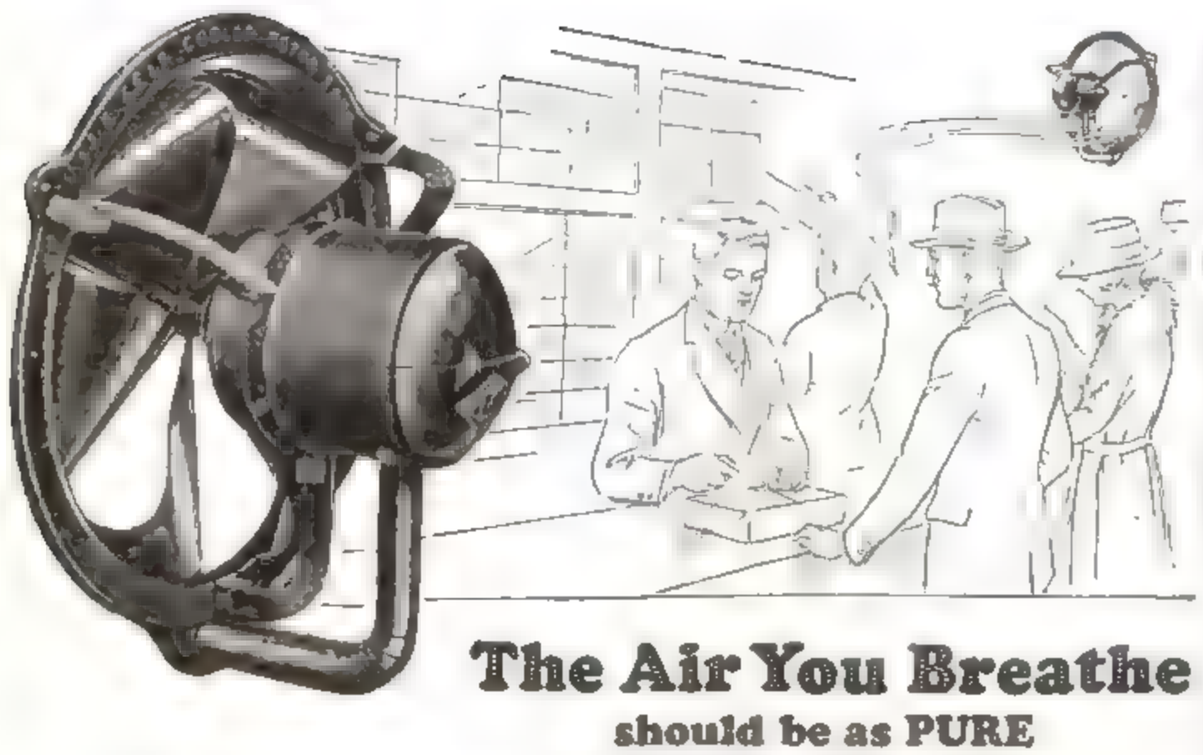

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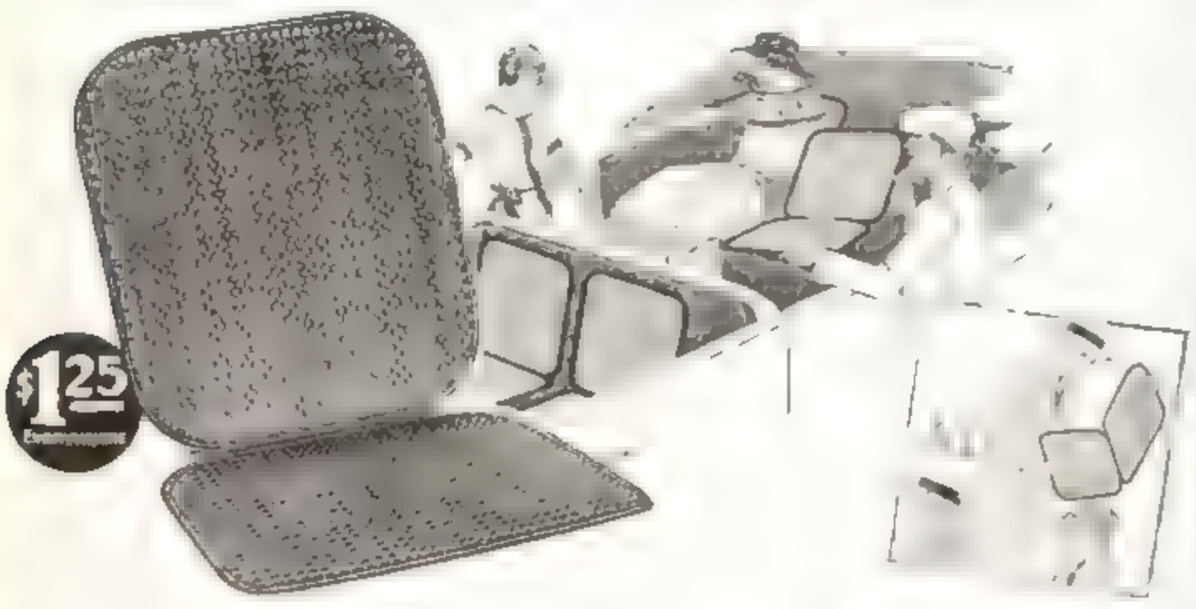

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THE BIOGRAPHY OF A VOTER

(Continued from Page 19)

getting one of Alderman Blake's needy constituents a little job with the gas company—as a laborer or watchman or petty clerk. On his own account, apart from the gas company, Uncle Theo went into a new and rather small concern that manufactured artificial stone, as it was called in those days.

The railroad company agreed to build a short spur, or siding, to the factory—a matter of a hundred yards or so. But a permit from the city council was necessary before the tracks could be laid. Uncle Theo paid Alderman Blake fifty dollars for the necessary legislative act. William happened to be in his uncle's private office at the gas company when the money was handed over, quite openly, and in a matter-of-course way.

When William suggested that the transaction was questionable Uncle Theo denied it. Blake, he said, was a very good and useful alderman; he didn't belong to the gang; he was an honest man and a good fellow. But it cost money to be alderman; it took up a man's time; a good alderman was entitled to innocent little perquisites and honorariums, such as this small testimonial in regard to the spur permit. And unless you gave a decent chap like Blake some encouragement and backing, in the way of finding jobs for needy constituents and the like, he wouldn't stay in the council; or, even if he wanted to stay, some cutthroat gangster would come along and chivvy him out of the job. The fifty dollars was honorable money.

That sounded not altogether unreasonable to young Goodyear, but when he had been in Lakeopolis about three years a new chapter in his political education began. The three old gas companies were on a very friendly footing with one another. In many cases the same men held stock in two of them, or in all three. Each of them served a particular section of the city. There were no deliberate invasions, no acts of aggression; all charged the same price for gas. Two smaller gas companies had developed in the suburbs, between which and the old concerns a sort of armed neutrality subsisted.

By inheritance and purchase the management of the old companies fell into more vigorous hands. The new men were dissatisfied with the old situation. The city was growing; unless the old companies bestirred themselves a great deal of gas business in the rapidly developing suburbs would fall into other hands; the use of gas in the older parts of the city should be increased; the old companies needed a thorough renovating, with modern plants capable of producing gas in greater volume and at lower cost; old mains should be replaced with larger and less leaky ones. All this would require a capital expenditure of at least $15,000,000.

Fixing the Legislature

In order to give a satisfactory basis for a bond issue of that amount—also, in order to reduce managerial expenses and to carry out a vigorous campaign for increased use of gas—the three old companies ought to be consolidated into one. So far as competition was concerned they long had been practically one. But directly after Congress passed the celebrated Sherman Antitrust Act the state legislature followed with an antitrust law which, in some of its provisions, was more drastic than the Federal statute. Able lawyers were unanimously of opinion that the gas companies could not consolidate without an amendment to the state antitrust law.

So the vigorous new management set about to get such an amendment. The plan was laid with becoming modesty; but one morning the most sensational Lakeopolis newspaper carried a front-page scarehead to the effect that the gas companies were trying to slip through a bill which would enable them to form a bloated and ruthless trust. Thenceforth for a month—if one might judge by the more sensational newspapers—the public mind of Lakeopolis was profoundly agitated and distressed by this attempt. Some members of the legislature from country districts passionately denounced it. Burly Uncle Theodore, who never lacked the courage of his convictions, took a rather important although unadvertised part in fighting the battle for the gas companies.

One ever-memorable day William Goodyear, with a revolver in each hip pocket, accompanied his uncle to the state capital. Besides a suitcase apiece, their hand baggage included a lawyer's brief case, of black leather, with a lock. At the state capital Uncle Theo took the brief case in a cab to a bank. When he came back to the hotel the brief case was empty, but he had the key to a safe-deposit box. William returned to Lakeopolis next day; but his uncle remained in the capital eight days, during which the gas bill, as it was commonly called, occupied much space in the newspapers. Its progress in the legislature was copiously reported day after day. Charges of boodle were freely though indefinitely made.

Naturally, William Goodyear was intensely interested in this gas bill, and peculiarly sensitive to comment upon it. He kept his ears cocked. But although he mingled with his fellow citizens, listening in the street cars, in shops, at the restaurant where he lunched, and at the table of his boarding house, he never once heard the gas bill mentioned. The people whom he overheard talked about all sorts of things—the weather, a show, their jobs, the business outlook, their children, their servants, a celebrated divorce case, how unreliable the newspapers were, and like staple subjects; but, to judge by his ears, they never gave a thought to gas legislation.

The bill was duly passed and signed by the governor. Uncle Theo returned to Lakeopolis, triumphant. Some months later on, in an expansive moment, he confided to his nephew that the brief case had contained $150,000 in currency.

The Senator's Confession

"That's what the people want!" declared burly Uncle Theo, in great contempt. "These gas companies ought to consolidate. It's for the benefit of the city. It means new plants, new mains, extensions, lower overhead. The city ought to compel 'em to consolidate if they wouldn't do it voluntarily. If it hadn't been for all this hullabaloo in the newspapers the bill would have gone through easy—and cost not a third as much as it finally did." He became more confidential. "I'll bet a leg those wolves down there tipped it off and got up the hullabaloo themselves, in order to treble their price. Why wouldn't they? I'll bet the other leg that if we went back there and asked for a bill authorizing us to give gas away they wouldn't pass it unless we came across. That's what we're up against. We'd rather have a square city council than a crooked one, shaking us down every time we ask for anything, and then coming around and shaking us down for good luck when we aren't asking for anything. But we can't elect a city council. The people elect it. They elect the legislature. What do they expect? Do they think we're going to sit here and twiddle our thumbs and let the business go to the devil? Sure, we won't! If we can't move along without coming across we'll come across. We got to. The people chose it."

About five years later William Goodyear was again brought into personal contact with this subject, and in a rather startling manner. A state senator from his own home country town confessed to accepting a bribe of $500 to vote for the water-power bill. It developed later on that the newspaper which was leading the fight against the water-power bill had paid him $1000 for his confession. The senator, Wilbur Bent by name, was only two years older than William Goodyear. He dropped out of the high school the year after William entered it, and for several years before that William had known him in a casual, boyish sort of way. Of Bent's mother he had a clearer youthful impression. Her husband, the future senator's father, had run away with another woman—vanishing into a sulphureous cloud of romantic sin. Years later, quite by accident, a very respectable citizen discovered the sinner in a broken state playing the snare drum in a one-ring circus band. The news was brought home and received with great moral satisfaction. This village drama of guilt and retribution—received by hearsay from his elders—made a deep impression upon the Goodyear boy. To behold the Widow Bent's slim, neat but threadbare figure gave him an indefinable

(Continued on Page 125)

Would You Varnish Your Skin?

OF course you wouldn't, knowingly. But perhaps you're doing it just the same, unknowingly. What you call "cleanliness" may be something quite different. Without realizing it you may be clogging your pores with objectionable soap oils or solids just as effectively as if you actually varnished your skin.

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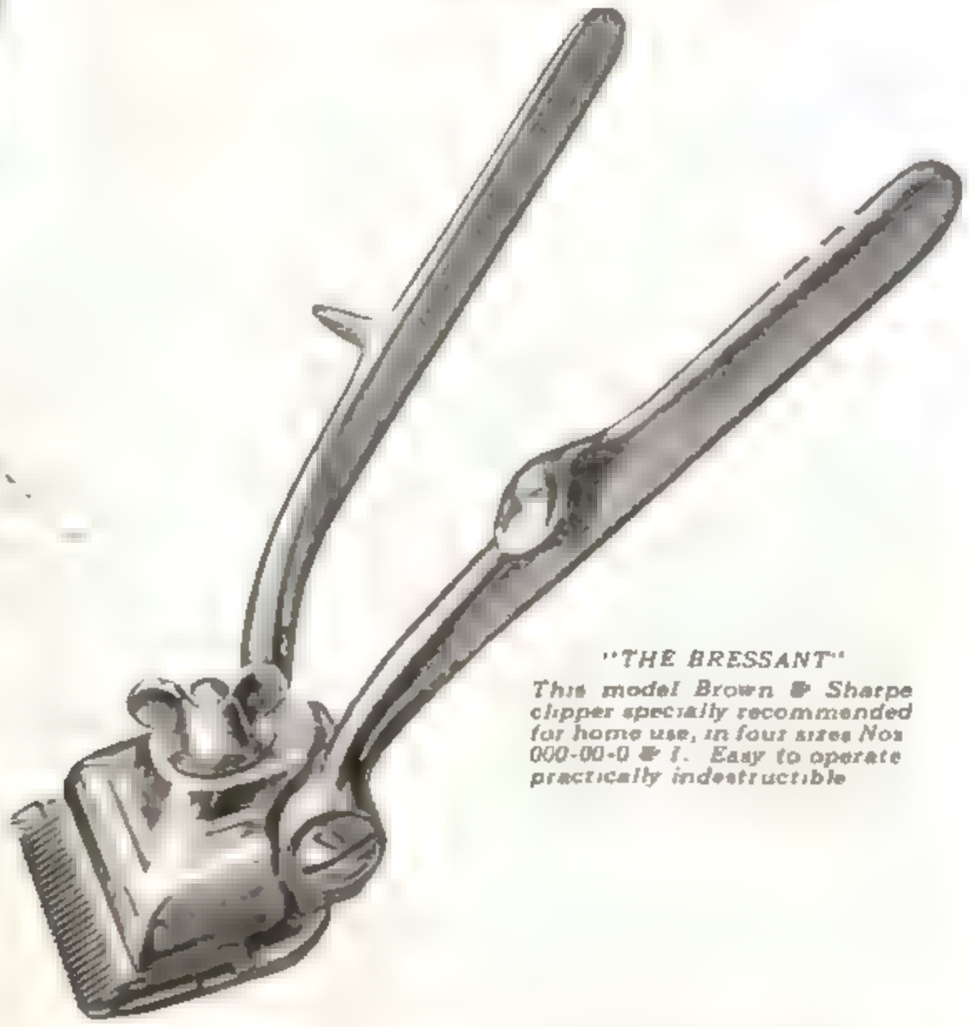

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(Continued from Page 122)

thrill. But some way he was, at that time, not at all interested in her son, who consorted with older boys living in a different part of the town.

But Senator Bent's confession, announced in great headlines, brought back something of the sulphureous glow and the thrill of the old story. A fortnight later, by good luck, from the point of view of his political education, he encountered Senator Bent in the C. & M. W. Railroad Station. As it happened, both of them were going to the home town. They sat together in the smoking car and the senator talked very freely, obviously being under the impression that he was quite a hero.

He was tall and slender, with an aquiline nose, too full lips, curly chestnut hair, large, nervous blue eyes and a Shaksperean brow—which, perhaps, was what ruined him. In high school he had been strong in elocution, delivering Spartacus' Oration to the Gladiators and other resounding gems of eloquence with great effect. Then, and later, his ambition was to be an actor. But his mother opposed it; he never had sufficient punch to make the trial. Finally, at twenty-one, he settled down in Marcus Martin's office to read law—Marcus Martin not being the leading lawyer of the town, nor the most respected, but always having a finger in politics.

Young Bent loved to make speeches and to have a crowd looking at him. Arguing a case before a jury attracted him, but the prosier functions of a lawyer did not. By the time he was admitted to the bar he was more interested in politics than in law. He had a sonorous voice, he could make dramatic gestures, he could fetch a crowd; he soon discovered the subjects which fetched them most readily. He was eloquent—if vague—in denunciation of trusts, particularly the farm-implement trust; of railroads; of predatory wealth; he soared in eulogy of the honest toiling farmer. He was elected to the lower house of the legislature and seemed so popular that when he demanded the nomination for senator older heads in the local party dared not refuse. He won the election easily.

Undoubtedly his intentions were most honorable. He fairly believed his own stump speeches, and held some confused ideal of illustrious public service. But he was hard up, pestered by small debts; he had trenched upon his mother's slender store, and the water-power bill was quite sure to pass anyhow. A fortnight after the confession, as was evident from his conversation with Goodyear, he still held some foggy and romantic notion that in accepting a bribe he was furthering the great cause of the public good because it would enable him to continue his political career. As to his confession, the inducement was not altogether the $1000 which he received from the newspaper. He couldn't resist the headlines. For a time he would be the most conspicuous man in the state—delivering Spartacus' Oration to the Gladiators before an audience of millions under the glare of a solar spotlight. For that he would almost have committed murder.

Knowledge Without Proof

He was not a bad young man; only a vain and muddle-headed fool. Goodyear was fairly well acquainted with the constituency which elected him first to the house of representatives, then to the state senate. Mainly they were rather hard-headed farmers and townsfolk who were cautious about employing people for their own private affairs. They had shown little inclination to employ Wilbur Bent as a lawyer, although he was supposed to be especially trained in law. But because he could recite Spartacus to the Gladiators, with modern variations, in a sonorous barytone voice, with dramatic gestures, they cheerfully employed him to represent them in the legislature.

By that time William knew a good deal about the government which most concerned him—that is, the city government and the state government. He had no legal proof, but he would almost have sworn that Clinton P. Hunter systematically bribed the city council. He was morally certain that the state legislature had been bribed on more than one occasion. And occasional bribery was hardly the worst of it. He had abundant proof that city and state were grossly wasteful and inefficient. From time to time there was an acute scandal; some flagrant malfeasance came to light, upon which one political faction seized for the pious purpose of discrediting another faction which was really no worse than itself. Then followed an official investigation or a prosecution in criminal court, and a public airing. Thus if the investigated institution was a state penitentiary or insane asylum, or the county jail or poor farm, everybody read formal evidence of waste, graft, brutality. If it was the city police department everybody read evidence that it systematically battened on vice, levying tribute for protection on gambling houses and other disreputable resorts. By these periodical exposures one faction might drive another from power—until its turn to be exposed came along.

Whenever the searchlight was turned on city or state government it revealed a mess of waste, muddle and graft. Not being an idiot, William knew well enough that the same mess existed when the searchlight was turned off; it was a chronic condition. Twice in about a decade there were powerful efforts at reform. Leading citizens selected a nonpartisan candidate for mayor. The newspapers fell in line. Shortcomings of local government were forcibly denounced and every effort made to arouse municipal patriotism. Both times the reform mayor was elected—and in nearly all essentials the city government went on as it had before. Both times, at the end of a two-year trial, the reform administration was voted out of office more emphatically than it had been voted in.

Low-Grade Aldermen

There were forty-four aldermen in the city council, two from each ward. It was a petty sort of job, and naturally, in the main, it drew petty sort of men. Its dominating figures—returned at election after election by substantial majorities—were all bad, from the point of view of good citizens. For example, there was Alderman Timothy O'Brien, representing a ward in the western part of the city—not a slum ward, or a tenement-house ward but one of tight-packed, dingy two-story dwellings with the pavements generally in a state of dilapidation, and a good deal of litter in the streets. The specialty which brought Alderman O'Brien oftenest into public view was gas franchises.

He had a set speech with which he introduced his enfranchising ordinances in the city council—excoriating the extortions of the gas trust and picturing the blessings to the poor man of cheaper gas through an independent, competing company. Of course, later on, the franchise was sold out to the gas trust. Timothy acquired the nickname of Gas O'Brien.

Good citizens, cheered on by the good newspapers, made heroic efforts to defeat him. They called him a boodler. His orthography was so uncertain that occasionally he signed his own name Thimoty, instead of Timothy. This little failing provoked columns of ridicule. But the more vigorous and bitter the opposition the larger Timothy's majority would be. Except politically, his constituents were by no means depraved, but good ordinary citizens of the working class. So it was with various conspicuously bad aldermen; everybody knew how unfit they were except the people who reelected them with discouraging monotony every two years.

It appeared to William Goodyear that the Government at Washington was morally somewhat superior to that in Lakeopolis and that at the state capital. Generally speaking, it was not liable to outright bribery. Otherwise it presented the same picture of muddle and waste. Government, whether national, state or local, taken all around, was about the worst institution in sight; the one big material concern which, apparently, Americans were unable to manage capably. He saw Americans managing many other big material concerns with great ability; but when it came to government they muffed the ball four times out of five.

The best newspapers and the best citizens were always urging a remedy for this state of things, and for a long while William believed in it. Fairly honest and fairly intelligent people, who, after all, made up the great bulk of the electorate, must take a more active share in politics—not only voting at all final elections but making their influence felt further back, in the selection of candidates.

William himself faithfully voted at every election, but he had to confess that at least two of his votes out of three were cast in the dark. Usually, at the polling place, he was handed a ballot about half or two-thirds the size of a newspaper page, printed full of

Dinner plate size. Cut from clean hard wood. Odorless, tasteless

ALL the joys of a campfire feast for those who go to steak roast and picnic with a supply of Adirondack plates in car, boat or basket. Light, inexpensive, sanitary Adirondack plates carry all foods, hot and cold, moist and dry, just as serviceably as china or tin. Use them once and throw them away.

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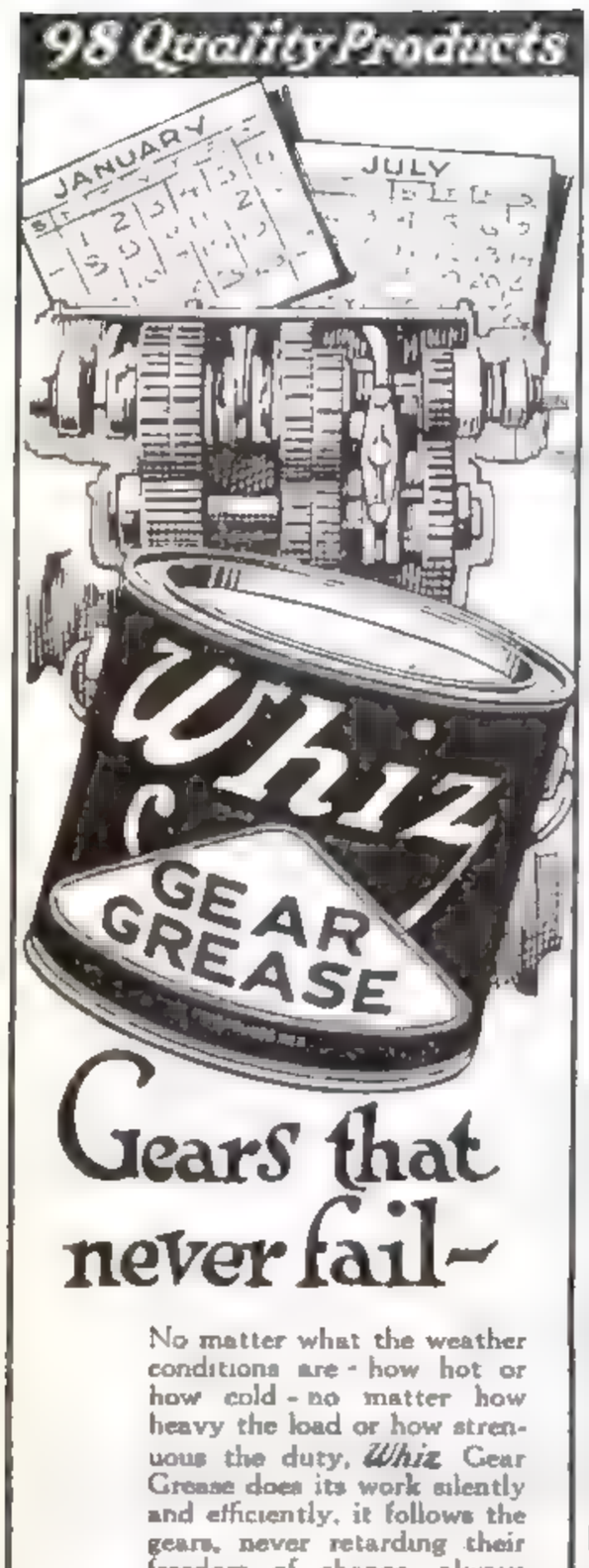

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It tells in a simple, practical manner how to find motor troubles and fix them. Send for book 24

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names. By making a cross at the top he expressed his choice for President of the United States, governor of the state or mayor of the city. That was easy; he had already made up his mind about it. Perhaps he might express his preference for United States senator, and he really had a preference to express. In a rather unusual case he might even have a clear idea as to why William Johnson would be a better representative of his district in the lower house of Congress than John Williamson.

But here were all these other names—candidates for justice of the state supreme court, state treasurer, secretary of state, members of the state board of education, county sheriff, county treasurer, county clerk, recorder of deeds, three assessors, state representative, state senator, city treasurer, city clerk, city engineer, alderman. William had read the newspapers, he had read campaign pamphlets, he had attended several political meetings. But here were long strings of names, many of which really meant no more to him than the characters on a Chinese laundry slip.

The best newspapers and the best speakers on political subjects had urged him, as one of the first duties of intelligent citizenship, to avoid slavish following of party labels. He saw how absurd it was to elect a man governor or mayor or sheriff merely because he was a Republican. Self-respect required him to split his ballot; but as he marked down his crosses, now in one column and now in another, he knew in his heart that he might just as well flip a coin. And at the moment he secretly envied those besotted citizens, comprising about two-thirds of the total electorate, whose voting was all practically done for them at birth, so that they ever after disposed of it at a stroke by just voting straight Republican or straight Democrat.

It saved them much bother; and as to about two-thirds of the crosses it was finally just as intelligent a system of selection as William's, for he really knew nothing about the greater part of these minor candidates. And yet in the bulk they made up the government quite as much as the man at the top of the ballot—often much more than he did.

He knew that he ought to be much better informed about the candidates below the top of the ballot. But how could he get better informed? Often the newspapers said hardly anything about them; and very often, if one newspaper said one thing another newspaper contradicted it. With a circle of acquaintances rather more extensive and varied than that of the average citizen, William more than once took pains to inquire as to their views of certain minor candidates; and he invariably found that they knew no more than he did; like himself, they were practically flipping a coin.

The Lowest Form of Humor

He found also that the greater part of his fellow citizens gave rather less actual thought to politics than to baseball. In any gathering of men with whom he was acquainted, except in the closing weeks of a campaign, the respective merits of the Pink Sox and the Green Sox would provoke a more spirited, vigorous discussion and uncover a greater store of accurate information than any political subject could inspire. Almost everybody knew what Hot Ball Jones' batting average was; hardly anybody knew how his congressman had voted on the wool schedule. In fact, among men of his acquaintance the nearly universal attitude toward politics was one of more or less good-natured derision.

The only way he could be better informed about the candidates who, among them, made up a great part of the government was by taking a really active share in politics. He didn't know just how to do that; but he did know that it would make considerable demands on his time and patience; he'd have to attend meetings, sit in conferences, look up people. That was distasteful; besides, his doing it would come to nothing unless a lot of other similarly minded men did it too. He knew that very few men of his acquaintance would do it. Most of them would frankly treat the suggestion as a joke and remind him that politics is the lowest form of humor.

A few years after he arrived in Lakeopolis the street railroads became a staple subject of municipal politics—a position, by the way, which they occupied during the remaining twenty-odd years of his residence in the city. At the beginning it was generally agreed among good citizens that Clinton P. Hunter was a bad man, a buccaneer, a wellspring of political corruption. How copiously he had watered the stock of the street-car company was pointed out again and again; also how he had astutely unloaded the dropsical securities upon more or less innocent investors while the unloading was good. Good citizenship became a sort of Holy Alliance against Napoleon Hunter: the fellow must come down. He did finally come down—voluntarily, and after he had cashed in. But that left the street cars an even more acute problem than they had been before.

One numerous and very active faction declared that the problem could be settled only by municipal ownership, which would forever do away with stock watering, council bribing and other ills of private ownership as exemplified by Mr. Hunter. They pointed to the success of municipally owned and operated tramways in England, Scotland and Germany. Another faction agreed to municipal ownership, but balked at municipal operation. They pointed to a long, scandalous and admitted record of waste and inefficiency in the city government, with some graft here and there, but favoritism, the muddy hand of politics always intervening to stuff the pay rolls. They said that to give that kind of concern control of the street railroads would be madness. Still another faction favored private ownership and management under municipal control.

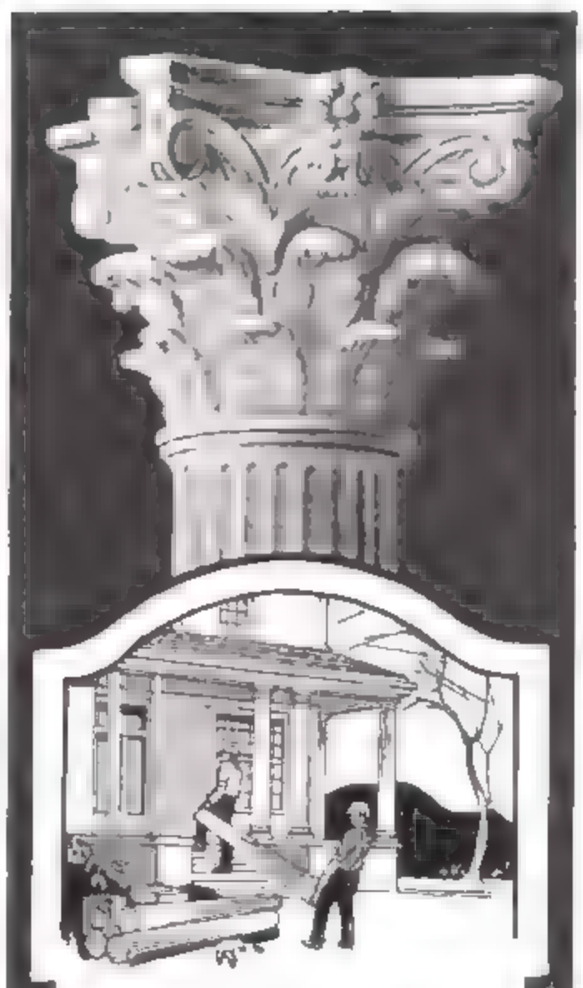
A Biological Necessity?

At two elections the people registered their opinion of their own city government by casting heavy majorities against municipal ownership. They might be hostile to Clinton P. Hunter, but they would not carry that animosity to the blind and suicidal extent of turning the street railroads over to the government which they themselves elected. The only alternative, then, was private ownership and operation under municipal control; but in twenty years of pretty constant agitation they never really succeeded in getting the terms settled. At the beginning of the twenty years it was agreed among the well-informed that, on the mechanical side, to handle constantly growing traffic the only solution was a subway under the downtown section of the city. But at the end of the twenty years not a shovelful of the subway had been built, and the traction problem generally was as tangled as at the beginning, although in the meanwhile it had produced a whole library of reports, resolutions, investigations, editorials and campaign speeches.

Some things a modern city must, somehow or other, get done. In the course of time, as this endless and fruitless traction jangling went on, William Goodyear wondered whether, in a modern American city, a bold bad man like Clinton P. Hunter, with a heavy jaw and no conscientious handicaps, might not be a sort of biological necessity for doing things that would never get done any other way. Certainly, to judge by all the evidence, if the building of a modern traction system in Lakeopolis had depended on the public, or perhaps even on gentlemen too scrupulous to bribe a city council, people would have been traveling by horse car far into the twentieth century. Massy, aggressive Clinton P. Hunter took city councils exactly like any other factor in the situation—like the old directors or the marshy soil where a power house was to stand. All those factors were to be bent to his purpose by whatever means were handiest. The soft soil was to be overcome by sinking foundations as deep as the engineers thought necessary. The city council was to be made serviceable by a comparatively trivial outlay of cash—all in the course of the day's work. Probably there were councils that could not have been brought into line for traction improvement except by bribery—or at least to subdue them by any other means would require immensely greater effort and long delay. Hunter would have had only contemptuous laughter for the notion that he must sit down and wag his thumbs until the people elected a better council. He took councils as he found them, which was as the people made them.

Meanwhile there was the city fire department. During his earlier days in Lakeopolis Goodyear often saw the stumpy grizzled old fire chief, and twice he witnessed the department in the height of action, thrilling with the crowd as helmeted figures scaled a blazing wall to rescue girl

(Continued on Page 128)



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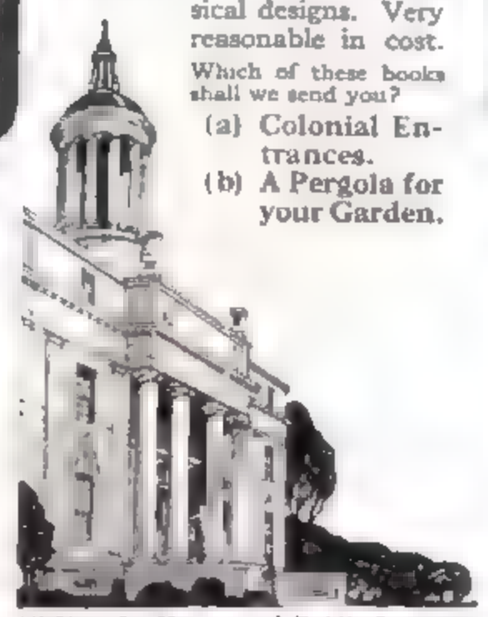

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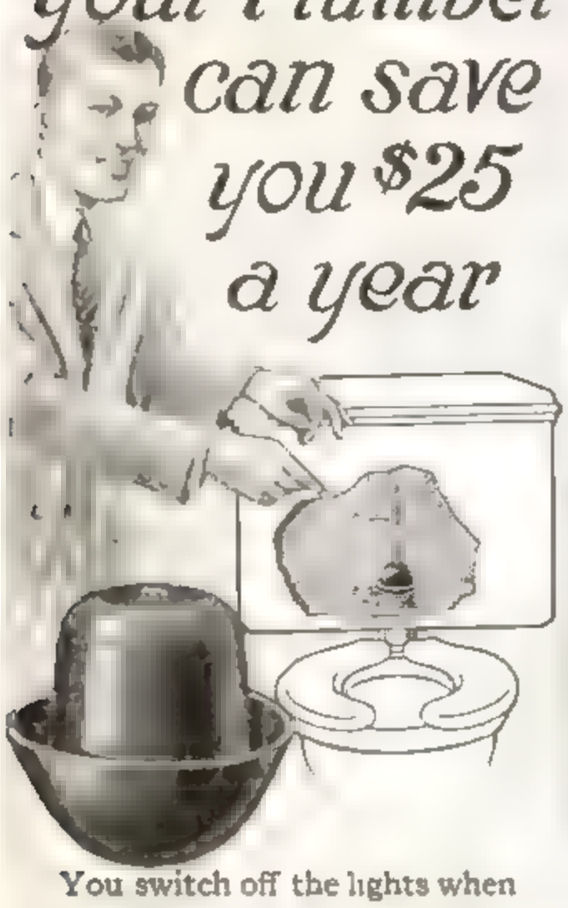

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Why put up with such waste when your plumber can stop it for good with the

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The plumber is the guardian of the health of the household. Through him only can you get the Mushroom Parabal. Should your plumber not have this new invention yet, send us his name and we'll see that he gets it for you.

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Quality Plumbing Specialties for 17 Years

Note this distorted old tank ball. No wonder water leaks through. See how the Mushroom Parabal perfectly seals the valve.

(Continued from Page 126)

workers in a shirt factory or stood fast with the hose in infernal heat. Such things were all in the firemen's day's work, taken as a matter of course. It was a commonplace that there was no politics in the fire department, and no graft; fire-insurance experts said it was one of the best. And where in the world would one find a finer example of public service?

Yet it was managed by the same city government whose police department was always getting mired in a graft exposure, which was always overpaying political contractors for bad pavement, and whose legislative body, the council, was a synonym for contempt.

How account for that? In the generation before Goodyear's time the city had been destroyed by fire and the lesson had not been forgotten. No charge was more damaging to a politician than that he was attempting to introduce politics into the fire department. At any menace to it something ominous stirred in the body politics—as though the public had made a truce with its politicians to this effect: "You let the fire department alone and otherwise we will let you alone." For twenty years the truce was faithfully kept, and the fire department continued to offer as fine an example of public service as could be found anywhere.

But excepting the fire department, city government boggled everything. Even the public schools were not really well run; politics got into them; real-estate speculators were favored in the location of new schoolhouses; political contractors were paid superior prices for inferior materials. In general, whenever and wherever this concern of local government was stirred up, it stunk.

William pondered these things as his information concerning them accumulated with the passing years. In respect of them he took stock of himself and his personal acquaintances. How did this poor article of government tangibly affect him and all those whom he knew in their daily pursuit of life, liberty and happiness?

Poor Police Protection

To take the most elemental item of all, it gave him, in return for his taxes and his citizenship, rather indifferent security of life. One of his friends, returning from the theater and proceeding afoot along a most respectable residence thoroughfare, after having left the street car at a well-lighted corner, was held up and robbed of his watch and about twenty dollars in money. Another friend—considerably older than William, a very useful, capable, admirable man—was brutally murdered by footpads at ten o'clock in the evening within half a block of his own house. The police thought he had attempted resistance. Holdups, occasionally with murder, were quite common.

But if his life was decidedly less secure than in other civilized countries, the fault could not be charged wholly to the city government. This hazard of life was an American institution. Everywhere people permitted lawyers to enact and administer criminal law with a view, primarily, to the profits of the legal profession and the protection of criminals. The criminal laws were not only drawn and administered on what eminent students of the subject called the sporting theory of justice, which reduces a criminal trial to a contest of wit and skill between opposing lawyers, but the sport was made as intricate as possible, with the greatest opportunity for obstructive tactics. If the police caught the criminal he had about two chances of escape to one of conviction. Naturally, under a sporting theory, with the odds strongly in its favor, crime flourished. Only a fraction of the insecurity of life could fairly be charged to the police.

In more than twenty years—all before the World War—only these two crimes of violence fell within the circle of William's personal acquaintance. That circle first and last may have extended to a thousand persons; but even two homicides in a thousand times twenty would give too high a ratio of murder hazard. Among people in what may be considered William's general class—that is, native and feudless Americans, engaged in peaceable and feudless occupations, living in quiet neighborhoods and keeping commendable hours—the chance of being murdered was only one or two in a million. Americans evidently didn't much mind so small a hazard.

Three or four of William's friends, in two decades, suffered loss from petty burglaries—which they took quite lightly, the pleasure of relating the experience to their acquaintances outweighing the monetary sacrifice. As for William himself, no hair of his head or copper of his money was molested.

And in the matter of liberty he could not say that he ever personally suffered at the hands of government in a quarter of a century. Nor did any of his acquaintances save one. That one—a gangling, sanguine farmer—came up to look at the city some two or three years after William's arrival. He saw a crossing policeman kick a newsboy with such force as to throw the lad down. So he laid a hand on the lapel of the sacred blue uniform and exclaimed, "What the hell you doin' that for?" A doctor took four stitches in his scalp and he remained in bed several days—recovering, finally, thanks to a hardy constitution and a skull as sound as the policeman's locust club. William was indignant—and afterwards had to laugh, as almost anyone would finally have to laugh if an acquaintance dropped a lighted match in a powder mill and suffered nothing worse than four stitches in his scalp and a bad headache.

The Pursuit of Happiness

Things of that sort sometimes occurred—particularly in cases of strike or tumult, when the police were nervous. And always, beyond question, certain police officers were taking graft for protecting vice. Yet in the dozen times or so, during the quarter century, when William came into actual personal contact with the police force he found its representatives helpful, obliging, admirable. In the latter part of the period police manners suffered from the introduction of the automobile, traffic officers usually feeling in duty bound to blackguard drivers who disobeyed the rules. Yet personally he had no just cause of complaint. Of course he must keep off the new grass in the park, he must mind the rules of the road, he mustn't spit on the sidewalk, he must have his garbage cans in order. And among his acquaintances there were a good many with so fierce and truculent a sense of personal liberty that they resented even these innocent restraints when applied to themselves by the voice of authority in a blue coat. They naturally hated having any man in any sort of coat stand up in front of them and say "You must!" even when they were clearly wrong. But Goodyear could not say that his own liberty was ever unreasonably infringed.

And pursuit of happiness? His happiness consisted first, in due course of the years, in his family and home and friends; always it depended on his business, his progress at the gas office and the size of the pay check. It consisted in his freedom to go and come as he pleased, within those bounds of reasonable police regulations which everybody but an idiot admits to be necessary. Among all the items which actually composed his happiness, or unhappiness, government, as a matter of fact, was among the very least. A storm on a Sunday when they had planned an outing in the country really depressed the family spirits more than anything government actually did to them in the course of a year.

To be sure, it taxed them, but not unreasonably in those days. If the millions which Clinton P. Hunter had abstracted from the street-car industry by means of watered stock, incidentally bribing the city council, had been honestly expended on traction plant the family might have had somewhat better street-car service; but only a little better, as a matter of fact; for as Hunter's stock-watering days receded into the past, and the traction system constantly grew, his dilutions became relatively less and less important. Honester government would have given him better pavement; even, perhaps, somewhat better schools for his children.

Yet it all actually touched him lightly. If an obliging archangel had descended from heaven and bestowed a perfectly honest, 100 per cent efficient government upon Lakeopolis, it could not have enhanced the life, liberty and happiness of the Goodyear family as much as the little note from the company treasurer that his salary was to be $600 larger next year. He would rather expend his time and energy working for a $600 increase than working for good government. So it was with practically all his acquaintances.

(Continued on Page 130)

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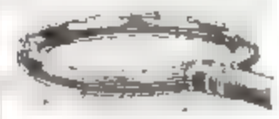

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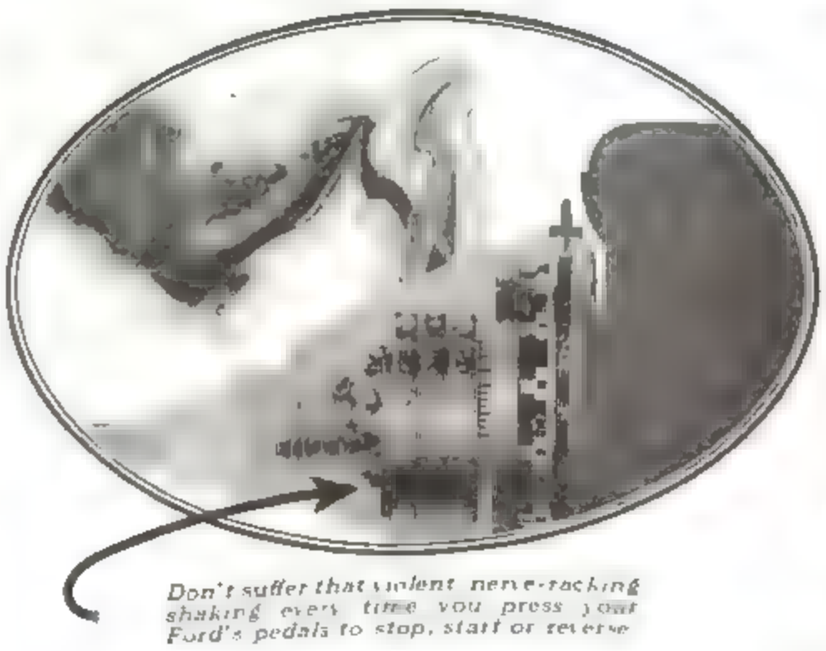
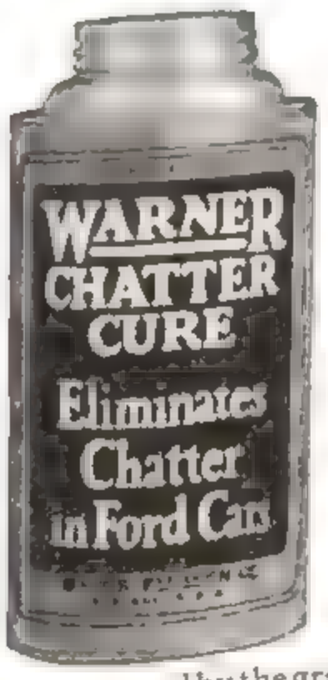


Don't suffer that violent nerve-racking shaking every time you press your Ford's pedals to stop, start or reverse

Now You Can Stop Chattering for $1



Chattering is caused by the grabbing and slipping of the transmission bands. Oil deposits harden and glaze the bands. Instead of taking a positive hold, smoothly and evenly, they grab and let go. That causes the jumping and jerking that are distressing to you and destructive to your Ford. Simply changing the oil will not cure it. Nor will buying new bands permanently remove the cause of the trouble. Warner Chatter-Cure stops the trouble and keeps it cured. It saves the premature cost of new bands. It makes the bands soft and pliable as when new, enabling them to function with positive transmission and perfect smoothness—as they are designed to do.

Your Ford was not built to *start, stop* and *reverse* in a convulsion of jerks and jumps. Don't endure it—now that you can remedy it.

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(Continued from Page 128)

The city government was bad, the state government was bad, the national government was bad. As time went on the city council and the state legislature became less liable to outright bribery; but that seemed to increase their actual usefulness rather little. Congress had long been practically immune to outright bribery; but if a Clinton P. Hunter had bribed it to let him operate the various executive departments he would have made a profit out of their operation and still given the public better service at less cost. To say that a government is not liable to bribery is not saying much for it. It is equivalent to saying of an individual that you can trust him not to pick your pocket—which is not a high recommendation. If people pride themselves on the fact that Congress doesn't take bribes it shows that they don't expect much. But even the bribes touched a million Goodyears lightly; their sources of happiness and unhappiness lay elsewhere.

Though government was badly done, innumerable other things were well done. Edison had invented the electric lamp, so the Goodyears enjoyed the luxury of quick, clean, convenient lighting. Bell invented the telephone, and they could talk to their friends or do errands at any time by merely stepping to a desk. Presently—by taking care in selecting the disks—they could have good music in their home at a cost of a few cents a week. Presently, again, came the automobile; and with a flivver they could command the country in summer. Such things increased their pleasures in a degree far beyond the reach of any government; such things made jobs and opportunities too. With a free field, American inventive and industrial energy was opening many doors to pleasanter living, fuller living. Government had nothing to do with it, except, now and then, to get in the way and bungle.

William Goodyear came to perceive that if he was in any respect a different person from his great-grandfather—perhaps on the whole a somewhat kinder and juster person, somewhat less apt to hang old ladies for witchcraft, somewhat less inclined to take the customs of his tribe for the laws of Nature—with a bit larger and mellower view of life; and if, with the same industrial capacity as his great-grandfather, he was able to live more pleasantly and fully, readily commanding conveniences and enjoyments which to his great-grandfather would have seemed miraculous; in short, if the span between his great-grandfather and himself marked some human progress, that result was 99 per cent due to causes outside the political field. It was due to an advance in the industrial arts which politics had not helped forward in the least, but here and there had perhaps incidentally hindered. He read a philosopher's statement that from the time paleolithic man discovered how to make fire and to shape a rude stone spearhead human life has been conditioned by the industrial arts, which enable man to mold his environment. Political history, he knew, was nine-tenths a record of war, oppression and bone-headed blundering. Politics at best was only a mirror reflecting an image which was shaped almost wholly outside of the field of political action.

The Sacred Fire Department

He thought he understood why practically all his acquaintances paid, actually, very scant attention to politics—merely dropping a ballot in a box once in a while, with no clear idea as to what at least two-thirds of the crosses on the ballot really signified; occasionally voicing great indignation at the political situation; and then forgetting it, turning their attention to business, baseball, golf, gossip. It was instinctive. They knew by intuition that politics would do them little good—and not actual harm enough to make it worth while to spend time and energy in opposition.

But they always had the fire department in mind; they were tacitly observing a truce to this effect: "Do about what you please so long as you let the fire department alone." Under this truce government would never be more than about so good, and never more than about so bad. It was limited on the good side by its own constitutional ineptness, and on the bad side by the danger of provoking popular wrath. So limited, it would wabble along, now trending to the good side, now lurching to the bad. But when these variations between better and worse were reduced to their actual tangible effects upon the lives of human beings they amounted to but a very small fraction in the existence of those who made up the vast majority. It was like the hand-spraying machine which, after moving to a suburb, William Goodyear used on his six cherished fruit trees. This machine, bought at secondhand, was a great irritant when in use. The tub leaked, the plunger required patching, always half an hour's sweaty tinkering was needed to get it going, and then it squirted quite as much of the evil-smelling mixture on William as on the trees. Every year, wiping his besprayed countenance, William declared vengefully, "I'll throw this away and get a new one!" But there were only six trees; the old machine did work after a fashion; he put it back in a corner of the garage and forgot it till next time.

The Makers of America

So a whole generation passed in comparative indifference to politics. To be sure, it voted at major elections when not too inconvenient; a small portion of it turned out to political rallies, where as a rule it heard more buncombe than sound information. A very few curious-minded ones, like William Goodyear, made a practice of reading the party campaign pamphlets which were supposed to marshal the reasons for voting one ticket rather than another. Without exception, in William's experience of them, these precious productions contained arguments too puerile for second childhood and colored the evidence with a mendacity that would have shamed Ananias. Intellectually they ranked about with the statements which a prize fighter's manager puts forth on the eve of the contest. And the public received them in the same spirit. A great part of the interest in the election was a sporting interest just to see which side would win.

As to at least forty-nine electoral contests out of fifty, counting the minor candidates, Goodyear knew well that it would not make the least difference to him, or to anybody he knew, or to anybody he could imagine except professional politicians and officeholders, which candidate won. In time he cared hardly two straws whether or not he even voted.

But always he had the fire department in mind. Of late, taxes have made quite a dent in the family income and he has seemed to perceive an earnest effort to get the fire department into politics; in short, to extend politics' besmudged, wasteful, bungling hand to many concerns that it can only mar and may rather easily wreck. America has been made what it is by the free energy of the people, more than nine-tenths of it flowing quite outside the field of politics except in a few national crises. Some zealous gentlemen now seem ambitious to confine that energy in a canal constructed according to plans and specifications derived from the official campaign pamphlet with all its buncombe and blatant mendacity. What about that?

Scouting?

You'll want to take something good to eat; that's Kraft Cheese.

Rain or shine your Kraft Cheese — in tins — will be safe. Make your cheese sandwiches fresh when you're ready to eat.

For any outing there's nothing to equal it; solid nourishment, compact, convenient. It's good until you open it; very good when you eat it; a meal by itself.

Keep in mind the difference between Kraft Cheese and "just cheese." We're responsible for the quality of Kraft Cheese—our name is on it—and we make it our business to see that it's always as good as cheese can be made; smooth, rich and creamy. There are eight kinds sealed in parchment lined tins. And you'll like the flavor —everyone does.

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This World-Wide Crusade

Against film on teeth—how millions came to join it

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. All the world over it has brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

Where teeth are white

It was found that tooth troubles in most countries were constantly increasing—were almost universal. Yet in some warm countries tooth troubles were rare. Most teeth were sound.

Those peoples ate much fruit. So investigators sought in their diet the reasons for those fine teeth.

The study of film

Film causes most tooth troubles. At first it is viscous—you can feel it now. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Food stains, tobacco, etc., discolor the film. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in the film, and they cause countless troubles.

So it was evident that the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth lay in fighting film.

Two combatants found

Dental science then sought for film combatants. And they based their study largely on apparent fruit effects.

They found two effective methods. One acts to disintegrate the film so removal is made easy. The other acts to remove the film without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Not their efficiency only, but their safety in daily use.

Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Both those methods were embodied in it for daily application.

Dentists urged its use

Then leading dentists everywhere began to advise its use. Now careful people of some fifty nations employ it, largely through that advice

Children are using Pepsodent now from the time the first tooth appears. They are fighting the teeth's chief enemy in a new and effective way

One sees the results in every social circle. Teeth glisten as they never did before. And people smile in ways to show those whiter, prettier teeth.

Other great effects

But Pepsodent does more than fight film. That research proved other things essential, and Pepsodent does both.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Pepsodent gives to both of them a manifold effect. Diet rich in fruit would also do that. But Pepsodent brings its effects regularly, and particularly at bedtime when they are most important.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

The delightful results you see everywhere

Wherever you look you see today the delightful results of Pepsodent. Whiter teeth have brought to men and women new beauty and new charm.

Look about you. Note how many teeth now glisten. And people show those whiter teeth where they concealed the cloudy.

But those whiter teeth mean more than beauty. They mean cleaner, safer teeth—multiplied protection. Pepsodent is bringing to the many benefits which only the few once enjoyed.

Teach all to enjoy it

The use of Pepsodent brings a new joy to teeth cleaning. The results are quickly seen and felt. There comes a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

These effects mean much to men and women, but even more to children. Young teeth are most subject to film attacks. When you learn how much this new way means, teach the facts to all.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, free from all that harms. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

All druggists supply the large tubes.

Watch These Changes Come

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

The test will be a revelation to you, and the book we send will tell you how each new effect occurs. In a week you will know beyond question what is best for you and yours.

Ten-Day Tube Free

1242

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Only one tube to a family.

Double Your Vacation Fun

—with a Lightweight Johnson "Twin"

Think of the fun you will have this year and for years to come with a Johnson Motor. No matter where you go you can always find a boat. No matter what kind of a boat you find, the sturdy little Johnson 2 H.P. 2 cylinder motor will drive it easily.

If you go with your family or a crowd of *old* friends, you will provide for all the happiest hours of your whole vacation. Whether you troll lazily over the fishing beds or dash across the water in racing sports or go on quiet, interesting, exploring trips, you will enjoy every moment with your Johnson.

If you go alone as a stranger the Johnson will make *new* friends for you quickly. Everyone crowds around to admire its polished Lynite and Nickel beauty; to wonder at its light weight (only 35 pounds complete), to listen to the quiet purr of this powerful little motor and to watch it dart here and there across the water "like a waterbug."

Enjoy a Johnson Now!

Here, at last—an outboard motor—fully tried and proven—light—sturdy—speedy—really usable by all the family—means pleasure, not "tinkering"—the Johnson "Waterbug."

Get double the fun out of your vacation this year. Go now to the Johnson dealer and arrange for delivery. Do this to make sure of having your Johnson when you want it. The 16 outstanding features of this Lightweight motor make the demand for the Johnson Twin almost universal. Write today for Free Catalog Folder and the name of nearest Johnson dealer.

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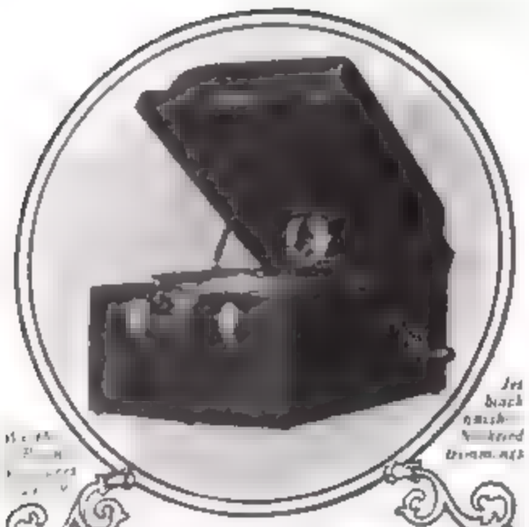
Johnson

"WATER-BUG"

THE LIGHTEST, LIVELIEST BOAT MOTOR ON THE WATER

Weighs Only 35 Pounds Complete

The Only Outboard Motor You Can Carry in a Handy Case Which Slides Under a Pullman Seat



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CAROLA
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"The Nightingale of Phonographs"

Will prove a joy-giver on your auto tour—a boon companion for that fishing trip—the ever-ready friend for your summer camp or the liveliest guest at your week-end picnic.

Your vacation will be complete when you take your Carola along.

Instant, a new appreciation of good music, a keener recognition of the songs you like best.

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Strongly built of acoustic metal—with [illegible] motor—self-contained and fits in anywhere.

A child can carry it, a child can play it and all grownups enjoy it.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A DEMONSTRATION. If he cannot supply you, send us five dollars deposit and we will ship direct, charges prepaid. Pay the twenty dollar balance to the expressman upon delivery of the machine.

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Pure good gum
—good for the
digestion, teeth
and nerves—
for good health
use Beeman's—

"a sensible habit"

Deliciously flavored
BEEMAN'S
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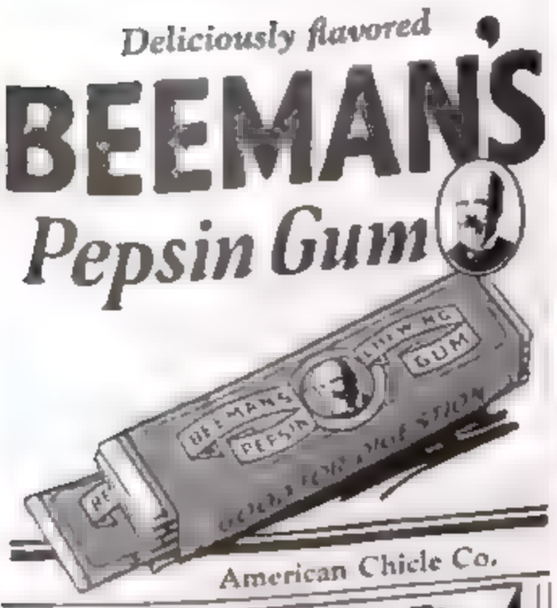

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To hang up things
Ask your dealer to show them
Sold Everywhere 10¢ per packet
Moore Push Pin Co.
Wayne Junction Philadelphia

TWO GHOSTS IN TURKEY

(Continued from Page 25)

I saw the acre of filth that had been carried out of the barracks, to dry in sunlight which the refugees might not share, before it was burned. In the cleaned-up corridors and wards I saw a real if primitive hospital established, with special rooms for typhus and smallpox. As I examined a patient stripped for me to show the characteristic typhus marks, and as I went from bed to bed in the smallpox ward, I am sure the spirit of The Lady With the Lamp was by my side. In her day she never saw anything like the pathetically many cots in this smallpox ward, with two little children apiece in them. Her woman's heart must have been wrung as she looked upon an emaciated baby that seemed but an animated pustule, whose mother insisted upon lying in the same bed and nursing it. Smallpox at its worst is not a pretty sight, and it does not bear description for the readers who want only pleasant stories. The marvel is that so many of these victims are recovering under care and treatment. Probably more dangerous, in the aggregate, are the pneumonia and the relapsing fever and general anæmia which mark at least one-third of these out-of-doors farming folk who have for months now had nothing to do but lie or hunker indoors on their few miserable blankets and watch the devious path of the Grim Reaper in their midst as he has gone to and fro, selecting arbitrarily from families; or wiping out household groups in their entirety; or even garnering the physicians themselves—ten of the Greek doctors in Selamie have died, up to the moment.

These ten thousand are only half the refugees who have had their enforced journey halted at Constantinople because orders have come from Greece that she will for the present receive no more of these people whom she claimed as her own when on her imperialistic military adventure into Asia Minor. And at the ports of Anatolia are perhaps an equal number of other refugees; while upwards of a million have already reached Greece. Conditions here make the great task that confronted Florence Nightingale seem relatively small.

The Powers Play Politics

For ages nobody questioned the right of kings and cabinets to play with the destinies of peoples. When the Greeks, under the first impact of the awfulness of the Asia Minor tragedy, arrested and tried and executed the officials responsible for Greece's part in the blunder, a cry of execration arose from the other European governments. Great Britain withdrew her diplomatic representative from Athens. The execution was, of course, discussed in the British Parliament, and the government's official statement was to the effect that it could not countenance the idea that political officials should be held personally responsible for the consequences of their mistakes of judgment. What has an ex-cabinet minister to do with responsibility for the practical outcome of his political mistakes?

The game of playing politics with masses of humans out here is endlessly popular. Very little was done for the refugees at Selamie Barracks until Doctor Post returned from Greece, nearly a month after their landing. What he has done to systematize the food distribution, to care for the sick and to clean up the situation generally, is a triumph of American ability. There has all along been coöperation from a devoted but inadequate local Greek committee, which was first on the field, and from the British and other foreigners. The responsibility of the whole task is now largely upon the Near East Relief, the Christian Science funds also being expended through it. The Red Crescent has a local Turkish physician in charge; and all Doctor Post's medical and nursing aides are Greek and Armenian.

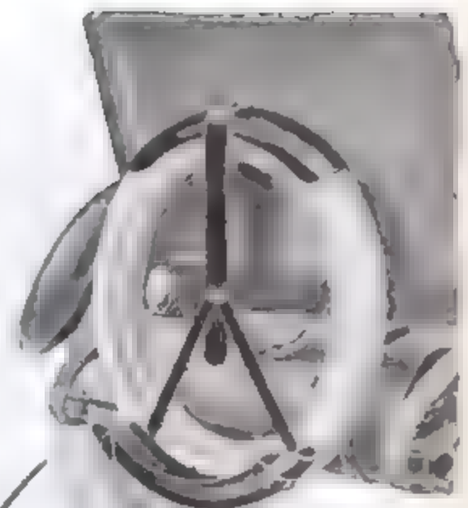
Atrocity Stories Overdone

There is general resentment among local Americans at the distorted reports that go out from this center and from Athens concerning Turkish conditions. Home folk seem to have the notion that there are atrocities still taking place wherever Turk and Christian meet, although there have been no atrocities since the sacking and burning of the Turkish villages, and the ravaging and killing of their residents, by the retreating Greek Army, with subsequent reprisals by the Turks at Smyrna. From Western Thrace come reports of killings of Moslems by Greeks, but this is retail business, as compared with the former wholesale transactions in Asia Minor. Atrocity stories have been vastly overdone; some of the more recent "massacres" have been wholly nonexistent.

One of the local members of the press end of a relief organization told some friends openly that he could only send anti-Turkish dispatches to America because that is what gets the money! An incident of which I have full knowledge will serve better than generalizations to show how this news factory works. A report was sent to America a few days ago, and came back here by way of Paris, that the Turks had imposed so high a duty upon the importation of foodstuffs, and had refused to abate it for relief supplies, that food could no longer be sent to the starving refugees at Selamie Barracks, and that they must therefore die of hunger.

What were the facts? Unwilling to pay the 26 per cent increased cost, especially of meat, caused by customs duty, the soup ration was withdrawn from Selamie for three days, but of course the bread was continued. The Turkish vali, or governor, of Constantinople, exasperated by the literal-mindedness of the Turkish customs service in exacting this duty upon relief supplies—it has since been lifted—sent a detachment of soldiers over to the relief warehouse, and, after what came near to being a pitched battle with the customs guards, the soldiers bore off, to the delight of the relief force, without paying a cent of customs dues, a great boatload of food and

Selamie Relief Workers. (Left to Right) A Red Crescent Physician, an Armenian Nurse, Dr. Wilfred M. Post and a Greek Physician



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EXTRA TIRES

Knowing you are equipped for the tire troubles that often come in "bunches" is a comfortable feeling.

You will have it when you carry extra tires on 2-R-3 Tire Carriers.

Each spare is secure, well hung, convenient, safe. Easily and quickly taken off or put on. Tools not needed. Second spare is attached to the original. Each added spare fits to the one before it.

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Model S—showing second tire attached to original spare, with carrier in place for third tire. Sizes—3½ to 5½. Prices—from $2.50 to $4.50.

SPECIAL TIRE CARRIERS FOR ALL FORD CARS

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Also underslung tire carriers for Ford trucks; special carriers for light commercial cars; cradle carriers for small trucks; tail lights and license brackets.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to us and we will see that you are taken care of.

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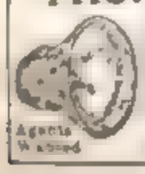

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medical supplies to the Selamie Barracks for the use of the refugees. Yet in the press of America Constantinople officials were being pilloried as condemning innocent Christians to starvation! That is the sort of thing that has exasperated the resident American colony.

This article is not dealing with the relief agencies and their achievements or shortcomings; rather does it aim to let the reader sense somewhat of the real significance of an extraordinary condition which has been almost wholly blanketed from clear public view by propaganda and special pleading.

When Mr. Wells portrays for a popular audience the atrocities of Attila or of Jenghiz Khan or of Timur the Lame the shock is purely intellectual, for the reality is remote in time and place and circumstances. This present horror of the "exchange of populations" in the Near East is a present actuality; it is going on at this very moment. Most persons cannot contemplate that anything epochal and broadly historic can take place under their own eyes; we turn to the sacred record of the Jewish Exile into Babylonia for a typical story of deportation. Yet that event was small and simple as compared with the Turco-Greek deportations now actually in progress. Many tears have been shed over the plight of the Acadians, as pictured by Longfellow in Evangeline, yet there are more exiles in Selamie Barracks at this moment than were involved in the whole Acadian catastrophe, and they are in an infinitely worse plight.

Even though this enforced migration, with its incidental loss of life mounting into the thousands, is too near and too contemporaneous to be comprehended, let us see if we cannot at least get a grip on the simple causes and chronology of it. Professional propagandists are crying "The unspeakable Turks have done it!" or "The greedy Greeks did it!" But the cold unmistakable truth, that will appear with increasing clearness on the pages of history, after the clamor of the propagandists has died down, is that politicians did it, and the shrewd and interested forces behind them.

Friction in the Near East

After the Armistice the flattest of the Entente's foes was Turkey. She was as completely down and out as she deserved to be. A red reckoning awaited her for the brutal Armenian atrocities. Bloodguilty to the limit, the broken and prostrate Ottoman Empire awaited the punishment that was so richly due her. Constantinople and the whole of Turkey were in complete and unquestioned occupation by the Allies. Swift punishment should have been meted out to the individual Turks who were arch-offenders—that is, to the officials who were notorious killers.

Not so fast; the Allies had other matters to think of than old-fashioned justice. As it has happened throughout the centuries times without number, the partition of the spoils caused quarrels. Soon the Allies in the Near East were as harmonious and united as Kilkenny cats. France and Britain came upon their first major clash after the war over the possession of Syria. Each nation began to grab for itself, while the rumpus at Paris mistakenly called a peace conference echoed the repercussion.

Meanwhile Turkey, the condemned criminal, began to perk up. This looked so much like prewar conditions that she commenced to wonder whether she might not yet go scot-free, as in the days of Abdul-Hamid. Events favored her. She needed a rallying cry, a cause, an occasion—especially one that would obscure her course in the war and in the Armenian business. And she got it. In the every-nation-for-itself and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost scramble that was on, Italy decided to acquire the choice titbit represented by Smyrna and its hinterland, through the simple expedient of seizing it. After a *fait accompli* the rival powers could rage in vain; possession would be nine points of law. [The Paris end of all this is made clear by the publication of President Wilson's secret papers, in Ray Stannard Baker's three-volume work, Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement.] Everything was set for a secret sudden landing in Smyrna by the Italians, when Lloyd George completely spilled the Italian macaroni by landing a Greek force, in May, 1919.

Smyrna was the great dream of the Irredentists and Hellenists. They wanted to restore the ancient Byzantine Empire. Especially they wanted to square accounts with the Turks, who for five centuries had been their masters. So with a joyous shout of exultation they leaped to this coveted opportunity to possess Smyrna. They wrote their entrance in red letters. On the day they landed—all this is confirmed by an official interallied report of investigation—they massacred unarmed men, women and children. The worst that the Turks had ever done to the Christians was matched by the conduct of the Greeks when their troops entered Asia Minor.

A cry of rage and anguish arose from the Turks. Their women and children and their surrendered soldiers were being massacred by those who had for centuries been almost as their slaves.* The frenzy of the Turks was real. Also it gave them, and the world, reason to forget the Armenian atrocities; to forget that they were a defeated nation awaiting punishment; and to forget all their own past offendings. Party lines were wiped out by the Turks. Mustapha Kemal Pasha and other leaders summoned the nation to a conference at Sivas, and later to another at Angora. The Nationalist Party and the Nationalist Army were called into existence. A new Turkey was born. The blood shed in the streets of Smyrna became the seed of a nation determined to save its identity and its homeland, or else to perish.

"Turkey for the Turks"

What happened in the following three and a half years in Asia Minor, behind the veil of Allied censorship, is a wonderful story, not to be told here. The Turks came to unprecedented self-consciousness and solidarity. They constituted themselves an extreme democracy, and repudiated the Sultan. All this while, Allied disunion and mutual antagonism in the Near East were on the increase. Only Britain backed the Greeks in their adventure's ebb and flow. An army of a quarter of a million men was kept in Anatolia, largely by European money, despite the swift changes of Greek home politics and the return of Constantine. Even the Greek nation protested against the absence of its man power in this futile enterprise. Red Russia helped Turkey; France helped Turkey; Italy supplied Turkey with munitions; Persia, Egypt, Afghanistan and India lent Turkey moral support.

Last September the bubble burst. The Greek Army was routed, almost without resistance. It fled to the coast and got away in good order from the port of Smyrna, heedless of the plight of the Greek civilians left behind, and all hope of a Greek conquest of Asia Minor disappeared for a century, at least. The dream of ages had been dissipated.

Following hard upon the heels of the fleeing troops came the Greek civilian population to Smyrna. They were, willy-nilly, part of the Greek adventure. As Greeks, they had been drawn into the war against Turkey. They were a hostile population. Bitterness and blood had engendered such passions as made the living together of the Turks and the Greeks an impossibility for the future. Terror sent more than half a million Greeks in flight to Smyrna, where the victorious Turks seized multitudes of their men, between the ages of seventeen and forty-five, for their army. The civilians to the number of three-quarters of a million were evacuated to Greece and the islands of the Ægean. Incidentally, Lloyd George lost his job as British prime minister and King Constantine lost his throne. About the same time the group of responsible Greek officials were executed by their enraged country.

Turkey had come back, and with a few simple items on her program, which she has been able to enforce upon a divided Europe. She insisted that the Allied troops must get out of Turkey and Constantinople, bag and baggage, along with all the special privileges foreigners have enjoyed for more than a century. Also the Greeks must go. The Armenians were already out of the way so far as any considerable numbers went. "Turkey for the Turks" was the cry. A majority of the Greeks had left Turkey, following their army's departure. The others, even in Asia Minor, were warned to go also. The "Christian" population was to be eliminated; the new Turkey had restricted her boundaries and had bidden the Arabs and Syrians depart in peace; what was left of Turkey was to be wholly Turkish.

(Continued on Page 137)

*Any reader who cares for details should read Prof. Arnold J. Toynbee's The Western Question in Greece and Turkey.

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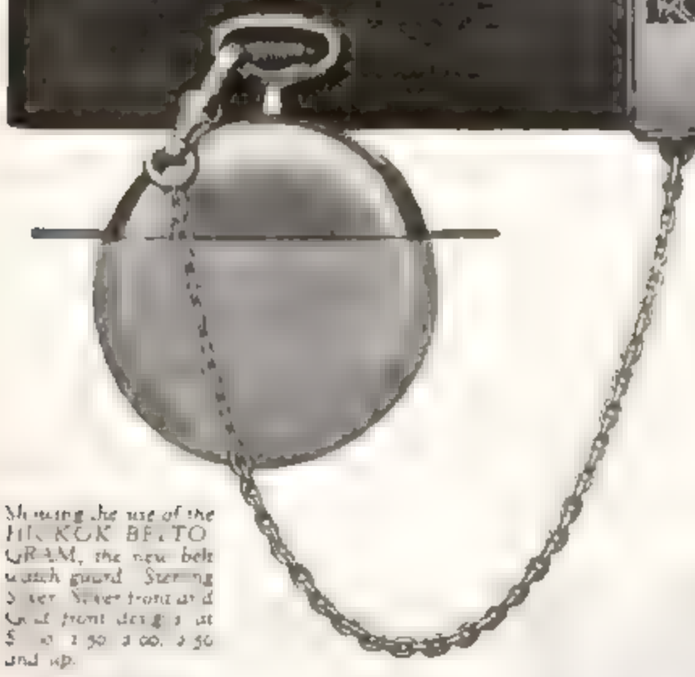

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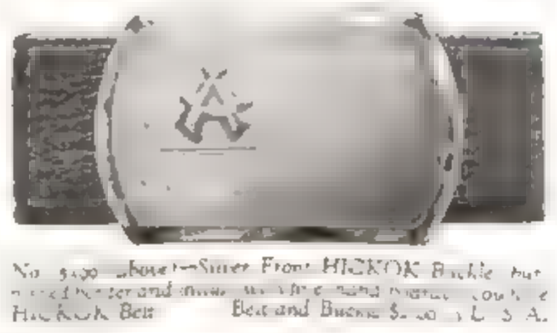

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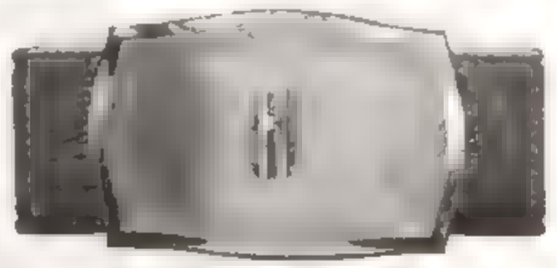

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(Continued from Page 134)

Right at this juncture the League of Nations stepped in and did Turkey the best service imaginable. Just as some of the more discerning leaders of the Nationalists, aware of Turkey's need of foreign capital, were growing nervous over the effect upon world opinion of this wholesale deportation of the Greek population, who had been inhabitants of the land more than a thousand years before ever a Turk set foot upon it, along came investigators and retainers representing the League of Nations. They looked into the complicated and distressful situation. Their recommendation, made to the Lausanne Conference in the name of the League, was that the Christian population of Turkey should be exchanged for the Moslem population of Greece; so that there should be no Christians left in Asia Minor, and no Moslems left in Greece.

If ever dignified Turks jumped for joy it was when this report was made. The very measure the Turks themselves had desired and undertaken has been recommended. But the further they had gone in the matter the less likely it seemed to prove pleasant to the world's susceptibilities. It was bound to be hailed as one more barbarity by the terrible Turks. Lo, the same good fortune that had attended them in battle was still theirs, for the cloak of the League of Nations was thrown over the whole business of tearing people up from their ancestral homes and dumping them upon the shores of a land whose tongue they did not speak - for Turkish is the language of the Anatolian Greek peasant, not Greek. The "exchange of populations" is now in progress, under the supervision of a neutral commission. Turkey is out from under.

Naturally, the Christians did not wait for May—the appointed date—to arrive before beginning their trek to the ports of embarkation. Prodded by the local Turkish officials, and eager to go while the going was good, they sold or packed or were compelled to abandon their portable possessions, and started to the sea. That retreat has phases and chapters that no Xenophon will ever record. The journeys afoot through the snow and cold, the desolate waits for ships; the herding aboard these craft, the disease, hunger, death that attended the journeying; then, at the end of January, the startling interruption of the migration at Constantinople because Greece had refused to receive any more of the refugees. Constantinople did not want them to threaten her population with epidemics, and could not care for them because of the poverty of her own people. Room was given for them in Selamie Barracks, on Prinkipo and at San Stefano. As already indicated, there has been much tossing to and fro of the ball of responsibility for the plight of these products of imperialism, but that does not alter by one whit the suffering of the people.

Nor does it visualize the one grim reality of the whole business. That is the human factor in the deportations—or, to use the more euphonious phrase, the "exchange of population." These are living men and women involved. Their old homes are infinitely dearer to them than the city dweller's house. Asia roots deeply in the soil. Many of these Greeks who have been torn up from Asia Minor have dwelt there since long before the Christian era. All their traditions and ties are intensely localized. Most of them have scant knowledge of or sympathy with the pan-Hellenist program of the Greek politicians. Still less do they know of Europe's "statesmanship." A detached incident may help make this plain.

She was a peasant woman in a Turkish village in remote Anatolia. Her ignorance of the big world was incredible. Yet she said in a sentence more truth about the Near Eastern question than appears in many pretentious books. Two American women one of whom told me the tale—found her, more than a year ago, sitting amid the ruins of her burned home and village. Miss Allen, a veteran American missionary with a sympathetic heart, who spoke and understood Turkish perfectly—she later succumbed to typhus at Sivas—was talking with the survivors; and in the course of a conversation with this particular woman the latter asked, "'Isn't there a man where you came from named 'Europe?' Yes; well, he is the one that has done all this. Kemal wants peace, but Europe won't let him have it. Europe sent the Greeks in here; and see what they have done! My dowry was not silver, so they couldn't take any away from me; but my father gave me, when I was

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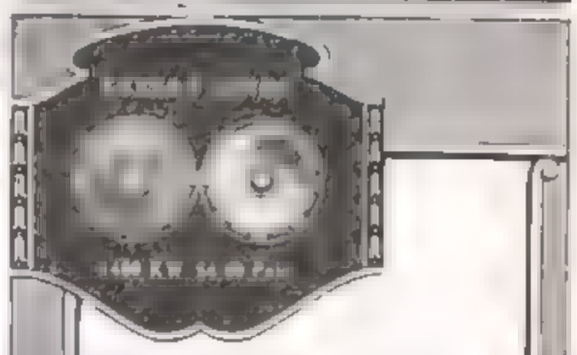

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married, two sheep, which had increased so that I had fourteen this year. Every season I sheared them and made the wool up into beautiful quilts, until I had fourteen. Behold what the Greeks have done to them"—pointing to half-burned shreds and rags of her treasured quilts that lay scattered about the ruins of her home. "And they killed every one of my sheep and carried them off, skins and all! That is what Europe did to me."

That old woman's viewpoint is also the viewpoint of every thoroughly unbiased investigator of the whole Near Eastern question. The old diplomacy, the old imperialism, the old militarism, the old professional statesmanship have brought forth this fruit of death. Until the world acquires an adequate sense of horror of this conception of government mankind must remain bound to the wheel of woe and injustice.

I was watching the possessions of one of the victims of typhus being brought up to the Selamie machines for disinfection before a son who lived in Constantinople was allowed to carry them away. This refugee was a prosperous man; the first bundle, corded within carpets, took two hamals to carry it. There were other bundles and boxes and baskets, but I waited only to see this largest one opened. It contained the quilts and pillows for the household divan, the kitchen utensils, the family linen and clothes and all the furnishings of a simple Oriental home. Nothing in the bundle was worth the room it had taken up on the ship. Nevertheless, it spelled home and goods for one family whose head was now gone. These simple possessions which the refugees carry—a few pots and dishes, the family icons, a few poor rugs and quilts and clothes—somehow convey a sense of the tragedy and pitiableness of it all. Their lives were so meager and so much a part of the soil, their capacity to hurt so limited, their wants so few and so elemental, that to tear them up and cast them forth into strange and inhospitable surroundings is a crime of first magnitude.

Looking upon these herds of miserables, one loses the sense of the individual in the uniformity of the common lot. I saw one girl with a face of the pure Grecian type; but most of the refugees merge into a blur of sallow dark faces, begrimed and scared, and surrounded with the rags that are a peasant's clothes. Occasionally circumstances stab one into a consciousness that each of these families is as definitely individual as one's own. The waiter at my table here in Constantinople is a Greek from the interior. He had word a few weeks ago that his wife and four children were aboard a refugee ship. Frantic search found the mother and one child in the Selamie Barracks; the three other children had died en route. By bribery the man has got his surviving boy out; and all his money he spends on his wife for food and comforts, but he has been unable to smuggle out his wife. She, poor woman, who can see and speak to her husband only through a window, in her frenzy of grief thinks he does not want her, else he would surely secure her release.

That man's brother-in-law, who also works where I am sojourning, had a wife and three children in Selamie Barracks; but the wife and one child died, and the two remaining children are very small, with no one to care for them. The father is not allowed to cross the quarantine line or to bring them out—without large baksheesh, which he cannot raise.

Every family of the twenty thousand refugees now in Constantinople, and the other hundreds of thousands of refugees in Greece and Anatolia and elsewhere, represents to some degree a similar domestic tragedy. Breaking this situation up into its human units, and viewing it against the background of the state of civilization which the world professes, it becomes one of the major calamities of our woe-ridden time. To administer relief is well and necessary, but it is not a cure. The only possible permanent remedy for this sort of thing is the re-creation of the spirit in which the Allied soldiers fought in France—a passionate purpose to overthrow imperialism, secret diplomacy, militarism and all the form of irresponsible autocracy, however they may be named.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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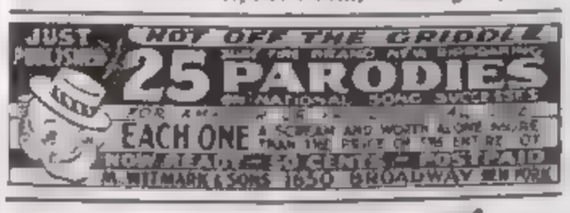

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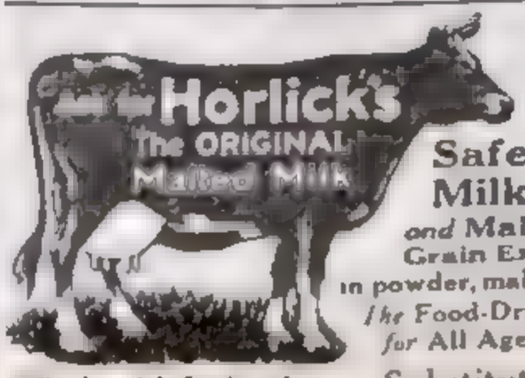

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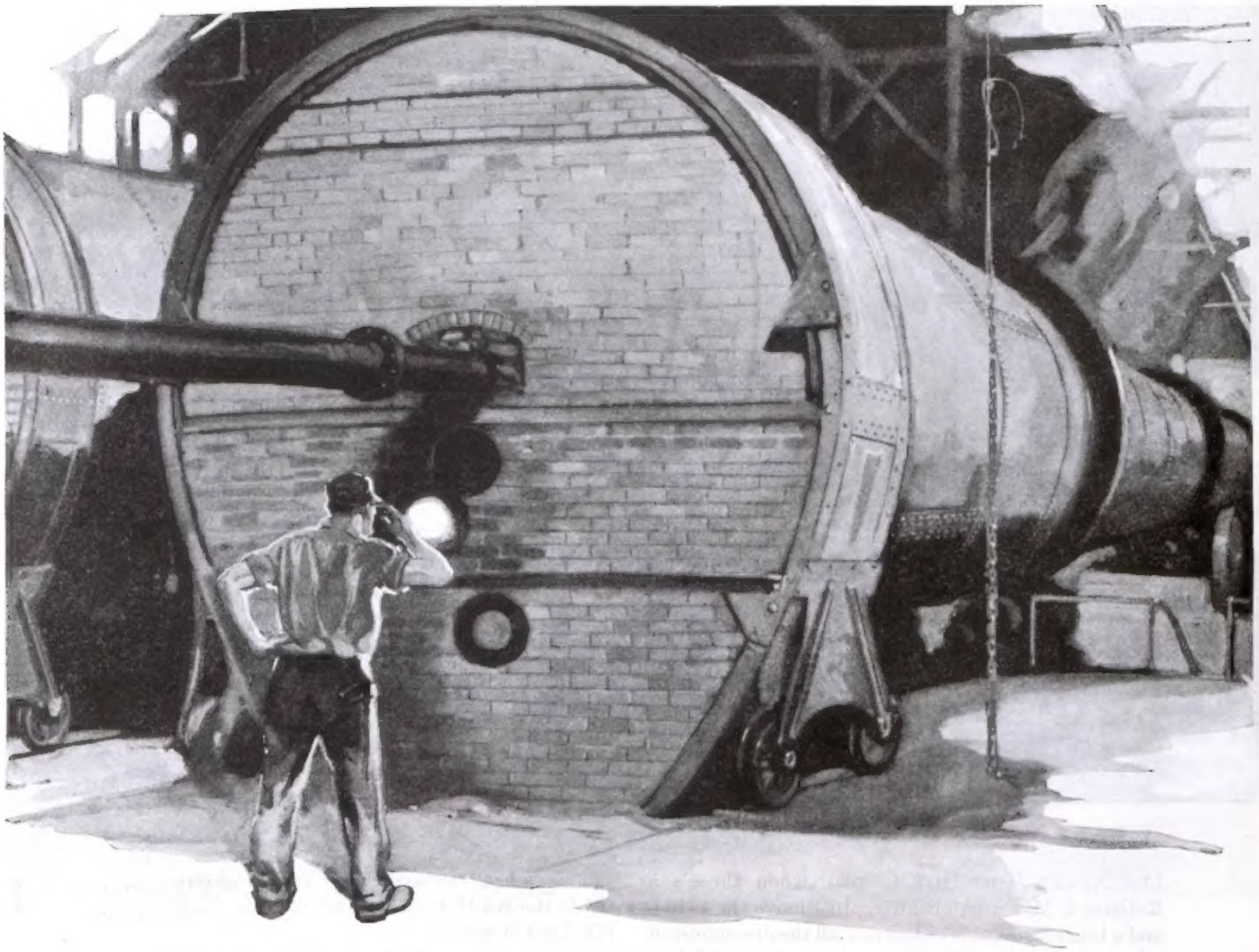

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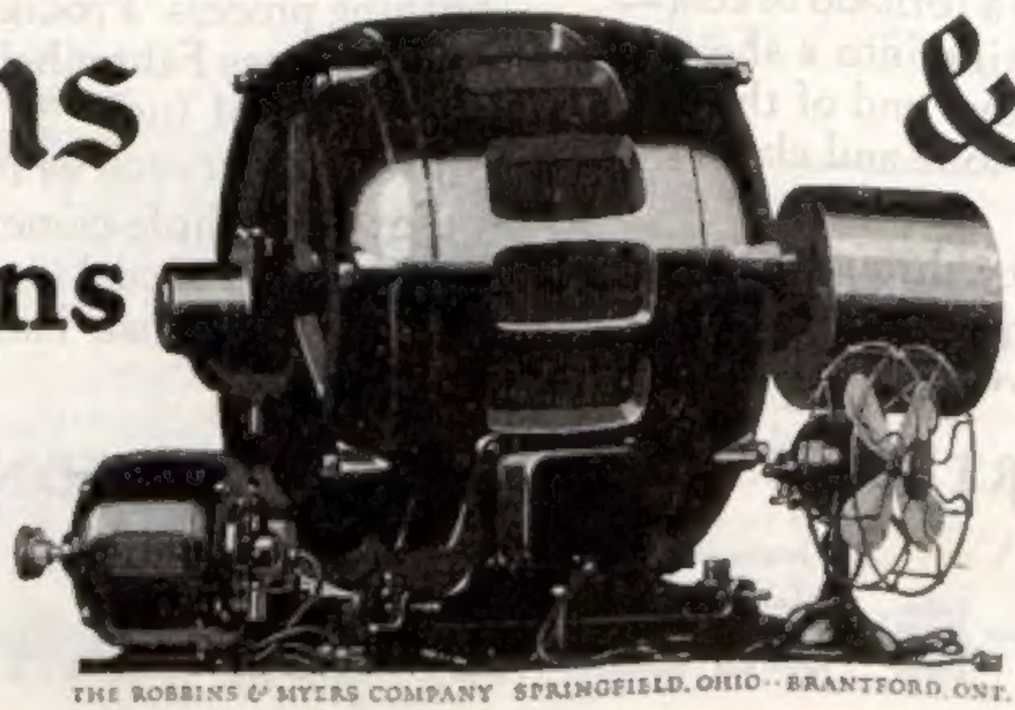

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So here are *three* features in this one pure, delicious drink to think about while you enjoy it on warm days.

Ask for it at soda fountains—say, "*Real, fresh-fruit* lemonade!"

Serve it frequently at home. Let the children have the good that comes from it.

A pitcher always on the table during summer is a good and healthful practice that all physicians will approve.

California Lemons are practically seedless, tart, juicy, and clean. They make delicious and good-looking lemonade, especially if you use slices for decoration.

Look for This Machine

It is being distributed by the growers of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons to enable soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure wholesome orangeade and lemonade.

The soda fountains using the new Electrical Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orangeade and real lemonade made to your order from the fresh fruit.

Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of quality.

California **Sunkist** *Lemons*

Uniformly Good

California Fruit Growers Exchange *A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers* Sec. 107, Los Angeles, California